HOLY Thoughts on a God Made Man;

OR,

The *Myſterious Trinity* Prov'd:

ALSO

Reaſons given, That the *Wiſe Creator* Fram'd not the *Univerſal All*, only for the Benefit of this *Earthly Globe*, but likewiſe for many *other Worlds*.

WITH

Sublime Contemplations on the *Unlimited Bounds of Glory*; and ſeveral other Curious Subjects worthy of Note, particularly Expreſs'd in the Table of Contents.

TO WHICH

Is added an ESSAY on the *Mind of Man*, with an *After-Reflection* on the Final Period of all Human Intentions.

By the Author of the *MEDITATIONS of a Divine Soul.*

Hebrews I. 2. *God hath in theſe laſt days ſpoken to us by his Son, whom he hath appointed Heir of all things, and by whom he alſo made the Worlds.*

LONDON,

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

PREFACE.

THERE are ſo many Volumes already Extant, that explain the Statutes of Heaven in a Learned Style, and ſo few which ſerve to move the Affections in a familiar Language, that I have purpoſely wav'd making any long Explications on the ſeveral portions of Scripture I recite, and ſoon fall in with my main Deſign, which is to wing the moſt pure Deſires beyond the Verge of ſenſual Pleaſures, and give the Soul as it were a Breathe in the Air of Bliſs; that it may the better conceive what it ſhall enjoy, when it comes to lay down its burden of Fleſh, and behold God in all his Tranſcendent Perfections.

If it be the Lot of theſe my Works to meet with ſome Raſh and Inconſiderate

Spirits, as I fear they will, who are for falling out with me before they underſtand any thing of the matter, more than a ſlight view of the Table of Contents, or a careleſs ſcan on here and there a Page, and proceed ſo far as to clamour againſt them; ſaying, What myſterious Subjects are here ſtarted; and what ſtrange kind of Doctrines are theſe, that ſcarce treat of any thing elſe but new Worlds, unſeen Stars, and prodigious Planets; of innumerable Suns, vaſt Vacuums, and empty Spaces; of a Trinity and Unity, Myſteriouſly reſiding in every part of a Human Perſon, with many other Speculative Notions of Things relating to we know not what Uſe, Deſign, or Purpoſe.

However, notwithſtanding all this ungenteel Uſage, and hard Cenſures, I ſhall chear my ſelf up with this mighty Conſideration, That as their Paſſions cool, and they come to make a farther ſearch, they'll modeſtly Bluſh, and chide down their raſh Diſtaſte, if not be ſo ingenuous, as to cry out, with a Worthy Perſon in our Age in the

the like Caſe: *What ail'd me to be ſo partial, as to Judge before I heard; to Condemn e're I examin'd; and to execute Diſgrace on a vain ſurmiſe; ſince upon an impartial ſurvey, all is agreeable to Holy Writ, and I find my ſelf in an unaccountable Error?*

Upon the whole, God is my Record, That I was ever ſo averſe from all unſound Principles, and erroneous Opinions, that I incontinently refus'd them any Entertainment in my moſt Retired Thoughts, and would not ſuffer them to be recited in my Preſence with the leaſt Approbation; much leſs did I ever preſume to crowd them into any of my ſtudied Works: Not but that I own, and expreſs it with the greateſt ſatisfaction to my ſelf, That when any thing happily penetrated into my purer Thoughts, which I knew to be in no wiſe prejudicial to Chriſt's Reveal'd Religion, or injurious to any Community of Chriſtians; but in all caſes agreeable to Scripture, Reaſon, and Philoſophy; and tending to the Confutation of Atheiſm, Deiſm, and Prophaneneſs, the three reigning Sins of the

Times; as alſo for the better Eſtabliſhing of wavering Minds more and more in their moſt holy Faith: I made them known, and took care to carry my Arguments as far as Truth, Juſtice, and Right would bear me out; as I have here again done, but with all poſſible Circumſpection, leſt I ſhould give Offence to the Weak and Froward.

I am ſenſible, many will be apt to ſtrange at it, that I ſo ſuddenly beget and bring forth another Volume, ſince my laſt is as yet ſcarce Twelve Months Old. I anſwer, becauſe I am very ambitious to make the moſt I can of a ſhort Life, in regard that Time glides on apace, and it can't be long e're my Forehead begin to wrinkle, my Hair change Gray, my Voice tune low, my Eyes become dim, my Knees tremble, my Joynts grow ſtiff, my Hands ſhake, my Pencil drop, and I fetch a ſigh and die: When I ſhall be to all things here, as if I had never been; lying uſeleſs, as if I had never breath'd; and diſregarded, as one that never acted the

part

part of a Rational Being; and laid aſide as offenſive to the Living, or as if the Righteous car'd not for me, but baniſh'd me for ever from their Preſence.

Come hither then any one of my deareſt Friends to the ſide of my Tomb, uncover my Sepulchre, open my Coffin, turn aſide my Shroud, and ſay to me, 'Move thy Lips, and I'll preſent thee with a 'Delicious Cordial of Pearl; uncloſe thine 'Eyes, and I'll ſhew thee a charming Beauty; 'rear up thy Head, and it ſhall be incircled 'with a Crown of Maſſy Gold; ungraſp 'thy Hand, and I'll plant therein a Royal 'Scepter; put off thy unſeemly Gar-'ments, and I'll dreſs thee in gorgeous 'Apparel; riſe up from off thy hard 'Floor, and I'll ſet thee in a Velvet Chair 'of State; advance but one ſtep, and the 'World ſhall be at thy Command. Alas! all theſe Propoſals would not be ſufficient to make me ſtir, or cauſe me to take any notice of the offered Preferments; but I ſhould appear deaf, as if I heard

not, remain ſtill as if I were careleſs, and ſeem reſerv'd for ſome better proffers, and more durable Enjoyments; then the hour will be, when I ſhall Compoſe no more Mid-night Thoughts for ever, indite no more Eſſays on the Sufferings of *Jeſus* for ever, or Pen down any Divine Sentences again; ſo that what I do muſt be quickly, or not at all.

Doubtleſs, from the Premiſſes my Reader will be apt to infer, That I am tranſported with Joy upon account that my late Volume met with ſuch univerſal Applauſe among the Serious and Good; I anſwer, True it is, I am very glad, and think I ought to ſhew ſome more than ordinary appearance of Satisfaction; and why? becauſe the whole Trinity in the Heavenly Regions are pleas'd when a Prodigal returns, and all the Angels in Glory ſhout forth with Joy, upon the Converſion of a Sinner. The bliſsful Regions of the new *Jeruſalem* eccho'd again with reſounding Triumphs, when the Holy *Jeſus* pronounc'd

theſe

theſe words to the Converted Thief on the Croſs, *This day ſhalt thou be with me in Paradiſe.* The Prophets of old enroll'd it in the everlaſting Archives, when their Prophecies were fulfill'd, and their Soveraign Creator's Decrees obey'd. The Apoſtles of a meek Redeemer recorded it, when three thouſand Souls were Converted at one of their Sermons, and a Perſecuting *Saul* became a Suffering Chriſtian: The Fathers of the Primitive Church, Regiſter'd it in their Divine Writings, when any of their Auditors became Proſelytes, or were added to the number of the Faithful.

And farther, high and mighty Emperours generally cauſe the Silver Trumpet to be ſounded with a loud Alarm, and the Drums to beat a point of War, when an Heir apparent is born to their Imperial Throne, or their own Birth-day is Celebrated with the uſual Solemnities: Potent Monarchs command Illuminations to be made, when their Plenipotentiaries have concluded an Honourable Peace, or

their

their Forces lately ſubdu'd a Province: Illuſtrious Princes ſhew an uncommon Vivacity of Spirit, when an Expreſs arrives that a Town is added to their Territories, and haughty Invaders have ſneak'd out of the Field of Battel: Valiant Generals of Armies give Directions for their Artillery to be Diſcharg'd all round the Lines, when a Victory is obtain'd, and the Enemy defeated: Brave Admirals of Royal Navies gather in the bloody Flag, and hang out their flying Pendants, when a Tyrant's Squadrons are driven back and put to flight: To conclude, the induſtrious Farmer appears reviv'd, when he beholds his Seed ſprouting forth in great abundance, and all his Labours turn to much Increaſe.

Then why ſhould any ſeem diſpleas'd with me, for ſinging Praiſes with my beſt Affections; ſince I have ſo many undoubted aſſurances, that, thro' the Divine Grace, my mean Works have wafted many a weary Soul over the boiſterous Surges of Folly, to the ſtill and ſafe Harbour of Reconciliation

tion with God; and already ſent many Spirits triumphantly up to Heaven, where they are now at reſt? No: I can no more ceaſe to take delight upon theſe Reflections, or ſay, I am not pleas'd, than my Right Hand can reach the lofty Sky, when I hold it upwards, or my little Finger turn a Mountain topſie turvy, only by putting it under ſome hollow part of its Bottom: Nay, I can no more conceal ſuch real ſatisfaction from my ſelf, than my Thoughts can Divine what another Man thinks, when I am altogether ignorant of his Affairs; or I can drown the World with a few of my Penitential Tears: No, no; my Soul is of a far nobler Extraction, and my Mind more graciouſly diſpos'd, than to knit the Brow when Tranſgreſſors Amend, or to be ſorry at Heart when Offenders Pray.

But ſome may ſay, from whence does all this Extaſie proceed, and to what purpoſe is it continu'd? I anſwer, 'Tis not the Reſult of Vanity of Spirit, but of Sincerity of

of Affection; it does not ſo much appear in the viſible Countenance, as in the ſecret Receſſes of the Mind: For the Almighty carv'd me not out after his own Image, to be proud, vain-glorious, or ambitious; to be popular, noted, or rever'd; to be ſeen, careſs'd or admir'd; but to be humble, meek, and lowly; to be conceal'd, not known, or much regarded; to be mean, deſpicable, and rejected: Therefore let none take it amiſs, or think e're the worſe of theſe my Works, becauſe I tell them, Men were not ſent into this World for ſo mean and narrow a Deſign, as to prefix their Names to a Title-Page, or Record to Poſterity what Figure they make in Church or State, or even to mention the Univerſity, College, or School, where they learnt their imperfect Knowledge of things in; but to be as ſerviceable as they can to the Commonwealth, endeavouring at the ſame time to be no more obſerv'd in publick, than an Hermit that never converſes with any body but himſelf; and valuing the empty title of Praiſe, no more than a chaſte

Virgin

Virgin regards the laſcivious Careſſes of a deformed Fool.

But here perhaps many may ſay, doubtleſs all this pretended Humility is expreſs'd, becauſe the Author is a Perſon that has no conſiderable Endowments, natural or acquir'd, neither is he well deſcended, or poſſeſs'd of any real or perſonal Eſtate, and therefore he is ſo deſirous to be conceal'd. I anſwer, As for my Natural Genius and acquired Parts, I readily own their Deficiency, neither ſhall I go about to vie cunning with my Neighbours in that reſpect; and as to my Birth, it is neither Noble, nor ignoble; but for what relates to my Worldly Incomes, I think them ſufficiently large to bear my neceſſary Expences to the Charnel-Houſe of Death, without being burdenſome to others, or ever incumbering my ſelf with any Publick Affairs.

And tho' I live as it were obſcure, unheard of, and not much regarded; yet it is my peculiar Choice, as being what I always aim'd at, and ſuch a Retirement as I

can't

can't but fancy the moſt licentious Libertine will aſpire to, when he has Read over theſe Sheets with a ſerious Conſideration, and a due regard to the Truths therein contain'd. For I can truly affirm (without any oſtentation or regard to Deceit) That the very Compoſing of the ſeveral Subjects, has ſo wean'd me from a mortal State, and carry'd my Affections above any thing I here behold, that ſhould my Soveraign offer me her Court for a place of Reſidence, her Nobles honour me with their repeated Viſits, and her Domeſticks favour me with their conſtant Attendance, I would modeſtly reject theſe advantagious Propoſals with a firm Reſolution. And indeed, I would much rather chuſe ſtill to continue in my obſcure Manſion, where I have nothing elſe to do but to riſe as ſoon as Day breaks, or the Sun is up, and looking out at the Caſement of my Windows into the adjacent Gardens, Fields, and Woods, hear a few melodious Hymns warbled forth by many ſmall Congregations of the Airy Inhabitants, gather'd together

together to offer up their Morning Sacrifices, to him that protects their Young Ones by his Providential Care, and Weaves their furr'd Garments in his own Loom: Afterwards entering my Study, I ſhut the Door, and learn in all things to imitate thoſe pretty winged Quiriſters in their innocent Praiſes, Flights, and Anthems; then to my ſtudious Thoughts, 'till Nature calls for a Refreſhment, or I think it is time to Dreſs, and take a lonely Walk in the verdant Meadows, there to behold with aſtoniſhment ſome part of the wondrous Works of the wide Creation; as the Sun, Moon, and Stars; Hills, Plains, and Vallies; Springs, Brooks, and Ponds; Shades, Cloſes, and Walks; Cattel, Fowl, and Fiſh; Trees, Bloſſoms, and Fruits; Flowers, Corn, and Graſs; Herbs, Roots, and Seeds; with many other curious Productions of Nature: When the Day is paſt, and the Evening Twilight hid, I return home, ſay my Prayers, and lay my ſelf down to Sleep; till at laſt the days of my Pilgrimage being come

come to a happy Period, I meekly bow the Head and expire, with assured hopes to rise again at the great Audit, and to enter the glorious Mansions of a boundless Eternity; where all that follow the Instructions herein contain'd, will in due time certainly arrive.

And thus I take leave to bid all my serious Readers an hearty Farewel, expecting to meet many of them on the spacious Plains of *Sion*-Hill; where they will then know me, and I shall have the happiness to be intimate with them: All which may the great God *Jehovah* fully accomplish, for the Merits of a bleeding *Jesus*, and Creator made Man, to save the Works of his own Power; and may all that believe a Trinity, own a Godhead, and acknowledge an Unity of the Divine Persons, unanimously say, in the Terms of the most excellent *Nicene* Creed, *Glory be to God the Father, Maker of Heaven and Earth; to the only begotten Son of God, begotten of his Father before all Worlds; and to the Holy Ghost the Lord and giver of Life.* Amen, Amen, Amen.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

The vanity of all Sublunary Enjoyments.

ROUSE up, my languid Soul, revive my fainting Spirits, in order to be rapt up in Divine Contemplations; for now it is time to *think* of God, and make a *Truce* with Heaven, ſince all things here below are *empty*, *vain*, and of no *intrinſick Value*: Then, why ſhould'ſt thou, my Darling Soul, lye basking in the *lewd Tents of Folly*, or continue in the *deceitful Embraces of carnal Pleaſures*! Are there any *Arguments* ſufficiently Efficacious to perſwade thee to abide in the *loneſome ſhades of vicious Habits*, or tread the *crooked paths* that lead to *endleſs Ruin*? If not, then unlooſe the *bonds* of Iniquity, and let go the ſtrong *Chains* of Damnation; for thou art Created for *nobler Ends*, than to be ſeduc'd by any Worldly *Grandeur*, or *outward ſhew* of Sublunary Things.

And indeed, What is all the pompous *Pageantry* here on Earth, if compar'd with the *Seraphick Joys* of the New *Jeruſalem*? Then haſte away from its *fawning Careſſes*, and let thy ſublime Thoughts ſoar up to the *Center of Happineſs*, where thy Saviour Reigns in *bliſsful Regions*: Oh then, my Soul, retire from the rank

Soil of *Perfidious Sinners*, who inſtruct their *fondled Babes* in the *Devil's Military Art*, which is to maintain an inteſtine War againſt God the *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*: Then pray, my Soul, oh! pray, my Soul! with the moſt *ardent Deſires*, that the blood of the *immaculate Lamb*, ſlain from the Foundation of the World, may *atone* for thy erroneous *Tranſgreſſions*; Oh! grieve, my dear Soul, that thou being *formed* after the *Image of God*, ſhould'ſt deface and ſully that *glorious Texture*, fix'd by his *Almighty Power*, and *unerring Wiſdom*, within the Confines of a mortal Body: Oh! ſtain not that pure *Innocency* in the poyſonous *Stews* of Sin, nor eclipſe ſo *Divine* a *Ray*, in the *Sulphureous Air* of peſtilential Vapours.

O, my beloved Soul, let many *Prayers* with ſtrong *Cries*, and ſtreams of drizzling *Tears*, be offer'd up, as Incenſe of a *ſweet-ſmelling Savour*, to expiate for all the ſad *Miſtakes* of a lewd Life, and ſend thy ſtrained Voice to the *Saviour of the World*, who now inhabits beyond the *Starry Firmament*, and lives above the *ſhining Sun*, That he would hear the ſad Complaints of a *poor polluted Wretch*, newly eſcaped from the brink of Ruin: Oh! pray, my affectionate Joy, *without ceaſing*, till all thy baſe *Abominations* and *Leprous Spots* be thoroughly cleans'd in that inexhauſtible *Fountain* of *Mercy*, which *David* the Royal Prophet *bath'd* himſelf in, when defil'd with thoſe *malignant ſtains* of *Murder* and *Adultery*: Oh! do nothing but pray, that thy

Pardon

Pardon may be ſeal'd by *God*, ſign'd by *Chriſt*, and witneſs'd by the *Divine Spirit*, and when that is done, ſtill *pray without ceaſing*, leſt thou, my precious Darling, ſhould'ſt *provoke Heaven* thro' Inadvertency, or a wilful Error, to cancel thoſe *Records* of *Love* and *Mercy*; and thereby thy *laſt Eſtate* become more *miſerable* than that of *Judas*, who perfidiouſly *betray'd* his Lord and Maſter, after he was call'd a *Diſciple* and a *Follower of Jeſus*.

Oh! my Soul, how highly do I value thy *Eternal Welfare*, even beyond ten thouſand heaps of *glittering Jewels*; for what will all avail me, if thou art *loſt for ever?* Art not thou, my Life, as *immortal* as any Man's that breaths on the Earth, and of much *greater worth* than a Load of ſparkling Diadems? Since, to gain the *Treaſures of the World* by the loſs of thee, my *precious Soul*, would be a moſt Unhappy Contract; then what *ſtupendious Folly* may I be charged with, if I ſhould *barter* thee away for ſo *ſmall a Lot* as may fall to my ſhare, which can't amount to many Thouſand Pounds *per annum*? Then retire my Delight, Oh! retire my Soul, into ſome *private Study*, free from all the buſtle of a *noiſy World!*, for how much better is it for thee to wait a while in ſome *ſecret Receſs*, where no Eye peeps in, but that of God, and from thence *deſcend* to the Grave in peace, than to humour a little *witleſs Rallery* amidſt the Juſtling Crowds of *Licentious Libertines*, and expire with a Conſcience *over-laden* with *Iniquity*, ſufficient to de-

preſs it down into the *loweſt Abyſs* of *amazing Horrour*.

If theſe Reaſons be agreeable to *Reveal'd Religion*, why remain I ſo much as one Moment in the *Tents* of *Kedar*; or ſuffer my roving Thoughts to run in chace of *Imaginary Deluſions*, which if obtain'd, augment my *Cares*, inlarge my *Fears*, and increaſe my *Sorrows*? Then whoever may *vaunt* it out for a while, and *pleaſe* themſelves with a kind of *ſecret Complacency*, that they are ſomewhat more *wiſe*, and *ſagacious*, than the *Children of Light*; I ſhall account my ſelf a *Greater Politician*, than any of them all, if but by any means I may *relinquiſh* a *ſinful Courſe*, and with a diſdainful Eye refuſe the *ſeeming Bubbles* that flow on the top of this *Tempeſtuous Sea* of a *Troubleſome Life*, and gain the *glorious Prize* laid up in ſtore for me, and all thoſe *noble Champions*, who thro' *Faith* and *Patience* ſail'd thro' the *Turbulent Storms* of *railing Calumnies* and outragious *Perſecutions*.

Then take your fill, ye *Senſeleſs Ones*, of ye know not what *vaniſhing ſhadows*; for my part, I ſee ſo little Content in the eager purſuit of the *full baggs* of *yellow Droſs*, that were there no *future State* to reward the *Vertuous*, yet I would continue to ſteer on in the *ſilent Channel* of *ſelf-Denial*, and aim at nothing more, than what would defray my *neceſſary Expences* to the end of a *ſhort Voyage*: By that means I ſhould follow the *ſage Advice* of a *refined Politician*, who once ſaid, *Let greedy Perſons, and idle*

idle Brains, disturb their inward peace and tranquillity of Mind, by immersing themselves in shoals of Troubles, by a too eager pursuit after the slippery Baits of Wordly Wealth; I shall think my self a fortunate Man, if I can but grasp enough to maintain a crazy Body in its course to Eternity, and at last leave a necessary Provision to Posterity, when I am sleeping in the lap of Oblivion; shall I endanger the salvation of my Soul, the healthful constitution of my Body, and the peace of my Mind, for those perishing Things I must of necessity relinquish, when grim Death comes to mow me down, and summons me to give an account of my Stewardship? Alas! continu'd he, *I only came into this World to take a few turns around the winding Labyrinth of God's Creation, and then, as it were an unsettled Traveller in an Inn, must be gone, and see it no more.*

If this be the Judgment of the *wise* and *sagacious*, why should I raise up a mass of *Treasure*, at the infinite hazard of my *immortal Soul*, for I know not who to enjoy? for suppose my Sons are *Extravagant*, or my Daughters *vain*, then my Superabundance will only increase the *Flame* of their *wicked Desires*, like streams of Oil thrown on an *outragious Fire*, and thereby advance its fury far above its usual height, and indanger the delicate Fabrick of a *wise Master-Builder*: On the contrary, if my Heirs are *sober*, and *diligent*, what need have I to leave them *abundance*, which may tempt their *Vertue*, and

allure their *Chaſtity*; ſince kind Heaven has promis'd to have a *particular regard* to their *Well-being* here, and eternal *Happineſs* hereafter.

Then why ſhould I, who am Heir apparent to the new *Jeruſalem*, ſtrive for thoſe *worthleſs Toys*, which may be fitly compar'd to the *fair Apples* of *Sodom*, that are no ſooner touched, but *moulder* away to *Duſt*, and leave a *poiſonous ſtench* in the Noſtrils of thoſe that gather them. What, in God's Name, means all this *carking*, and *caring*; *cheating*, and *cozening*; *cullying*, and *Purloyning*; *Running*, and *Riding*; *Sailing*, *Venturing*, *Noiſe*, and *Hurry*; *Confuſion*, and *Clamour*; *Trafficking* and *Bartering*, *pulling down*, and *enlarging*, *Fawning*, and *Cringing*, *Flattering*, and *cogging*? Since all is nothing but Deluſions, Dreams, and Shadows; Vanities, Smoak, and Vapours, that ſoon diſappear, as an *hoary Miſt*, or a *trickling Dew*.

Then whoever may aſpire to the attainment of theſe outward *empty Shews*, and harraſs both Soul and Body in hunting after ſuch *tranſitory Injoyments*, I'll learn the *Divine Art* of Merchandizing and Trafficking for a *bleſſed Eternity*, tho' it be at the *Expence* of all that is near and dear to me in this *preſent State*. O how am I rapt up with the thoughts of a *vaſt Return*, for all my *midnight-Cries*, and *early Prayers*, *Noon-Moans*, and *Evening-Tears*, that are gone up to Heaven, as a *Venture* of my unblameable Life to the remote Glory of the Lord God *Jehovah*,

who will not fail to come in due time, and receive me as a *noble Adventurer for his Everlasting Kingdom.*

To conclude, how much dearer ought thoſe *bliſsful Manſions* be to me than all the *paltry Traffick* here on Earth? Come away, ye *Believing Pilgrims*, why lagg ye ſtill behind? Come enter the *Vineyard* of *good Works*, and there ſpend your remaining Days in the *Service* of a dear *Jeſus*, who will certainly pay you the *faithful Penny* at laſt, which is of ten thouſand times more *value*, than all the *droſſy Oar*, ſo much admir'd by ſilly grovelling Mortals; for his *favour is better than Life*, and his *Kingdom* far beyond *Rubies*, and *precious Stones*. Let others act as they think fit, do you meekly call to the Almighty Donour of all ſolid and ſpiritual Gifts in the Words of pious *Hagur*, That he would vouchſafe to give you *neither Poverty nor Riches, but feed you with Food convenient.*

CHAP. II.

The Birth of Chriſt.

I Shall not here make a fine *Harangue* in commendation of any *Mortal Prince*, but preſent you with an Elaborate *Diſcourſe*, ſetting forth the Noble Praiſe of the *ſecond Perſon* in the

ever bleſſed Trinity: Therefore haſte away with me, all ye that profeſs the *Chriſtian Religion*, by owning the *Merits* of a *Crucify'd Jeſus*; for I am now going to ſound a *Retreat* from *Worldly Vanities*, and retire to *Bethlehem*, where *Chriſt the Saviour* was born, in order to take a view of ſeveral Scenes of his Life, and of his *Triumphant Aſcenſion* into Glory. Are any of you intoxicated with the love of *ſenſual Delights*, that you cannot raiſe your *affections* of *Joy* or *Grief* to an equal height with mine? However I would fain prevail with you to come, if it be only for a while to taſte of an *Heavenly Joy*, whilſt my Tongue is ſounding forth the *Love* of my *Great Redeemer*, and to humour a mien of *Stoick* Gravity, whilſt my Soul is overwhelm'd with *Sorrow*, in beholding his bitter Agonies and Sufferings; ſince it is reaſonable to believe, that when I have drawn a few of thoſe *various Scenes* of the *Love* and *Tragical Paſſion* of our Dear Redeemer, every different Act will be an effectual means to *charm* you into the ſweet *Imbraces* of True Religion, and even make you cry out, *My Lord and my God.*

I am ſometimes ſwallowed up, bleſſed Jeſu! in a rapturous flight of *Ecſtatick Joy*, when I hear of thy *Tranſcendent Love* to the Children of Men, and as ſenſibly afflicted with *Grief*, when I read of thy *cruel Sufferings* on that accurſed Tree! Theſe Lines affect me more, than all the vaniſhing *ſhadows* of a *ſenſual Mirth*, or *mournful ſighs* of *Worldly Sorrow*; ſince every Page will be fill'd

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with the *Ardent Affections* of my paſſionate Soul, inflam'd with the Zeal of *Seraphick Love*, not much inferiour to that of the *Royal Prophet*, who ebb'd and flow'd with *Joy* and *Grief*, much like the purling Rivers, that raiſe and ſink their *gliding Streams*, according to the direction of our Heavenly Father's Almighty *Fiat*; ſo that, to the utmoſt extent of my frail Ability, I'll here tranſmit to ſucceeding Ages the *myſterious Records* of the mighty Power of God made Man.

No ſooner had our firſt Parents forfeited their Title to *Eternal Happineſs*, by Eating the *forbidden Fruit*, but a Council of the *bleſſed Trinity* was call'd in the higheſt Heavens, to conſult the *Redemption of fall'n Man*, where it was unanimouſly agreed, *Nemine Contradicente*, That the *ſecond Perſon* of the *Glorious Godhead* ſhould in the fulneſs of Time *deſcend* from thoſe *bliſsful Manſions*, and be born of a pure Virgin; ſo as to be offer'd up as a *Propitiatory Sacrifice* for the crying Sins of *lapſed Mankind*; as it evidently appears from what we read in *Gen.* 3. 15. *That the ſeed of the woman ſhould break the ſerpent's head.* And for a farther *Confirmation of our Faith*, God reveal'd the coming of the *Meſſias* to the *Patriarchs* and *Prophets*, many Centuries of Years before his *perſonal Appearance* upon Earth; particularly to faithful *Abraham*, that out of his Loins the *Meſſias* ſhould proceed; and afterward *Jacob* was inform'd out of what Tribe of the *Jewiſh* Nation Chriſt ſhould come, which that

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bleſſed Patriarch plainly foretold, when he lay on his Dying-Bed, in theſe Words, *viz. That the Scepter ſhould not depart from* Judah, *nor a Law-giver from between his feet, till* Shilo *come.* The Almighty in like manner declar'd his Will to *Moſes*, who told the Children of *Iſrael*, That *God would raiſe up a Prophet of their Brethren, like unto him; and that unto him ſhould they hearken.*

Neither were the *Jewiſh Ceremonies*, from time to time, any other than *Types* and *Figures* of this *Immaculate Lamb*; as that of the *Brazen Serpent*, the *Scape-Goat*, *&c.* As the time of his Birth drew nearer, the *Prophets* had a more lively, and diſtinct knowledge of *what ſhould happen* during the time that was decreed for his *purchaſing our Redemption*: For the Royal Prophet *David* foretels his *Sufferings*, and *Glorious Reſurrection*; with reſpect to his Death, that it ſhould be *by piercing his Hands and Feet*; and in *Pſal.* 16. 10. he ſpeaks of his *Reſurrection* in theſe Words, *For thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell, neither wilt thou ſuffer thine holy one to ſee corruption.* And *of his Aſcenſion*, Pſal. 68. 18. *Thou haſt Aſcended up on high, thou haſt led Captivity captive.* Likewiſe the Prophet *Iſaiah* deſcribes the manner of his Birth, That he was to be born of a *Virgin*, and his Name to be call'd *Emanuel*, at the ſame time ſetting forth his *Incomparable Graces*, *Sanctity*, and fit *Qualifications* for the performance of his Office; the *Entertainment* he was like to meet with in the World,

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with the Nature and Signs of thoſe *Cruel Sufferings* he was to endure.

The Place of our *Saviour's Nativity* was foretold by *Micah* 5. 2. *Bethlehem of Ephrata, the leaſt of the Cities of* Judah, *but honour'd above the reſt, by the birth of a Prince, who was to be Ruler in* Iſrael, *whoſe goings forth had been from everlaſting.* Again the Prophet *Daniel* fixes the exact time, affirming, That the *Meſſias* ſhould appear in the World, and be *cut off, as a Sacrifice for the expiation of the ſins of the people,* at the expiration of 70 *Prophetical Weeks,* or 490 Years, which accordingly came to paſs: All which *Occurrences* fairly lead me, as it were by the hand, to the firſt thing propos'd, which is a *particular Account of the Birth of Chriſt.*

Draw near with me all ye Nations of the World, and behold the *Bleſſed Infant,* with the ſame intention of Spirit, as if you *really ſaw* him with your *bodily Eyes*; and in ſo doing, you'll bear an equal part of joy and grief with me. But if any refuſe a *ready compliance* to ſo reaſonable a Demand, they'll ſoon draw ſuch a *vail of Sorrow* over my pure Affections, as will make me ſigh, mourn, and weep with true *Penitential Tears*; upon reflecting that I ſhould be ſo unhappy, as to treat of ſuch an *Excellent Subject in a Chriſtian Nation,* and not diſcern a *ſuitable Veneration* paid to the Son of God. If there be any ſuch *impious Wretches,* let me aſſure them, That it will be much *more tolerable in the day of Judgment* for thoſe hard-hearted *Jews,* who *inhuman-*

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ly imbru'd their Hands in the *innocent Blood* of that *Jeſus*, whom we now behold thro' the *Perſpective Glaſs of Faith*; ſince thoſe vile Miſcreants were not ſo happy as to *believe* in the bleſſed *Meſſias*, but on the contrary were inſtructed by their Prieſts and Rabbies, not to *acknowledge* him to be the *Son of God*, or own his Miracles, as *ſufficiently efficacious* to purchaſe their Salvation; as being born in *Obſcurity*, without any *Worldly Splendour*, or *pompous ſhew* of Greatneſs.

Theſe things, I ſay, may be brought as a ſtrong Argument, why they *Crucify'd the Lord of Life*; nay, there is yet more to be ſaid for the *Extenuating* their Crimes; for after the *Sufferings* of this *Jeſus*, many of them repented of what they had done, and declar'd him *a Prophet ſent by God*: But as for you that bear the *Badge* of his Profeſſion, and pretend to *believe* there is no other Name whereby *you can be ſav'd*, but that of *Jeſus*, and yet obſtinately *refuſe to comply* with my humble Requeſt, to *Rejoyce* and *Mourn* with me; it is an *evident Sign*, that you only counterfeit the *Character* of a *Chriſtian*, and are in truth no more ſo than a *Pagan* that never heard of his *Birth* and *Sufferings*. Therefore may I *entreat you* by all that is dear to you, either to *abandon* your *holy Profeſſion*, and to turn *Turk* or *Jew*, or elſe to draw near with me to behold *God manifeſted in the Fleſh*; for this is that Great *Meſſias* that left his Father's Kingdom of Glory, in the ſeventh Age of the World, and was *born in Bethlehem*

lehem of Judea, in the days of Herod *the King,* Matth. 2. 1.

Oh! then aſſent with me in *ſinging Praiſes* to this New-born Child, with loud *Acclamations of Joy*: Oh! come, let us ſend up our *Thanksgiving* beyond the Sphere of uſual Praiſe, and let our *melodious Strains* join the *Heavenly Choir,* for his unlimited Love to the Sons of Men, who lay as utterly loſt and undone for ever. Oh! *Lamb of God, Son* of the *Father,* how are all my *Affections* rais'd above the gilded *ſhadows* of ſenſual Joys, and fix'd on thee my *Sovereign Lord,* whoſe boundleſs Mercy has *reſcu'd Mankind* from endleſs pains! Therefore with *Angels, Arch-Angels,* and all the *Hoſt of Heaven,* I'll adore the remembrance of *thy Nativity,* and ſay, *Glory be to God in the higheſt, on earth peace, good will towards men.*

Praiſe the Lord, O my Soul! who has withdrawn thy *wandring Deſires* from the *fleeting ſhades* of Senſe, and fix the Center of thy Joys on the *miraculous Birth* of the Holy *Jeſus.* Was ever Miracle like to this, that *God ſhould become a Man,* to redeem the Works of his own Creation! Therefore I'll treble my *reſounding Praiſes,* in honour of this *New-Born Babe,* and tranſmit his Fame to ten thouſand Generations, by continually *imitating* thoſe glorify'd Saints above, in warbling forth *Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah* to the *Almighty God* and *Lord* of Heaven and Earth, for his *condeſcending Love* to Man: *Hallelujah, Hallelujah,* be for ever chanted forth to the *Saviour*

viour of the World, who was incarnated, and took upon him the *Humane Nature*; *Halleluiah*, *Halleluiah*, be Sung to the Holy Spirit for his Aſſent, that Chriſt ſhould *deſcend on Earth*; may everlaſting Glory be aſcrib'd to *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*, for ſuch a mighty work of Wonder, as that the *ſecond Perſon* in the Myſterious Trinity ſhould be brought forth from a Virgin's Womb, and become a perfect Man *in all things*, *ſin only excepted*.

Then may that Day, on which the *Son of God* became the *Son of Man*, be had in *everlaſting remembrance* by all the *Elect Children* of the moſt High; may it be for ever ſet a-part as a yearly *Jubilee*, wherein I may celebrate with my moſt exalted Admirations his *ſtupendious Love* to the Poſterity of my firſt Parents: May the Stars, that twinkl'd at the break of that bleſſed *Morn* exceed in brightneſs all others, that ſo curiouſly beſpangled the lofty Sky, ſo as never to be darken'd by any gathering Clouds: May that *Planet*, which was Aſcendant when the *Meſſias* was born, never appear above the Horizon when any *bloody Tyrant* breaks thro' the *ſtrong bars* of his Mother's Womb; and at leaſt let it be ſuperior to the whole Tribe of *noble Rulers*; may that *Sun* which peep'd out of the Caſements of the Eaſt, and gilded the topps of the higheſt Mountains with *glittering beams* of Light on that *glorious Morn*, when Chriſt made his publick entrance on the *Great Work of Man's Salvation*, never be ſully'd o'er by any Miſt,

Miſt, till turn'd into blood by the unalterable Decree of Heaven.

May the *Clock*, that ſtruck that *happy Hour* when the *Meſſias* made his *paſſage* into this *Sublunary World*, awaken the unbelieving *Jews* by its tinkling Peals from the *fatal Lethargy* of *Carnal ſecurity*: May that *Moment*, when the Lord brake his way thro' the *upper Regions* to abide a while on Earth, be recorded in the *perpetual Annals* of every *Chriſtian's* Life: Let it be diſtinguiſh'd from all other *Minutes* joyn'd to the fleeting Hours: May the *Mother* of that *Bleſſed Babe* be proclaim'd as the *Soveraign Queen* over all the *Female Sex*, and be renowned for her *Virgin-Modeſty* to the end of the World: May that *Tongue*, which firſt ſounded the *joyful News*, that the Eſpouſed Wife of *Joſeph* was *deliver'd of a Son*, be one day renew'd, as the Phœnix out of it's own Aſhes, to ſing *Hallelujah*, *Hallelujah*, in the higheſt ſtrains of Eloquence, for ten thouſand times ten thouſand Ages in the *Heavenly Choir* above. May thoſe *Hand-maids* (if any) that aſſiſted at the *Birth of Chriſt*, or viſited the *Bleſſed Virgin*, ſhine with a brighter luſtre in the *Orbs above*, than ſuch as uſually attend at the birth of a *Mortal Prince*: May thoſe *Arms*, which firſt receiv'd that Immaculate Lamb from the Boſom of the *Bleſſed Virgin*, have a *noble Scepter* to fill their hands, not ſuch a one as every *Child of God* will receive in token of Victory over the *Prince of the Air*, but one little inferiour to that of *Moſes*, who prophetically declar'd the *coming*

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of the Lord, long before his Appearance in the Fleſh.

May that *Perſon* who wrap'd the *Saviour* of the World in *Swadling-Cloaths*, to preſerve his tender Body from the cold blaſts of a Winter-Seaſon, be *array'd* in the *Heavenly Manſions* with far more *glittering Robes* of State, than the Queen of *Sheba* wore, when ſhe came from a far Country to hear the *Wiſdom* of *Solomon*, and ſee his *magnificent Glory*, which ſeem'd to ſparkle in her gazing Eyes as the twinkling Stars: May thoſe *Fingers*, which ſpun the thread of that *Mantle*, which was thrown over the *Lord of Life*, as a neceſſary *Garment*, receive a Well-tuned Harp in the *Manſions of Glory*, to reſound an Eternal *Hallelujah* of *Thankſgiving* to Everlaſting Ages; not ſuch an one as the *Royal Pſalmiſt* play'd on, when he was led into *Captivity* in a *ſtrange Land*; but one whoſe ſounding Strings will never ceaſe to ſtrike harmonious ſtrains of Joy to this *New-born Prince*, the *Saviour* of the World: May that *Manger*, wherein the Lord lay, be more in the *memory* of every Chriſtian, than the *gawdy Cradle*, wherein *Alexander* the Great was rock'd in his Infancy. To conclude, may all the *Solemnities* of that Day be engrav'd on large *Pillars* of *Marble*, ſo as to remain in lively Characters 'till our Lord's *ſecond coming* in the *Clouds*, with a far more noble Train of ſplendid Glory.

Then come, and accompany me in a regular order, all ye *mighty Works* of the Lord, and be

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aſtoniſh'd at this his *wonderful Birth.* I ſay, come all ye *Angels,* that continually ſurround the Imperial Throne of Chriſt, and readily obey his Holy will, *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *Cherubims* and *Seraphims,* that inceſſantly cry, "*Hallelujah, Hallelujah,* "Great, and Infinite, Holy, Holy, Durable, "and Eternal; *Hallelujah, Hallelujah,* fix'd and "unchangeable, Holy, Holy, Wiſe and Powerful; "*Hallelujah, Hallelujah,* Righteous and Juſt, "Holy, Holy, Excellent, and Good; *Hallelujah,* "*Hallelujah,* Faithful and True, Holy, Holy, "Incomprehenſible and Perfect; *Hallelujah,* "*Hallelujah*; all Power and Dominion, Adora-"tion and Praiſe, be aſcribed to God Omnipo-"tent, during a ſtream of Time that ſtill glides "on, but never runs out, or centers in any End; *Draw near with deep Veneration, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend ye *Prophets, Apoſtles, Martyrs,* and *Confeſſors,* that yield obedience to the known Statutes of Heav'n, and everlaſtingly acknowledge the Infinite *Majeſty* of his *Honourable, True, and only Son,* and the *Divine Spirit* the Comforter; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.*

Attend, ye that aſſent to the *truth* of the glorious Goſpel, and agree in the *Confeſſion* of an Orthodox Faith, *Draw near with reverential awe, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye Heavens and all the Waters,

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that are above the gathering Clouds; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, bright *Luminary* of the Superiour Orbs, which *comeſt forth in* the Morn of every Day to *run thy wonted Race, as a Giant refreſh'd with Wine,* towards the Weſtern Hills; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, thou *Pale-fac'd Moon,* that ſhineſt with a modeſt Light, tho' in the higheſt *Zenith,* and in a full Body, *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold the profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *glittering Stars,* that beſpangle the lofty Firmament with your *ſparkling Lights,* and ſerve to guide the Mariners to their appointed Haven, *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.*

Attend, ye *haſty Showers,* that deſcend in pearled drops to refreſh the *budding Flowers,* e're they diſplay their lovely Colours, or fragrant *Smells, Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *early Dews,* that enliven the *Flowry Meads* with your orient Drops, before the early Lark ariſes to ſing *ſweet Matins* to its daily Benefactor, *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *freſh Gales,* that rage and blow with your *bluſtering Storms,* becauſe a ſmall Cloud appears on the Southern Shore, and will not be ſtill'd, 'till allay'd by its weeping Tears; *Draw near with*

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Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man. Attend, ye long and *tedious Nights*, that give a faint Idea of thoſe dark and *gloomy Shades*, where wretched Souls *inceſſantly moan*, to the endleſs duration of Eternity; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *Days* that diſperſe the Night-Shades with your *Bright Beams of Light*, and make the *Righteous* wiſh for that Eternal Day which never ſets in any obſcurity; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.*

Attend, ye *white Froſts*, that enamel the Plains with your *hoary Miſts*, and cauſe the Head of every young Tree to hang as it were with *Gray Hairs*; as if no moiſture remain'd in their newly ingrafted Roots, *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *Storms of Snow*, which cover the Fields of Corn with *fleeting Flakes*, as a Downy Bed to ward off the *Northern* Blaſts; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *fiery Flaſhes* of fearful Lightning, that often ſurprize the ſecure Sinner in his *lewd Embraces* of Folly; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *rattling Peals* of terrible *Thunder*, whoſe *repeated Claps* are ſo *Dreadful*, as to cauſe the Atheiſt to endeavour to hide himſelf from the *Judgment* of that God, whoſe Being not long

ſince he ſo inſolently deny'd; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.*

Attend, *ye Mountains* and *Hills*, that doubtleſs receiv'd your *Riſe* and *Names* in that Age, when the Almighty viſited the Earth with a ſtrange *overflowing Deluge* for ſuch foul Sins as now reign in the *Britiſh* Iſle; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, thou *Rain-bow* that art fix'd in the Clouds, as a *token of God's Covenant* with the Children of Men, not to deſtroy the *World* again by a mighty Flood; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *turbulent Billows* of the vaſt Ocean, that are confin'd in the deep Caverns of the Great *Jehovah*'s Treaſury, and are not able to paſs beyond his Decrees; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *watery Inhabitants*, who take your daily repaſt in the *Unfathomable Sea*, and Swim like the *Great Leviathan*, that Rules, as an *Imperial Monarch*, in thoſe *ſpacious Territories* of unknown Extent; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.*

Attend, ye *bubbling Springs*, whoſe Cryſtal Waters riſe out of the *Bowels of the Earth*, to quench the thirſt of the Beaſts of the Foreſt with your *purling Streams*, that glide down the Hills with a perpetual Motion; *Draw near with Aſtoniſh-*

Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man. Attend ye *numerous Flights* of *winged Quiriſters*, that warble forth your *pretty Notes* in the higheſt ſtrains of Joy, to him that *feeds your Young* by a providential Care; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *Cedars* of *Lebanon*, whoſe ſpreading Leaves overſhadow the *wearied Pilgrims* in their progreſs to the New *Jeruſalem*; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, yet *timorous Flocks* of Sheep, and Droves of harmleſs Lambs, whoſe *innocent Bleats*, and pretty *Bay's* ſerve to remind Man of the *Paſchal Lamb*, which was offer'd up as a *Sacrifice* for the Sins of many; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.*

Attend, ye Herds of *nimble Deer*, that skip as the pleaſant Roes on the Tops of the Mountains round the delightful Parks, and refreſh your tired Limbs under the ſpreading Sycamores, and Royal Oaks; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *Cattel on a Thouſand Hills*, that anſwer the End of your *wiſe Creator*, in being uſeful for the ſervice of Man, *obeying his Commands* by a kind of natural Inſtinct; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *nimble Hares* and *ſubtil Foxes*, whoſe Wiſdom far exceeds the Policy of *prophane Libertines*, in retreating

when purſu'd, and hiding when aſſaulted; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *wiſe Ants*, whoſe conſtant *Induſtry* expoſes the *Sluggard* to open Shame, by providing ſtore in Summer to ſupply your wants in time of Dearth; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.*

Attend, ye *delightful Springs* of every Year, that diſcover to faithleſs Man the Aſſurance of a *Reſurrection*, by forcing out as it were a *new Creation* of *Greens* from the bare Branches of every Hedge, Buſh, and Tree; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold the profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *ingrafted Branches*, whoſe tender plants produce *more Fruits* in the ſmall ſpace of *one year*, than *Ten thouſand* Sinners in a *long Age*, tho' perhaps they were well planted in the rich Soil of *pious Education*; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold the profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *numerous Trees* of *Freſh Roſes*, whoſe *fragrant Flowers* ſhoot forth from the clefts of your ſcollopt Hoods, in the delightful Morns of *June*, before Vain *Man*, who bears the *Image* of his *Maker*, has awak'd his drowſy Thoughts, or ſung an *Hymn of praiſe* for the Mercies of a paſt Night; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.*

Attend, ye Beds of *Sweet Carnations*, that diſplay your various Colours, and breath up your *Sweet Perfumes* towards thoſe Clouds that *be-*

dew'd

dew'd your enamel'd Leaves with trickling drops of an *early Dew*, e're *careleſs Drones* can view from whence their Mercies come; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *Tall Sun-flowers*, that raiſe up your drooping Heads, and chearfully ſhew your *natural Face* without a modeſt Bluſh, when that bright *Lamp of Heaven* diſplays its gilded Beams on your *golden Features*; which Emblem may ſilently reprove many *Luciferian Imps*, who are aſham'd to appear in the *Houſe of Prayer* without an artificial Face, yet cannot diſtil a Tear for a Soul ſtain'd with Sin; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *numerous Rows of Peony's*, that ſtand as it were in Battel-array, like an *Army cloath'd in Red*, but more gorgeouſly array'd, than all the *Troops* of *bloudy Tyrants*, that dragoon their *Chriſtian Subjects* with horrid Cruelty, who bear it all for the ſake of a Crucify'd Jeſus, and a ſteady Faith; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.*

Attend, ye *Grains* of *various Seeds*, that now lye mouldring in the Womb of the Earth, but will e're long *ſprout forth*, and appear in a *Charming Luſtre*, which may be fitly compar'd to the conſuming *Bodies* of the *Righteous*, that have lain undiſcover'd in the Earth for many Centuries of years, but will e're long *peep forth* out of the Clefts thereof with *Ten thouſand* times *more Brightneſs*,

than all the *gawdy Ornaments*, or *rich Attire* of *Phantaſtick Sinners*, array'd in their glittering Robes of State; *Draw near with Aſtoniſhment, and behold this profound Myſtery of a God made Man.*

Attend, ye *material* and *immaterial Beings*, whether in Heaven or Earth, with all the Powers and Things therein, and be *aſtoniſh'd* at this *profound Myſtery* of a *God made Man.* Not becauſe 'tis a *Myſtery*, that cannot be *comprehended* by *Angels*, nor Men: But on account of *God's unlimited Love* to fall'n Man. Be *aſtoniſh'd*, not as if it were too great for Omnipotence to effect; but, becauſe the *Almighty Power* decreed it ſo, to *bruiſe the Serpent's Head.* Be *aſtoniſh'd*, not as if that *wonderful Incarnation* of the *Son of God* were not decreed long before the Worlds were fram'd; but becauſe the *Redemption of Man* was purpos'd by the Trinity, when as he lay conceal'd in his *primitive Nothing.* Be aſtoniſh'd, not as if *Chriſt* were conceiv'd in the Womb of the *bleſſed Virgin*, as to his *real Godhead*; but becauſe he only paſs'd thro' thoſe *dark Chambers* as to his *real Manhood.* Be aſtoniſh'd, not as if the *Manifeſtation of the Son of God in the fleſh* confounded the *Trinity in Unity*, or ſeparated the Perſons to *divide their Subſtance*; but becauſe the *Godhead of the Son* remains equal with that *of the Father*, and the *holy Ghoſt*; the Glory equal, and Majeſty coequal, during that time, and for ever. Be aſtoniſh'd, not as if the *Son* were not ſuch as the *Father* was, nor ſuch as the *Holy Ghoſt*

Ghoſt was, during his abode in an *Earthly Tabernacle*; but becauſe ſuch as the *Father* was, and ſuch as the *Holy Ghoſt* was, ſuch alſo the *Son* was, is, and ever ſhall be. Be aſtoniſh'd, not as if the *Son* were *created*, becauſe he was *born of a woman*; but becauſe he was *equally uncreated* with the *Father*, and the *Holy Ghoſt*, and yet came down from Heaven to *appear on the behalf of guilty Men*. Be aſtoniſh'd, not as if the *Second Perſon* in the *Trinity* were not as *incomprehenſible*, from the time of his *appearance* in the Fleſh to the day of his *Aſcenſion* on High, as before or after; but, becauſe Chriſt was as *incomprehenſible*, during the time of his *Stay on Earth*, as if he had never *deſcended* from the upper Regions. Be aſtoniſh'd, not as if the *Son of God* were not *Eternal*, becauſe he left the Habitations of his *Father's Glory*, and liv'd as a *mortal Man*; but becauſe he *ever was*, *is*, and *will be Eternal* as is the *Father*, and as is the *Holy Ghoſt*, notwithſtanding his *Deſcent* into Hell. Be aſtoniſh'd, not as if the *Son* were not *Almighty*, becauſe he was *conceiv'd* of the *Holy Ghoſt*; but becauſe he remains *equally Almighty* in his Power and Eſſence, as the *Firſt* and *Third Perſons* in the Trinity, ev'n during that time he liv'd as Man, as well as before or after. Be aſtoniſh'd, not as if *Jeſus* were *not God*, becauſe he once liv'd as Man; but becauſe he *remain'd God*, equal with the *Father* and the *Holy Ghoſt*, altho' he was Mediator between God and Man. Be aſtoniſh'd, not as if the *Meſſias* had

ceas'd

ceas'd from being *Lord*, the ſame with his *Father* and the *Holy Spirit*; but becauſe he *ever* was, is, and ever will be *Lord* of Heav'n and Earth, *equal* with *God the Father*, and the *Holy Ghoſt*, notwithſtanding his being delivered up by God as a *Saviour* for Man. Be aſtoniſh'd, not as if he were *leſs in glory* than the *Father*, and the *Paraclet*, on account of his *Deſcending* from the Throne of Glory, and converſing with frail Mankind; but becauſe he *remains* the *ſame* in *greatneſs* with the *Father*, and the *Holy Ghoſt*, as if the *three Perſons* in the Trinity had *aſſumed Humane Nature* equally one with the other. Be aſtoniſh'd, not as if the *Second Perſon* in the Trinity were divided from the reſt on account of his *Incarnation*; but becauſe he *ever was*, and *ever will be* one of the undivided *Three*, coeternal and coequal, notwithſtanding his being *conceiv'd of the Holy Ghoſt*. Be aſtoniſh'd, not as if the *Son* were not to be *worſhip'd* in as reverend and humble manner, as the *Father* and the *Holy Ghoſt*, becauſe of his *Humiliation*; but becauſe he muſt be *ſerv'd* and *ador'd* with the ſame honour as the *Father*, and the *Holy Ghoſt*, tho' he was Man as well as God. Be aſtoniſh'd, not as if our Lord Jeſus were *not God and Man*; but becauſe he was *God of the Subſtance of the Father*, begotten from Eternity; and *Man of the Subſtance of his Mother*, born in the World, *real God* and *real Man*; equal to the Father as touching his Godhead, but inferiour as touching his Manhood. Be aſtoniſh'd, not as if Chriſt were *Two* Perſons, becauſe he is *God* and *Man*; but

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becauſe he is but *one Chriſt*, and yet *God and Man*; one, not by Converſion of the Godhead into Fleſh, but by taking of the Manhood into God; one altogether not by confuſion of Subſtance, but by unity of Perſon; for as the reaſonable Soul and Fleſh is one Man, ſo God and Man is one Chriſt.

Oh! then, attend ye Heavens and Earth, and be aſtoniſh'd at this *profound Incomprehenſible Myſtery*, *God made Man*, who freely offer'd himſelf up as a *Ranſom* for fall'n Man, and yet remains both *Perfect God and Perfect Man*. Admire this *mighty Work*, not with any miſtruſt of Unbelief, but with a ſtedfaſt Faith, That altho' it be a *Myſtery* far ſurpaſſing the *weak Conceptions* of *finite Creatures*, yet it was a thing eaſie for *Omnipotence*, and the moſt *effectual Means* to accompliſh *Man's* Redemption. Therefore, let every thing that receives its Being from God, adore this *wonderful Birth* of the Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*, the Son of the living Father, and *ſecond Perſon* in the ever *Bleſſed Trinity*. *Oh bleſs ye the Lord, Praiſe him, and Magnifie him, with the moſt exalted Thankſgiving, to the infinite Ages of an endleſs Eternity*!

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Circumciſion *of* Chriſt.

When eight days were accompliſh'd for the Circumciſion of the Child, his Name was called Jeſus, which was ſo named of the Angel, before he was conceived in the Womb, Luke 2. 12.

DRaw near all ye that ſubſcribe by an *Orthodox Faith*, to the *wonderful Birth* of Chriſt, and behold him who is now *Circumcis'd* for you, and own him as *your God*, as well as *your Saviour*; for he is *your God*, altho' he owns himſelf to be *your Redeemer*. Come, defer not to pay your Tribute, but do as did the *Wiſe Men*, who were guided by an Eaſtern Star to come and *Worſhip this Immaculate Lamb*: for when *they came into the Houſe, and ſaw the Young Child with* Mary his *Mother, they fell down and worſhipped him, and when they had open'd their Treaſury, they preſented to him Gifts, Gold, Frankincenſe, and Myrrh.* Matth. 2. 11.

Where then is the Man, and what is his Name, that dares call himſelf a *true Believer*, and will not lay all his Crimes aſide, and attend with me, to aſcribe all *Honour and Power, Might, Majeſty, and Dominion* to the young *Jeſus*?

ſus? If any ſuch there be, convey them hither, that I may expoſtulate the caſe with them, in ſome ſuch Language as this. Oh perfidious Wretches! can ye, that freely acknowledge the *Birth* and *Circumciſion* of the *Lord Jeſus Chriſt*, refuſe with Reverence to behold *God* ſo wonderfully *Circumcis'd*, after the manner of a frail Man! Bemoan your ſelves, and lament your *miſerable Eſtate*; for much better it would have been for you, if the Doors of your Mother's Womb had ſhut you up in *perpetual Darkneſs*, and you had never ſeen the dawn of this Day. Oh! weep with ſtreams of Tears, and throb with bitter Cries, that ever you ſhould hear the joyful News ſounded forth, that *Chriſt is Born* and *Circumcis'd*, and yet you'll ſtill remain ſuch ſtrangers to *Regeneration*, as not to attend the *Child Jeſus* with the Gifts of an *holy Converſation*. Oh grieve inceſſantly! bewail with Sighs, Sobs, and Groans, to think that you ſhould bear the Standard-mark of the *Chriſtian Name*, and not preſent your Souls, Bodies, and Spirits, as a *reaſonable Sacrifice* at the Feet of *Jeſus*, and there wait till the Criminal Superfluities of your Souls are pair'd off by a *New Circumciſion* of Heart. Delay not, leſt Death approach, when it will be too late *to attend at the Circumciſion of this new-born Jeſus*.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

The Retreat of Chriſt *and his Mother into* Egypt.

Behold, the Angel of the Lord appeared to Joſeph *in a Dream, ſaying, Ariſe, and take the young Child, and his Mother, and flee into* Egypt, *and be thou there untill I bring thee word; for* Herod *the King will ſeek the young Child to deſtroy him. Then he aroſe, and took the young Child and his Mother by Night, and departed into* Egypt: *And was there untill the Death of* Herod, *that it might be fulfilled which was ſpoken of the Lord by the Prophet, ſaying, Out of* Egypt *have I called my Son,* Matth. 2, 13, 14, 15.

NOW the Scene is chang'd, and all our Joys for the *Birth* and *Circumciſion* of *Chriſt* are clouded with *Storms of Sorrow*, and *Floods of Tears*, therefore haſte away with me; for the *Child Jeſus* muſt be attended with *Grief* into the *Egyptian* Land, not becauſe he is going to avoid the wrath of *Herod* the King, but becauſe a *God made Man* is forc'd to flee the wrath of

of a *ſinful Mortal*; not for any offence committed by him, but for the flagrant Sins of vain Tranſgreſſours; not to Suffer as if he had *Tranſgreſſed humane Laws*, but becauſe the *Iniquities* of our *firſt Parents* were the occaſion of this his ſilent Retreat; oh! then give ear to the moan I make to Heaven, in beholding *Joſeph* ſecretly conveying the Child *Jeſus* away by Night into a ſtrange *Land*, to eſcape the fury of an *inraged Tyrant*, who can by no means obtain *Salvation*, but in and thro' the Merits of this *bleſſed Babe*.

Oh mourn, my Soul! oh mourn my Soul! to think that the *Eternal Son* of the *Ever-living God* ſhould be *Born* of a Woman, *lye* in a Manger, and be *Circumcis'd* after the Cuſtom of the *Jewiſh* Nation, and then be forc'd to fly as a Thief by Night, or a Prince purſu'd by his unnatural Subjects: Oh, my God! What's the meaning of this *Aſtoniſhing Myſtery*? and how ſhall I unfold the *hidden Parable*, without ſhedding an Ocean of Tears, or pining away with exceſſive Thought, for the want of Words to explain the meaning of this Flight! Oh my Dear Redeemer! how ſhall I attain to that meaſure of true Sorrow, that may be ſufficiently efficacious to melt a *ſtony Heart* into running Floods, and raiſe the cooling Affections of languid Sinners above the airy Fancies of Senſe, tuneing the *Paſſions* of their Souls to the higheſt *ſtrains of Grief*; and yet keep my own Spirits within ſuch bounds, that I may become an *uſeful Monitor* to ſucceeding Ages?

Ages? For be it henceforth proclaim'd from *Dan* to *Beerſheba*, and unto all the World, That the Lord *Jeſus Chriſt* had been but a few days in his ſtate of *Humiliation*, before he was oblig'd to remove his Tent, and be privately carry'd away in a doleful *Winter-Night*, towards a Foreign Country: Oh then attend ye Servants of the Lord! and endeavour to Sympathize with me! for what Grief can be equal to this of mine, who bear a tender regard to the *Lord of Glory*, and will now accompany him in this infancy of his *Sufferings*, and the beginning of his *Grief*, to a more tragical End; ſince as yet he has ſcarce experienc'd what Trouble means!

Oh my *Jeſus*! I am ready to wait on Thee, where-ever thou goeſt; or be thy State what it will; oh that I could by any means attain the Honour to embrace thy *tender Body* within my folded Arms! oh thou, whom *my Soul loveth*! tho' it were but at ſuch a time when thy Mother begins to faint in this her haſty flight! oh with what *Affectionate Care* would I preſerve thee, my dear *Saviour*! chuſing rather to dye *ten thouſand* Deaths, than let thee ſlide out of my Boſom! oh thou whom *my Soul loveth*! oh my *admir'd Jeſus*, how would I run with thee from the Wrath of *Herod* the King! and flee as it were thro' the *Regions of the Air*, till I had *ſecur'd Thee* from his Fury! But ſuppoſing, oh my Soul! thou wert *intruſted* with the *Child Jeſus*, how could'ſt thou think to make ſuch ſpeed, ſince *Joſeph* and his Mother finds it very diffi-

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cult to preſerve the Babe from all the perils of a dangerous Journey, where perhaps no *twinkling Stars* appear'd to guide their way, in the unknown Paths towards the *ſtrange Land*, whither they are now haſting. Or ſuppoſing, O my Soul! thou ſhouldſt daſh thy Foot againſt a Stone, and let the *bleſſed Infant* fall, how ſad then would be thy ſtate! yet nevertheleſs my care ſhould ſtill preſerve the *Lord* from *receiving* any harm, and I would inſtantly *riſe again*, endeavouring to be more *Circumſpect* in my *future Steps:* But what if the darkneſs of the Night, O my Soul! ſhould cauſe thee to miſtake the way, and thereby expoſe the *Babe* to the *fury of Herod* the King, how could ſuch a Misfortune be retriev'd? Fear not, O my Soul! I would ſoon recover the *unhappy loſs*, by ſending up my *earneſt Requeſt* to Heaven's Gates, that ſome *glittering Star* might peep out its ſparkling Head, to *guide my feet*; or elſe I would make ſuch *mournful Cries*, that the Eccho thereof ſhould reach the Ears of ſome *neighbouring Inhabitants*, or *early Traveller*, to take pity of me in this my great Diſtreſs, and fairly conduct me to the Road from whence I went aſtray. But, O my Soul! what if neither the *Heavens* ſhould diſplay any *glimmering Light*, nor *Jewiſh Peaſant* come forth of his Cottage, nor *good Samaritan* come Riding by to thy Relief? Ceaſe, my Soul, thy *ſad Complaints!* admit it ſhould be ſo, I would yet *revive* my drooping Spirits, and buoy them up with this *mighty Conſideration*, that the time

can't be long, before the *day will dawn* on top of the *Eaſtern Hills*, and gently diffuſe me ſo much of its *early Beams*, as may ſerve to light me into my *firſt way*, where I would immediately ſpeed, with a ſwifter Motion than the *purſuing Tyrant* with all his *maſſacring Troops* of bloody Soldiers, and gain more ground, before the Sun had fully diſplay'd its *luminous Body* to the Inhabitants of the lower Vallies, than what I loſt by ſtraggling out of the way: But all that I fear, O my Soul! is, that I never ſhall be intruſted with the Care of the *Child Jeſus* in this his Journey to *Egypt*: yet nevertheleſs, I'll attend him through this his *dangerous Paſſage*, altho' it be at *the price of my moſt precious blood*: And when I ſee him ſafe arriv'd, I'll pour out my Soul, and ſay, *Oh my dear Redeemer, what means all this thy removing from one City to another, and that in the Infancy of thy human Nature?* I would fain have *congratulated thee* on thy *ſafe Arrival*, if I could by any means humour a Joy, or ſay, I'm pleas'd to ſee thee in a *ſtrange Land*; but, O my Lord! how ſhall I revive my *drooping Spirits*, and cheer up with Mirth, till I ſee thee again in *thy Native Soil!* Then will I Rejoyce with an *Exceeding Joy* in thee, the God of *my Salvation.* But here I muſt now leave thee to the Care of *Mary* thy Mother, and haſt again to *Bethlehem*, to hear what *Herod* the King will ſay and do concerning thee, my *Bleſſed Jeſus.*

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Herod's *Cruelty.*

Then Herod, when he ſaw that he was mocked of the Wiſe-men, was exceeding wroth, and ſent forth, and ſlew all the Children that were in Bethlehem, *and in all the coaſts thereof, from two years old, and under, according to the time which he had diligently enquired of the Wiſe-men. Then was fulfilled that which was ſpoken by* Jeremy *the Prophet, ſaying, In* Rama *was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning,* Rachel *weeping for her Children, and would not be comforted, becauſe they are not.* Matth. 2. 16, 17, 18.

ACcompany me, now, all ye that are the *Heirs* of the New *Jeruſalem*, in this my *Return* to the Land of *Bethlehem*; where I ſhall preſent you with a Scene of a *Crimſon Die*, able to make you *weep* with me a Sea of Tears, and fetch a Volly of Sighs; for *Herod* the King is now going to Sheath his *Weapons of War* within

the Bowels of *Innocent Babes*, who are uncapable of making any Reſiſtance; but innocently ſtare in their Murderers Faces with a *Childiſh Cry*, and *ſhrinking Back* as if they would fain expreſs themſelves in their broken Language, and ſay, *What injuries have we done to the Lord our King, thus to incenſe his Wrath?* Would no other Sacrifice appeaſe his Fury, but the *Young Males* of a few Months old, ſince we never offended in *Thought*, *Word*, or *Deed*, againſt the Lord our King? Then, why muſt our tender Limbs be pierc'd with Lancing Spears? Have we by our Strength *oppos'd his Laws*, or drove his *numerous Armies* back? If not, why ſhould our *naked Bodies* be carry'd in Triumph through the wide Streets of *Bethlehem*, to be expos'd to the view of every Eye? Have we, by forcing our paſſage thro' the *Shades of obſcurity*, to breath a while in a freſh Air, been the occaſion of this *Cruel Decree?* If not, why are we ſo ſuddenly cut down by his *unrelenting Cruelty*, and not ſuffer'd to take a few more *Childiſh turns* round the *winding* Labyrinths of *God's Creation*, as our Forefathers have done before us? Have our ſhrill Cries diſturb'd the *Repoſe* of the Lord our King, when we lay ſprawling in our Mothers Laps? If not, why are we then to be *deſtroy'd* from off the Land, and not ſuffer'd ſo much as to ſurvive the ſhort term of *two Years*, ſo as to utter a few more flights of impertinent Words, or broken Language? Have we at any time *drawn Milk* from thoſe Breaſts, that ſhould have nouriſh'd

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ſome *New-born Prince?* If not, why are we refus'd Protection under the *preſent Eſtabliſhment*, and not ſpar'd ſo long as to learn our *Chriſt-Croſs-Row?* Have we rais'd the Envy of the next Heir of the *Royal Crown* and *Dignities* of our Lord the King, by performing ſome *prettier Actions* in the Infancy of this our tender Age, than he vainly fancy'd he did, when he lay in his Nurſes Arms, attended with many *painted Toys*, and ſilly *Rattles?* If not, why are we to be *deſtroy'd*, and not permitted to ſend up a few more *thoughtleſs Smiles* to a ſorry piece of Painting, that reſembles we know not what? Alas! all the Actions of our *few Months*, have been ſo little worthy of *notice*, that we might in reaſon have thought, that the Lord our King would have employ'd his *fleeting Moments* to much better purpoſe, than thus to cauſe *Proclamation* to be made, that *all Male-Infants, from the Age of a day to that of twenty four Months*, ſhould be thus *barbarouſly deſtroy'd*. O *Herod* the Cruel! O *Herod* the bloody! What doſt thou mean by thus *ſhedding* our Innocent Blood? O *Herod* the Monſter! O *Herod* the Tyrant! What account can'ſt thou give to God, when thou com'ſt to ſtand amidſt the Crowd of *Blood-thirſty* Tyrants, at the Great and Terrible Day of his *wrathful Indignation*?

Be it known to thee, O thou *Blood-guilty King*, altho' this *Savage Contrivance* will be fatal to thee, yet the *Sentence*, tho' attended with *ſtreams of Blood*, will be an *Eternal Gain* to us:

Therefore we are ready to return thee *Ten thouſand* thanks for conveying our Souls to Heaven ſo ſoon; for as yet we are only polluted with the guilt of *Original Sins*, which the blood of that *Jeſus*, which thou thirſteſt after, will waſh away: Whereas, if thou ſhould'ſt *reverſe* this thy *Decree*, our ſpotleſs Souls will ere long be *polluted* in the poyſonous Baths of *actual Sins*, and by that means merit the *diſpleaſure* of *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*, and be juſtly doom'd to everlaſting pains. But (praiſed be the ever *bleſſed Trinity!*) we are now going to take *Poſſeſſion* of a Kingdom of Glory, where we ſhall *Cry no more*, *Sorrow no more*, *Sigh no more*, nor be *Slain any more*; but for ever reign with thoſe, that never *polluted* their white Garments in the *malignant Die* of new Tranſgreſſions. And be it further known to thee, O King, that what thou can'ſt do to our *tender Bodies* will be no detriment to our *precious Souls*; but ſooner haſten their winged flights towards yonder *Seat of Bliſs*, where all agree to return *Eternal Praiſes* of a Dear God, and a Loving Jeſus: Then ſhall we be free from all the *pain of Senſe*, ſo as never more to be imbroil'd in the *Cares* and *Sorrows* of a naughty World, where there is nothing to be found but *Days of Sorrow* and *Nights of Grief*.

Therefore be it known to thee, O King, that we had much rather undergo thy *ſevere Sentence* in the Infancy of our Age, and aſcend to the Joys above, than to accept of thy *Mercies*, and con-

continue in theſe *Shades of Miſery*, here below: But only out of a dutiful regard to our *tender Mothers*, who are now bedewing their wan Cheeks, with Showers of *weeping Tears*; and every one uttering *mournful Accents*, and ſaying, Where is now the *Son of my Youth*, and the *firſt Fruits* of my Body? O lead me to the *Infant Babe*, that I ſo lately *brought forth with Sorrow*! leſt I lament as a *diſconſolate Widow* for the loſs of Her *beloved Spouſe*, or moan as a Dove for lack of her Mate. O let me ſee the *Babe*, that never yet was *wean'd* from his Mother's Breaſt, and ſuffer me not thus to *moan* with heavy *Complaints!* O ye that bear the Image of the *moſt High*, why ſtand ye thus gazing, as at a Comet, to behold my *lamentable Shrieks*! and not rather haſte away to bring me *Tidings* concerning my *Darling Son*, in whoſe *Abſence* I can't be *comforted*, nor revive my *fainting Spirits!* O tell me, where my *beloved Infant* is, or elſe my Eyes will become as a *running Fountain* of Water, and I ſhall weep to ſuch a ſtrain of *Grief*, as to waſh the hairs of my head with the *tears of my Complaint*! Delay not, but let me ſee my *beloved Babe*, that I may ſweetly imbrace his *tender Limbs* within my out-ſtretched Arms, and once more but *dandle him* in my Lap. O ye *Children* of Men! take *Compaſſion* on me, that now lye *languiſhing* in *Deſpair*, till I behold the Face of my *loſt Child*, and kiſs his *little Breaſt* with an affectionate Love!

O ye that walk the Streets of *Bethlehem*, ſee

how I moan, pant and throb, becauſe I can't *behold* the *Cradle* wherein my *Infant lay*, or offer it the Breaſt to ſtill its *lamentable Cryes*: If you let me thus alone to *afflict my Soul* for the loſs of my *beloved Babe*, I'le inſtantly haſt to the *Palace* of my Lord the King, and make enquiry there concerning my *Male-Child*, and if I hear he hath iſſu'd forth a *Decree* to *Sacrifice* my *Firſt-Born*, I'le humbly proſtrate my ſelf at his feet, and ſay, O my *Soveraign Prince*, I am now come to make my *Addreſs* to thee, not in words adorn'd with *Flowers of Eloquence*, or with lines ſet off with *Rhetorical Figures*, which perhaps may not be ſo taking to thy *Genius*, or charming to thy *Fancy*, as loud *Harangues* of Praiſe, or *Speeches* fill'd with fulſome *Flattery*; neither am I come to crave at thy hands any high *Poſt of Honour*, or large *Gift of Favours*, but to intreat thee to *ſpare my only Son*, and return him ſafe into the Boſom of his *ſorrowful Mother*, whoſe Bowels yearn to ſee him once again. Deny me not my *Earneſt Requeſt*, leſt the Paſſions of my Soul increaſe, and thence extort from me *bitter Complaints* of thy Cruelty, for with-holding from me my *rightful Heir*.

For be it known to thee, O King, that my *precious Babe* doth no more of due belong to thee, than thy *Scepter* of right belongs to me; therefore let not thy *uſurping Power* tyrannize over me, as an *unrighteous Judge*, but reverſe thy *Sentence*, and render to me my *Sucking Babe*; for here I'le continue as the importunate Widow,

till

till I hear ſome Tidings concerning him: O my King, I dread by thy *terrible Aſpect*, that thou haſt barbarouſly *deſtroy'd* the Son whom I entirely love; and ſhall never ceaſe my *moaning*, till I ſee him living or dead, that I may *Surfeit* my ſelf either with *Joy* or *Grief*, before I lye down and dye. Hark! methinks I hear ſome *unuſual Cryes* of Infants young! I'le inſtantly depart to know the meaning of ſuch bitter Exclamations! Behold, I eſpy on the Tops of yonder Hills, whole *Squadrons of Guards*, with *Children* ſtuck on their *glittering Spears*! O amazing ſight! There now I ſee my *Sucking Babe*, whom I aſſuredly know by the *Marks it received on its Breaſt*, when it lay conceal'd in my Womb!

O let me return to the *cruel Tyrant*, that I may aſſure him, the *King of Kings* and *Lord of Lords*, will moſt certainly *avenge my Wrongs*, and *redreſs* my *Sufferings*, by pouring forth upon his Head full Vials of his *wrathful Indignation*, and ere long diveſt him of his *wordly Grandure*, by commanding him to appear at his *dreadful Tribunal*, to account for this his *monſtrous Barbarity*, and all other his lewd *Abominations*. O thou *Outragious Caitiff!* when gave I thee any juſt Cauſe of offence, thus inhumanly to *maſſacre* my only Child? O thou *wicked King*! behold the Streets run down with *innocent Blood*. O unheard of *Cruelty*! thus to murder all the *Male-Babes*. O let me ſee the *dead Corps* of my Child, weltring in his *Gore-Blood*, that I may pull out

the

the *wounding Spear*, and bind up his *gaping Wounds* with my *trembling Hand*, in order to convey him to the Bed, where he firſt learnt to humour a few Cryes, before this his laſt *Exit*. O let me alone, that I may view every part of his outſtretched Limbs, and behold my *dear Child* with my tender Affections! Reach me hither his little *Hand* that never ſtruck a Blow in *Wrath*, and let me unfold thoſe *clutch'd Fingers*, that never ſign'd any *Contract* againſt his Soveraign Prince, nor ingraſpt the *bright Sword of War* with any intent to maintain *Schiſm in the Church*, or *Feuds in the State*! Open the cloſed *Lids*, that I may ſee the *Eyes* that never look'd on a fair *Bathſheba* with a *wanton Glance* or an *unchaſt Deſire*; nor was ever taken with a Beauty, tho' he at any time *embraced* her in his Arms, or *ſaluted* her with his Lips! Let me behold the *Forehead* that was never bedew'd with a *fearful* clammy ſweat, tho' death lay hovering over every part of his naked Limbs, but kept its temper of Mind, till it felt the *keen Spear* ſhedding its Heart-Blood; and then it meekly ſubmitted to the *ſevere Sentence* of a Tyrant King! And let me view the *Cheeks*, that could Bluſh at every Chiding, and turn pale without a *deceitful Heart*, or a *polluted Soul*, even tho' it cry'd for fear, and lamented becauſe it was beat. O let me alone, that I may kiſs thoſe *wan Lips*, that were once ſtain'd with a Vermilion Dye, and could ſmile to ſee its Father's love, and behold its Mother's real affection:

open

open its *Mouth*, that I may ſee the *Tongue* that never diſcours'd a Lie, or in the leaſt vilify'd its innocent Neighbour, in ſpreading *falſe Reports*, or ſully'd the Excellency of any by *defamation*! O *my Child, my Child!* with what a *tender affection* do I now anatomize thy *lifeleſs Body*! Now can I freely *reſign* up my *Soul* and die, ſo that by any means I may be *intomb'd* with thee in the *ſilent Grave*, and ſecure *thy Body* in my *cold Embraces*; that when the *mighty Army* of Worms ſhall rally their *ſcatter'd Forces* together, and begin to make their near *Approaches* to *Storm* our *Sepulchres*, they may find the *remains* of a *tender Mother*, who expir'd with *Grief* for her *injur'd Babe*, and find it mouldring away in her Arms; then may they enter thro' all the parts of our Bodies, and *ſatiate* their *keen Appetites* with the *marrow* of our Bones, as a *more luſcious entertainment*, until our *fleſh* is conſum'd to Aſhes, and our *humid Brains* dry'd up by length of Time; then will they retreat, and let our *ſeparated Particles*, and waſted *Skeletons* ſleep in our Coffins, where we ſhall lye waiting for a new *origine of Things*, and one day ſprout up out of the bowels of the Earth with more *refined Bodies*, than thoſe made of the courſer Soil of *Fleſh*, *Blood*, and *Bones*, never more liable to *Corruption*, or expos'd to the Fury of an *Inſulting Tyrant*: Neither will they ever more be confin'd again to wear the *tatter'd Garments* of *Vice*; but be ſtrangely *Spiritualiz'd* after the Nature of

God,

God, and know what before they could not apprehend.

Then thoſe *Religious Parents*, that freely laid down their lives as a *Sacrifice* for *Chriſt*, will ſee their *little Babes* gliſter like Stars in Glory; but how much more thoſe wholoſt their *only Sons* by the hands of *Herod* the King, for the *birth of Jeſus*: doubtleſs they'l ſhine as ſo many *ſparkling Lights* round the Throne of their *dear Redeemer*, for ever and ever; perpetually warbling forth ſuch *Hymns* as theſe, in the preſence of the Heavenly Hoſt, We are the Mothers of thoſe *happy Infants* that were born in the Land of *Bethlehem*, in the *Seventh Age* of the World, which was the very time when the *Son of God*, whom we are now adoring, was *myſteriouſly conceiv'd* by the *Holy Ghoſt*, and wonderfully *born* of a *Pure Virgin*: O bleſſed we! that were *ordain'd* from the *foundation of the World* to be the *Parents* of thoſe firſt *Sufferers* after *Chriſt* was *manifeſted in the Fleſh*: for which we are now admitted to worſhip him, with a nearer and more *intimate view* than any other, who ſurviv'd to *ſtain their Souls* with *actual Sins*, tho' they afterwards laid down their *precious Lives* in the honourable Bed of *Martyrdom*. Therefore be it ſung in the preſence of all the *Angelical Choir*, that we who *attended* this our *Saviour* into the World, as a *Legion of Angels*, and nobly endur'd *Herod's* Cruelty for the ſake of him, are made *more glorious* than they that were born in Foreign Countries

Countries, or liv'd in former or latter Ages. *Wherefore all Honour, Praiſe, and Adoration be unto him that ſits upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for evermore, throughout eternal Ages.* Amen, Amen, Amen.

CHAP. VI.

Of Herod's *Death.*

But when Herod *was dead*, &c. Matth. 2. 19.

NOW behold *Herod the Tyrant*, is arreſted by the *King of Terrors*, and cited to appear before God's *private Tribunal*, in leſs than *ſeven hours*, to account for all his *horrid Crimes*: Therefore I'll now expoſe his *languiſhing Body* on the *publick Stage* of the great World's Theatre, that every *Nation*, *Language*, and *People*, may attend his *Death-Bed*, and liſten to what I ſhall deliver to this *bloody Prince* in this his laſt *Extremity*, and remark his *mournful Replies*. Oh *Herod!* I am now to remind thee, that thou art the Man which iſſu'd forth a *Declaration* to *ſlay* all the *Male-Infants* in the Land of *Bethlehem*, from *two Years old* and under, believing thereby that the *Saviour of the World* would fall an *inglorious Victim* to thy Arbitrary Power: But be it known to thee, O thou *vain-glorious Monarch!* that the *Child Jeſus* is ſafe arriv'd in the *Land*

of

of Egypt, and will Reign as *King*, when thy *undone Soul* is ſtumbling on the dark Mountains of *horrid Deſpair*, and this thy *trembling Corps* is lodg'd in the Grave of Oblivion, and crumbling away to *vile Duſt*. Reply'd the Tyrant, why tell you me, that the *Child Jeſus* is yet alive, ſince that is no *Conſolation* to my *Miſery*, but an *aggravation* to my *amazed Soul*: Oh curſed Day! when I maliciouſly ſign'd the *bloody Edict*, and ordered my Troops of Guards to put in *Execution* that *diſmal Tragedy!* How bleſt had been my State, if this Right Hand of mine had *wither'd away* in that moment, when it took up the *fatal Pencil* to ſign the *Proclamation*! Or thrice happy me, if a *ſudden fit* of the Apoplexy had ſeiz'd on all my Nerves, when firſt I thought of thus killing the *Lord of Life!* O bloody Criminals were they, who counſell'd me to ſlay the *Child Jeſus*, or prevail'd with me *cruelly* to *ſtain* my bright Spears in the *innocent Blood* of *Sucking Babes*: Admit he had not been the *True Meſſias*, ſhould I, to be reveng'd of one *Impoſtor*, deſtroy *Ten thouſand Infants*, who never did me wrong? O the *anguiſh* of my Soul, and the *throbs* of my Heart! now at the near approach of Death, and the *dreadful Apprehenſions* I have of *endleſs Pains?* O Eternity, Eternity! O Eternity, Eternity! how *amazing* is the *Conſideration* of thee to a *Blood-thirſty King*, when he comes within a few moments of *thy Borders*, and is juſt leaping into the *Abyſs of Miſery!* May this my ſad

Exit

Exit deter *Tyrant Princes*, and *Perſecuting Spirits*, from moleſting any for the *Profeſſion* of their Faith, and *maintaining* the Truth, tho' different from their *malignant Humours*. Therefore may this be Recorded as a *Maxim* to ſucceeding Ages, That whoſoever by *Writing*, *Word*, or *Deed*, vilifies, or in the leaſt diſturbs any *Community* of *Profeſſors*, for their *different Opinion*, would certainly follow my *Bloody Example*, and Sign the like *Decree of Barbarity*, if they were incircl'd with *my Power*, and wore an *Imperial Crown*.

O unhappy Day when I was *Born a Prince!* but much more unfortunate Hour, when the Heralds at Arms proclaim'd me *King!* Why waſted I not away in my Mother's Belly, or yielded up my Soul to Death, before the *Son of God was Born!* Or why Reign'd I ſo long, till my Actions fulfill'd the *Prophecies* of the Ancient *Patriarchs*, and *Prophets*, who in every Age of the World foretold the things concerning *Jeſus*, whom I *ſought to ſlay*, and for whoſe ſake I *deſtroy'd* a Legion of *harmleſs Babes!* Why expir'd I not the ſame day I heard the Law and the Prophets Read! O fatal time to me! when I *enquir'd of the Wiſe-men* of the Eaſt, concerning the *Child Jeſus*, only with a deſign to *ſpill his precious Blood!* for this, and all other my erroneous Crimes, I muſt now change my *Troops*, that us'd to attend my Royal Perſon in all my *gaudy Splendour*, and outward *Gandure*, for *Legions* of *damned Spirits*, who will incom-

paſs

paſs me round to afflict my *amazed Soul*, during a *long Eternity* that will glide on for Millions and Millions of Ages, and yet never center in any Period. Now my quick and ſparkling Eyes, that could diſcern the moſt *remote Objects*, and penetrate into the *inward Receſſes* of the *Hearts* of my Subjects, muſt behold Ten thouſand Devils incompaſſing my Bed of State, and ſee them all ſtriving who ſhall be the *Infernal Imp* to convey my *loſt Spirit* into the *dark Regions* of Miſery, where with more diſcerning Eyes I ſhall behold the ſad Effects of Sin: It is but a little while, before I ſhall be diveſted of all my *ſumptuous Attire*, and be overſhadowed with a *black Vail of darkneſs*, which will never be *drawn* by any Meſſenger of *God's Mercy*, but will for ever ſhade me from the Brightneſs of *Heaven's Glory*. Now that *Sparkling Diadem*, which I wore in Token of my *Royal Birth*, which glitter'd as the *Spangling Stars* in the Eyes of each vain Beholder, muſt be immediately pull'd off by *Imperious Death*, and plac'd on the brow of my *next Heir*; inſtead of which, my Head, when it is rais'd at the *Reſurrection Day*, will be incircl'd with a *Crown of Damnation*, that will never be envy'd by any *ambitious Spirit*, or *unhappy Soul*; but for all Eternity ſit on my Forehead, as a *Miter of Braſs*, lin'd with Ten thouſand Spears, whoſe keen Points will enter *my Soul*, to remind me of the *wounding Lances*, with which I Pierc'd the tender Bowels of *Innocent Babes*. Now I am going to let my *Gol-*

den

den Sceptre fall out of my ingraſping Hand, and ſuffer it to be fill'd with the *venomous Weapon* of *Satan's Malice*, where I ſhall never want Will nor Power to ſheath it in thoſe Bowels that aſſiſted me in the *deſtroying the Male-Infants*: Now I muſt pull off my embroider'd *Slippers of Pride*, and lay me down in the duſt, till awaked out of my *mournful Tomb* at the *Reſurrection-day*, when my feet will be ſhod with the *gliding Skates*, that will always be ſliding me down into the forlorn *Ocean of Eternity*, where is nothing but *gnaſhing of Teeth* with exceſſive Cold of thoſe *congeal'd Waters*, that will never *thaw* to float my *guilty Soul* towards the *warm Stream*, that flows in the ſafe Harbour of *God's Reſt*. It is not long ere my refin'd Notions of *Arbitrary Power* muſt be exchang'd for an unwilling *Subjection* to the *cruel Commands* of the *Prince of the Air*, whoſe boundleſs *Ambition* and *Luciferian Pride* did caſt him down into Everlaſting Pain; where my *confus'd Imaginations* muſt yield *Obedience* to that reigning *Tyrant*, who will for ever uſurp over *accurſed Spirits*, ſubjugated to his Fury by their own *Ambition*, and wilful *Miſtake*.

Now farewel, my *ſtately Palace*, and lofty *Babel*, wherein my Perſon dwelt, for ere a few Minutes are o're, I muſt remove from this place of my *Reſidence*, and enter the diſmal *Dungeon of Horrour*, where my dear Soul will ſtagger up and down in vain to find a *Paſſage* thorow thoſe *dark Priſons*, where no Gates will for ever be open'd to let forth the *confin'd Inhabitants*,

tho' intreated for with *loud Skreeks* and lamentable *Cries*. Now adieu to thoſe *Flowry Gardens*, *ſhady Walks*, and *pleaſant Groves*, wherein I fetcht ſo many turns, when the great Luminary of Heaven gilded the tops of thoſe *lofty Cedars* with the dazling Luſter of its ſetting Beams, ſo that I could eaſily diſcern how the *nimble Birds* laid their Feathers ſmooth with their pecking Bills; whilſt ſome others of theſe *winged Inhabitants* of the Grove, ſounded forth their *harmonious Veſpers*, with a natural and yet more melodious Tune, than the *artful Strains* of the moſt *skilful Performers*. I muſt now for ever be abſented from theſe my *ſenſual Delights*, and be conſtrain'd to wander in the *Night-ſhades of utter Darkneſs*, where my Ears will be fill'd with *aſtoniſhing Howlings* of numberleſs Multitudes of *loſt Spirits*, who will for ever roar out their *ſad Complaints*, to make me equally Unhappy with themſelves.

Reply was made to the departing King. Is this *thy Language* now at *the approach* of Death, when all the parts of thy *Princely Body* are cover'd with a faint watry Sweat? And are theſe thy *complaining Murmurs* when thy Eye-ſtrings are juſt ready to break, and thou art bidding an eternal Adieu to all thy *pompous Shews*? Be it known to thee, O dying Monarch! that theſe thy *agonies* are no more than the *deſerv'd Reward* of thy *inhumane Cruelty*, in ſeeking the life of the *Child Jeſus*, and hewing down all *Male-Infant Babes* in the Borders where *Chriſt* was born: but

but what are theſe *Convulſions* that thou art now ſtruggling with on this thy *dying Bed*, to thoſe *unexpreſſible Tortures* thou muſt for ever endure in the *lower Regions of Confuſion*, whoſe Borders blaze all over with Flames of a Crimſon Dye, and are fill'd with *Shrieks* of Spirits loſt for ever? I bemoan thy *wretched ſtate*, but joy to ſee thy Soul taking its *laſt farewel*: For no ſooner has thy Spirit taken its winged flight towards the Gate of *grand Deſpair*, but I'le haſte to *Egypt*, and tell the *Child Jeſus*, that thy *amazed Soul* has left its *miſerable Body*, to be repoſited in the Charnel-Houſe of Death, till his *mighty Power* cauſe thee to peep out of the *hollow Caverns* of the *Grave*, to hear this dreadful Voice. 'Ariſe, thou *Herod* the Cruel, and 'depart *into Everlaſting Fire*; not ſuch an one as 'ariſes from a *material Subſtance*, but one of an 'immaterial *Heat*, that proceeds from the *wrath-*'*ful Fury* of an *Almighty Vengeance*: Where there 'will never want any other *Fewel* to feed thoſe 'ſcorching *Coals*, but this *tormenting Conſideration*: 'That thou once might have been in the *Bliſsful* 'Manſions of the *New Jeruſalem* above; but now 'muſt for ever be lodg'd in the *Regions of Hor-*'*ror* and utter *Deſpair* below.

CHAP. VII.

News carry'd to Joſeph, *that* Herod *the King is Dead.*

The Angel of the Lord appeared to Joſeph *in a dream, ſaying, Ariſe, and take the young Child and his Mother, and go into the Land of* Iſrael; *for they are dead, which ſought the young Child's Life.* Matth. 2. 19, 20.

NOw, come away all ye *Nations of the World*, and let us offer up this *Congratulating Addreſs* to the *Child Jeſus*: O thou *Bleſſed Saviour* of the World! we are come to *attend thee* with *Triumphs* of *Exceeding Joy*, becauſe he is fall'n a *Victim to Death*, that ſought to *ſpill* thy *Precious Blood*: O thou *Bleſſed Babe*! the Son of a *pure Virgin*! who was *begotten* before thy Mother *breath'd*, and Reign'd as *King* in the *Imperial Orbs* above, while yet the Worlds were not fram'd. O *Lamb of God*! what caus'd thee to *retreat by Night* out of *Bethlehem* of *Judea* into this *ſtrange Land*, for to avoid the *Wrath* of *Herod* the King? Why did'ſt thou not, as *being God*, exert thy *Power*, and call for *many Legions* to guard thy *ſacred Perſon*, during thy *ſtay on Earth*, from the Fury of *bloody Tyrants*, and

and *Perſecuting Kings*, who *preſum'd* to call in queſtion thy *immenſe Power*, and diſown thy *myſterious Birth*.

O thou *Son of the Bleſſed*! mayn't we here make Anſwer for thee? Be it then *Proclaim'd* to *ſucceeding Ages*, that thy *Deſign* of leaving thy *Father's Kingdom*, was not to *Reign* like a *Tyrant King*, in the *State* of thy *Humiliation*; but to *ſhew Mercy* in *Redeeming of fall'n Man*, and call home *wandring Sinners* to amendment of Life. O thou *promis'd Meſſias*! be it known to every Kingdom *profeſſing Godlineſs*, that thou *becam'ſt Man* to Humour all the *Paſſions* and *Frailties* of our weak degenerate nature, *Sin only excepted*, that thereby we may know how to *ſuffer*, and how to *forgive* our *perſecuting Foes*. O *bleſſed Babe*! what Honour would it be to *imbrace* thy *tender Limbs* within our *cloſe Embraces*! for now we own *thy Father* to be *our God*, and believe that *thou* art *our Saviour*, ſent by him to *Redeem Mankind* from the Jaws of *Eternal death*; therefore we'll now *return* with thee, and thy *Virgin Mother*, to the City of *Nazareth*, that it may be *fulfill'd* which was ſpoken by the *Prophets*, that *thou ſhalt be call'd a Nazarene*, *Mat.* 2. 23. O that we could be but *any wiſe aſſiſtant* to the *bleſſed Virgin*, in this her *weary Pilgrimage* and *tedious Journey*, in conveying this *Heavenly Babe* in his *return* to the City of *Nazareth*! O how would we *haſte away* with the *new circumcis'd Jeſus*! running over the *Plains*, and skipping over the *Defiles* of the *De-*

ſart, without a *panick Fear* of being *purſu'd* by the *perfidious Jews*; neither would we reſt our *wearied Limbs*, till we *ſafely* came to the *deſired Land*; there would we *triumphantly Sing*, All *praiſe to God in the higheſt*! for ſuffering his *Only Son* to ſojourn from one City to another, for the *foul Crimes* of *loſt Man*; and tarry with him, till he waxes *ſtrong in Spirit*, fill'd *with Wiſdom*, and the *grace of God* is upon him. *Luk.* 2. 4.

CHAP. VIII.

Of Chriſt *going up to* Jeruſalem.

By occaſion of the Paſſover *our* Lord *goes to* Jeruſalem, *and there* diſputes *with the* Doctors *in the Temple.* Luke 2. 46.

O How are my *Admirations rais'd* even to an *extaſie of Joy*, to behold the *Lord Jeſus*, in his *minority*, confuting the *Learned Rabbies* of the *Jewiſh Nation*, and making all their *Wiſdom* become as *fooliſhneſs*! If ſo, then what are all the *Tropes* and *Figures* of *Rhetorical Eloquence*, that only puff us up with a *vain Conceit* of *underſtanding* we know not what, when compar'd with the *Divine Knowledge* of the *Son of God*? Wherefore I ſhall here take leave

leave to make a *ſhort ſtay*, in order to *allay* the *vain Glory* of the *acquir'd Wiſdom* of the *Learned Criticks* in this our Age, whoſe *towring Thoughts* exalt many of them ſo much *above the reſt* of Mankind, that they *vainly conceit* no Perſon of a *mean Education*, tho' qualify'd with extraordinary *natural Endowments*, and bleſt with *Divine Inſpirations*, in any wiſe *adapted* to direct the *unthinking Part* of the World, into the *unerring Paths* of *true Piety*, and *Divine Illumination*. Good God! What a *ſelf-conceited* Opinion is this! as if a *few learned Phraſes*, beat into a *ſtupid Brain*, were *ſufficiently efficacious* to fit any Perſon for the *inſtructing others*, tho' not capable of *informing themſelves*?

Miſtake me not, I would by no means *diſcountenance Learning*, or in the leaſt *encourage* the *Bold* and *Ignorant* to take upon them to be *Teachers of others*, who are *nothing qualify'd* to interpret the *ſacred Oracles*: No, God forbid, ſince from ſuch *muddy Springs* are riſen ſome *Sectariſts*, that ev'n *err from the Faith*, and teach *they know not what* ſtrange kind of *Doctrin*; ſo that I could heartily wiſh, none would *preſume to preach* the *Holy Goſpel* of the *ever Bleſſed Jeſus*, but ſuch as have the *advantage* of a *liberal Education*, or are bleſt with *ſingular Endowments*. But the main *Argument* I inſiſt upon, is this, That *Learning* ſeparated from the *Grace of God*, and deſtitute of *natural Endowments*, qualifies a Man no more for the *Miniſtry*, than a Perſon *nobly deſcended*, tho' otherwiſe a *Fool*,

is fit to ſit in the *Privy Council* of his *Prince*: For if we ſeriouſly examin the *Holy Bible*, from *Geneſis* to the *Revelations*, we ſhall there find, that the *greateſt part* of it runs in an *high ſtrain* of *Expreſſions*, far above the weak *Conceptions* of a *ſhallow Underſtanding*, or unpoliſh'd Parts, altho' he be *inſtructed* in the *Eaſtern Tongues*; from whence it evidently appears, That no Man is *Ordain'd* from the *Laws of God*, or the *Rules of Reaſon*, to be a *Preacher of the Goſpel*, in the *Church Militant* here on Earth; but they, and they only, who are *divinely inſpir'd*, and *gifted* with excellent *natural Parts*, ſo as to be *furniſht* with *convincing Arguments* of *natural Reaſon*, as well as *acquir'd Learning* and *Philoſophy*: But, with the greateſt concern be it ſpoken, there are many *Manuſcript Sermons*, and *Printed Diſcourſes*, that almoſt every *Sentence* contain'd therein, is either *ſhamefully borrow'd* from the Works of the *Ingenious*, or elſe their *Arguments* are ſo weakly managed, that they are *altogether inſufficient* to *inform* the Judgment of their *Auditors*; but ſtrangely *ſtagger* the *Underſtanding*, and leave the *Mind unreſolv'd*.

Or on the other hand we hear *fine Harangues*, and *florid Sentences*, that ſavour more of *Wit* and *Learned Flights*, than of *Humility* and *true Devotion*, and tend little more to the *Converſion* of *ſtraggling Sinners*, than the *Romantick Writings* of the *Prophane*. No, no; he only is the Man, who is *adorn'd* with the *Wiſdom that comes from above*, and well *furniſht* with the *Gifts* of *Nature*,

Nature, that ought to be the *Embaſſador of Chriſt*, and proclaim the *glad Tidings of Salvation*: For a Miniſter thus *qualify'd* preaches only *Chriſt Jeſus, and him crucify'd*. Henceforth therefore, let none *vainly boaſt* of their *profound Learning*, and *acquired Parts*, by *braving* it out, That they are the *Perſons appointed* by the *Commands* of *Heaven*, to *adminiſter the Sacraments* of *Baptiſm* and the *Supper* of the Lord.. For, alas! *Learning* ſeparated from *Piety*, is but a *ſounding Braſs* and *tinkling Cymbal*; and in my Opinion, ſuch are no more *Ordain'd* by *Chriſt* to foretel his *coming to Judgment*, and report the *Rewards* of a *future State*, than a *labouring Peaſant*, or a *ſailing Mariner*; ſince ſuch *Scholaſtick Writers* ſerve only to *amuſe* the *Ignorant*, and raiſe *frivolous Diſputes* among the *refined Wits* of the Age: of which I might here give an *Inſtance* of a *Learned Author*, who furniſh'd a *Volume* with ſo many *novel* and *intricate Notions*, and *new-fangled Phraſes*, that the *Learned Sages* of the *Age* could not unfold his *myſterious Meaning*; which occaſion'd an *Ingenious Author* to demand of him what he meant by *ſeveral Paragraphs* mention'd therein: To which, after a great deal of *deliberation*, he had no other Anſwer to return, but this, *When he compos'd them, he could have given a Reaſon, but now could not.* Good God! what will be the *diſmal Effects* of ſuch *myſterious Writings*, in after *Generations*; and how many unprofitable *endleſs Diſputes* may ariſe from the *Works* of ſuch

a Perſon as attempts to unriddle the *intricate Meanings* of thoſe *Heads*, that could not *expound the Senſe* of what they *delivered* themſelves: therefore I think it my *bounden Duty* to perſwade thoſe *aſpiring Wits*, and *Solifidians*, either to *retract* their *groſs Miſtakes*, and *wild Notions*, or entreat all Perſons endowed with the *Grace of God*, not to *amuſe their Thoughts*, or *waſte* their *precious Time* in peruſing ſuch *pernicious Writings*, but rather examin the *Works* of a *Regenerate Child* of God, which tend more to *Edification*, than all the *large Volumes* dreſt up with *deep Learning*, fine *Words*, and difficult *Interpretations*.

Let who will then be *ambitious* to gain the Name of a *Learned Scribe*, or a *Profound Wit*, by compoſing a flight of *unintelligible Speeches*, I ſhall think my Language *ſufficiently refin'd*, if it can but be *underſtood*, ſo as to *Convert Souls*, and to *inſtruct the Ignorant* in the Laws of Heaven: For were I ſo fortunate, as to be *accompliſh'd* with the *Wiſdom* of *Solomon*, or the *Learning* of the *Scribes*, my *Stile* ſhould be *plain* and *Familiar*, and never ſoar above the *Capacity* of my *meaneſt Reader*. Let who will *laviſh* away their *precious Minutes* in compiling a *finical Diſcourſe*, with Expectation to gain a *large Preferment* in the *Church Militant* here on Earth; I ſhall be well ſatisfy'd, if I can but ſpend my *fleeting Hours* in compoſing a few *little Books*, whereof every Page may conduce as it were to waft the *Affections* of my *Courteous Reader*

Reader to the *Borders* of the *Canaan* ſhore, and when death comes *ſafely land his Soul* in the *Port* of the *Church Triumphant* in Heaven. Let who will *vainly affect* a *new Mode* of filling up a *large number* of Pages, to tickle the *itching Ears* of *unſound Chriſtians*, and pleaſe the *unſtable Fancies* of *roving Minds*, I ſhall never think my ſelf *unwiſe*, if I can but at any time *compoſe* a few Sheets of *Self-denial*, and *Reſignation* to the *Will of God*, whereby *wandring Sinners* may be *brought home* to the *Lord Jeſus*, and their dear *Souls ſav'd* at laſt: For what will avail in the end of our days, but *ſanctity* of Life, and *Purity* of Converſation? Without this all our *natural* and *acquir'd Endowments* will turn us to *no account* in the day of our *ſolemn Reckonings*: nor can they make us *truly bleſt*, to the *Endleſs Ages* of Eternity, any more than the riſings of a *ſmall Spring* could cauſe the *Mighty Ocean* to overflow its Banks with its little *purling Rills*; or a *flying Arrow* batter down the *ſtrongeſt Walls* of a *fortify'd Town*, with its ſharp point, or ſwift motion: No, no, unleſs all our *Knowledge*, and *liberal Education*, be founded on the *Rock Chriſt Jeſus*, we are *undone* for ever.

Therefore let all Perſons that own the Name of the *Son of God*, improve their *Excellent Notions* to the *wiſeſt End*, which is *God's Glory*, and not thoſe of their own *private Intereſt*; which latter, I fear, is too too often aim'd at in this *degenerate Age*, preferring the *Honours* and *Profits* of this World, before the *Salvation* of

of their *Immortal Souls*; and what can be the *Cauſe* of theſe *prepoſterous Proceedings*, but the Spirit of *Unbelief*, in the Abſtract; for were we effectually *convinc'd* of the *Reality* and *Truth* of the *Divine Exiſtence* and *Attributes*, the moſt *refin'd* of us all would make it the *ſtanding Aim* of our Life, to endeavour the *Converſion* of the *Souls* of others, and not be ſo *ſolicitous* for the *promoting* the *Intereſt* of the Body; as it too too manifeſtly appears we are, by the *occurring Events* of every Day. For, with *Grief* be it ſpoken, and my *own Obſervation* has confirm'd it to my *ſad Experience*, That moſt Men are ſo far *intoxicated* with the *love of this preſent World*, that they, as it were, ſtrive to *undermine* each other, and conclude him to be the *fineſt Preacher*, and *greateſt Politician*, that can gain the *higheſt Poſt* either in *Church* or *State*, tho' by *indirect Means*; which ſeems a *ſtrange Paradox* to me, and is far beyond my *weak Conceptions* to account for. Therefore I muſt here make an halt, to ask the *Covetous Divine*, and the *aſpiring Courtier*, what they mean by their *eager purſuit* after *large Preferments*, and *empty Honours*, which are of ſo *ſhort a duration*; ſince Man is *meer Vanity*, and ſince *Life it ſelf* is nothing elſe but a *Vapour*, that appears as a *Shade*, which inſenſibly flies away, like the *Summer-duſt* before the *ſtormy Wind?*

Then why doſt thou, *O proud Prelate!* ſuffer the *diſconſolate Prieſt* to wait at thy Gates, without granting his *humble Petition*; or hear the *mourn-*

ful

ful Cries of the *Diſtreſſed*, begging at thy Threſhold, with only bidding them be *warm'd* and *fill'd*, notwithſtanding thou *giv'ſt not unto them*? O thou *cruel Enemy* to *Mercy and good Works*! how can'ſt thou affirm, *there is a God*, when all thy Actions *diſown his Laws*? Therefore knit not thy Brows in *Diſdain*, if I fairly tell thee, Thou art only an *Atheiſt in Maſquerade*, and that ere long thou muſt Account for this thy *Inhumanity* and *Pride* of Heart.

I know it will undoubtedly be ſaid, That all this is *foreign* to the *Subject* in hand; yet I am emboldened to affirm, That it is no *Digreſſion* from my *principal Deſign*; ſince it only tends to expoſe the *vain-glorious Scholar*, the *greedy Prieſt*, and the *lofty Courtier*, in their *Vanity of Mind*, and their *uncharitable Deportment*. But now I'll return to meet the *Youth Jeſus*, coming out of the *Temple* from his *Diſputation* with the *Learned Doctors* of *Jeruſalem*, and ſay to him, O thou *Bleſſed Saviour* of the World, I *adore thy Name*, in that thou haſt put to ſilence the *Wiſdom of the Learned*, and confuted them in their *own Queſtions* and *Demands*; during thy *Conference* with them, I withdrew to viſit my *Native Soil*, and endeavoured by *invincible Arguments* to remove the *Pride*, *Vain-glory*, and unanſwerable *Proceedings* of many *lofty Ones*, who profeſs *thy Name* in *appearance*, and deny *thy Doctrine* in *Practice*: But, *Lord*, I fear my *vigorous Efforts* have made no more *Impreſſion* on the Walls of their *flinty Hearts*, than he in

the

the *Fable*, who ſtrove to ingrave *lively Characters* on a Table of *hardned Steel* with a *Leaden Pencil*: Therefore I humbly entreat thee, O my *dear Lord*, to *melt their Affections*, and *convince them*, as thou haſt ſilenc'd, with aſtoniſhment, the *Wiſe Sages* of the *Jewiſh Teachers*.

CHAP. IX.

Of the Baptiſm *of the* Holy Jeſus.

Now when all the People were Baptiz'd, it came to paſs, that Jeſus alſo being Baptized, and Praying, the Heaven was opened: And the Holy Ghoſt deſcended in a bodily ſhape like a Dove upon him, and a voice came from Heaven, which ſaid, Thou art my Beloved Son, in thee I am well pleaſed. Luke 3. 21, 22.

ATtend all ye *Chriſtian People*, and behold how the *Heaven opens*, and the *Holy Ghoſt deſcends*; view the Celeſtial *Appearance*, and give ear unto the *Heavenly Sound*, and then tell me, if all the *Charms of Senſe* can prevail with any of you to *diſown the Incarnation of Chriſt*, when it is thus *atteſted by God* himſelf. O then, let all the *Powers on Earth* ſound forth his

his *Praiſes* with loud *Acclamations of Joy*, and ſing a *new Hymn* of *Thanksgiving* to this *New Baptiſed Saviour*; for here is a *Confirmation* of our *Faith*, that admits of no *miſtruſt*. O come, and let us *fall down* and *worſhip him* with an *awful Reverence*, and *reſolv'd Obedience*; ever crying out, in *fervency of affection*, O! thou *Second* Perſon in the ever *bleſſed Trinity*! we are come to offer unto thee *our Bodies*, *Souls*, and *Spirits*, as a *Reaſonable Sacrifice*, for we now acknowledge thee *to be God*, as well as *Man*.

O then! let the *influences* of *this Light*, which thou haſt but now receiv'd from thy *Father's Glory*, dart its *bright Beams* into the *obſcure Corners* of our *obdurate Hearts*; Oh *Jeſus*! ſpeed, and be not ſlack to ſend the *ſwift harbingers* of thy *Holy Spirit*, to diſpel the *Miſt of darkneſs* that Shades between thee and us. O! thou *ſweet forgiving Saviour!* haſte away its *radiant luſtre*, that thereby all the *Clouds* gathered by the *Tranſgreſſions* of our *Firſt Parents*, may clear away more and more, till it *dawns to a perfect day*, as if the *Serpent* had never *beguiled* our Mother *Eve*.

O! thou *Preſerver of the World*! raiſe our *dull Thoughts* higher than yonder Heavens, and centre *our beſt Affections* on thy *ineffable Love*; O! thou *Redeemer of Iſrael*! waſh our *ſtained Souls* in the *Laver of Regeneration*, and cleanſe our *polluted Hearts* from the *malignant Spots* of *Original* and *Actual Sins*, then may we *Divinely contemplate* the Deſcent of the *Holy Ghoſt* upon thy

thy *Refulgent Head*, and thy firſt *coming up out of the Waters*, when God call'd thee *his Heir*, and proclaim'd thee to be *his Beloved Son*, in *whom*, and with whom, he is *well pleaſed*: Whom then muſt we *own* in *Heaven*, but thy Father! and whom have we *on Earth beſides thee*, O thou Saviour of the World! that can *open the Gates* of the upper Regions to *returning Sinners*?

O ſweet *Society*! O *ſeraphick Employment*! to be *converſing* with the Glory of the Father, *manifeſted* in his *Son Chriſt Jeſus*, and entertaining as it were a *mutual familiarity* with the *Great Meſſias* of the World; for behold our Eyes now ſee the *Saviour of our Souls*, and our Tongues *diſcourſe with him* of Matters relating to our *Salvation*. O *Lamb of God*! O *Son of the Father*! here we are admitted to abide in thy more *Immediate Preſence*, and entertain thee with our *Complaint*, ere thou *aſcendeſt* into the Regions beyond the *ſhining Sun*: O *beloved* of the *Father*, and *Redeemer* of the Earth, what a *bleſt time* is this, when poor *drooping Sinners* can attend thy *Royal Perſon* from the *Manger* to the *Croſs*, and be Eye-Witneſſes of all thy *bitter Sufferings*, for the *flagrant Sins* of ſtraggling Sinners.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Of the Retreat *of* Chriſt *into the Deſart.*

Jeſus was led up by the Spirit into the Wilderneſs to be tempted of the Devil, Matt. 4. 1.

NOW come here, all ye *Saints* of the *moſt High*, and attend the *Son of God* into the *loneſome Deſart*: for I am inſtantly going to *ſound a Retreat* from all the *hurry* and *noiſe* of a *populous City*, and to fix my abode near the *Son of God*, during his *continuance* there; that being the *place appointed*, by Heaven's Decree, for the *Saviour of the World* to abſtain from all the *Refreſhments of Nature*, and to baffle the *Temptations* of the *Grand Enemy* of Man's Salvation. Then ſtay not, but haſt away, that we may in the like manner *overcome* all the *Allurements* of a *ſenſual life*, and learn of him to *bid defiance* to the *wicked One*; for behold he is entred the *mournful Wilderneſs* to *Faſt* and *Pray*, that thereby he may make *Attonement* to his *Father's Juſtice*, for the *criminal Luxuries* of *degenerate Man*.

May we all then *follow him* thither, there to *refrain* from the *contagious Vices* of a *Publick Converſation*, and get our *Pardons ſeal'd* above, ere the *Day dawn*, when we muſt leave this *ſolitary Place*, and attend *Chriſt* to the City, when

tempted by the Devil on the *Pinnacle of the Temple*; Then ſhall we be proof againſt the *ſoft Embraces* of a *Wanton*, and the *empty Flatteries* of a *crowded Court*. And in order to the *fixing* of *our abode* there, let us enter in, and mark out a *Camp* near the *Royal Tree*, which overſhadows his *Sacred Head*, with its *ſpreading Boughs* and *ſhady Leaves*, whoſe ſweet *Examples* of *Mortification*, will ſerve to chear up our *fainting Spirits*, and revive our *trembling Souls*, when oppreſt with the *mournful Cries* of the *Wild Beaſts* of the Deſart.

Be not abaſh'd, for here is nothing that ſhall *diſturb* your Peace, or *interrupt* your Joy; ſince here your *Affections* will be ſtrangely rais'd above the *low Deſires* of inhabiting a *populous City*, or entring within its Borders. And for the better *gaining* of your Souls to the *Love* of this *ſolitary Wilderneſs*, I ſhall *repreſent* it to your view as a moſt *delightful Scene*; that ſuppoſing in it ſelf it were not ſo, the *livelineſs* of the *Repreſentation* I ſhall draw of it, may be *ſufficiently efficacious* to wean *your Deſires* from the love of a *publick Station*, and even tempt you to abide in this *private Solitude*, during the ſpace of Forty Days and Forty Nights; and that after the *Sufferings* of *Chriſt*, on the *Croſs*, you may *return again*, and here ſpend the *ſhort Remains* of Life, in *Commiſerating* the *ſad Eſtate* of thoſe who *diſown* the *Lord of Life* by an *evil Converſation*: For here the *Sun* is never *Eclips'd* by any Cloud, or *ſhadow'd* o're with a *riſing Miſt*; Here are no

Winter

Winter Blaſts to chill your Blood, or *freezing Colds* to benum your Limbs; neither will here be any Flakes of *New-fall'n Snow*, to enter within our Tents, nor *Storms of Hail* to beat them down: Here are no *venomous Vermine* to Poyſon the *cooling Streams*, that gently glide from their *Cryſtal Springs*; or Floods to *drown us* in theſe our *little Habitations*: for here are no *weeping Showers* to fill the *Vallies*, or overflow the *little Hills*; only a *Morning* and *Evening Dew*, which beſprinkles the Trees in *this Wilderneſs*, and the narrow Paths in *this Deſart*, with its Orient Drops of Cryſtal Tears: Neither is here any need of the *Moon* by Night, becauſe the Great *Luminary of Heaven* peeps out of its Chamber, with his *Radiant Countenance*, 43 Minutes after 3 in the *Morning*, and never ſets till 17 Minutes after 8 at *Night*; ſo that no *Darkneſs* appears, but an *Evening Twilight*.

But what is all this to the *Society* we ſhall here enjoy? For here we are *near the Perſon* of the *Son of God*, who is hither retir'd as a *Precedent* to us and all *Mankind*, to let us know that *Solitude* is a great *Help to Devotion*, and the *ſubduing of inordinate Affections*. O! how am I ſwallow'd up in a *Divine Elevation* of *Soul*, at the *very Idea* which I have fram'd to my ſelf, of the *ſecret ſolace* of Mind we ſhall enjoy with *Chriſt*, during this *his Retirement*! Certainly, all other *Accounts* hitherto given of a *private Solitude* fall as *far ſhort* of the *truth of this*, as a *Moment* does with reſpect to a *Day*: For when

conceive what a *Society of bleſſed Souls* we ſhall here enjoy, I can't but fancy my ſelf in a *Region of Bliſs*, little inferior to that of *Adam* in the *ſtate of Innocency*: Wherefore without making any *Repetition* of what I formerly wrote of a *Private Receſs*, I ſhall now Treat in a more *Excellent manner* of the *Retirement of the Son of God.*

Here we ſhall enjoy the very *Saviour of the World manifeſted in the Fleſh*, and, as it were, behold *Legions of glorify'd Angels* continually *Miniſtring* to him. Here we ſhall have a *mutual converſation* of the *Evangeliſts*, *Apoſtles*, and *Diſciples*, as alſo a *ſelect number* of *holy Men*, and *vertuous Women*, who have *forſaken* the *idle Vanities of a corrupted Age*, and entred this *Bower of Peace*, in certain *Expectation* of *being ſav'd* at laſt. Here we ſhall have time and opportunity to call on the *Eternal God*, and ſing loud *Hymns of praiſe* in honour of his *Holy Name*; as alſo be at leiſure manifeſtly to prove that all things are *the Works of the Hands of the Almighty*, by confuting the *Vain-glorious Atheiſt*, and the *ſilly Libertine.*

In a Word, here ſhall plentifully be afforded to us all things neceſſary for our *Bodily Suſtenance*; for we ſhall this Day be furniſh'd with *Canopies*, fram'd after the manner of *Tents*, wherein will be *Quilted Beds* laid on *Can'd Couches*, with Carved Feet of ſented *Cedar*, to *defend our Bodies* from the *cold Damps* that ariſe from the *tranſpiring Earth*, and on a certain Day

Day in every Week, we ſhall be *ſupply'd* with all ſorts of *Proviſions* from the nearer *Towns*, and neighbouring *Villages*. For our *Cloathing*, we ſhall have *Looms* to weave our own *Mantles* in; the great number of *Silk-Worms*, that are round this *our Dwelling*, yielding abundance of *requir'd Materials*: and we ſhall often be preſented with *New Wine*, refin'd from the Lees, by the *Travelling Pilgrims*, that paſs by in their journying to *Jeruſalem*. In fine, we ſhall have all that a Soul *ſanctify'd with Grace* can wiſh for, or a Mind *devoted to Chriſt* can crave; ſo that our chief *Employment* will be to *contemplate* on God, and *meditate* upon the tranſcendent *Love of Chriſt*, manifeſted in this his *ſtate of Mortification* in the Wilderneſs, for the ſins of *degenerate Man*.

But behold, the Day is near a cloſe; therefore let us aſcend ſome *neighbouring Mount*, and there *proſtrate our Souls* to God in Prayer, before we retire to Reſt in our new-built Tabernacles. 'O! thou mighty *Sovereign* of the World, 'we thy *Choſen Ones* are come to *call on Thee*, 'towards the going down of the Sun. May all 'the *Deſires* of our Souls, and the *Affections* of our 'Spirits, be now and ever acceptable in thy 'ſight: O thou *Creator* of the higheſt Heavens! 'What availeth our *Attending here*, unleſs our 'wavering Deſires are *wean'd* from the *gaudy No-'things* of a *Publick Station*, and fix'd on thee the '*Rock of Ages*? O thou *Eternal Fountain* of life! 'bow the *Heavens* at this time, and come down,

'and make us ſenſible, that it is a *Sacrifice pre-*
'*cious in thy ſight*, to wait on thee in thoſe
'*Ordinances* which are of thine own appoint-
'ment. Look not upon us, O Lord, as we are
'*by Nature*, but as we are *by Grace*, in and thro'
'thy *Son, Jeſus Chriſt the Righteous*; who left
'thy Glory, and was Born of a *pure Virgin*; ſuf-
'fering himſelf to be *laid in a Manger*, to be *Cir-*
'*cumciſed* after the manner of the *Jews*, to be
'*convey'd by Night* out of *Bethlehem* into *Egypt*;
'and is now pleas'd to *retire* into this *ſolitary*
'*Deſart*, in order to *allay* thy *Wrath*, and *attone*
'for our *vile Offences*. O! let the nearneſs of his
'*Preſence* to us be an *allay* to thy *Diſpleaſure*, and
'incline thy *Goodneſs* to pardon our *lewd Abomi-*
'*nations*.

'Lord! if we know our ſelves, we prefer
'thy *Favour* far above the *vain Smiles* of the
'*Scribes* and *Phariſees*, or the momentany *Ho-*
'*nours* of *Herod's* Court. Hither we are re-
'treated for the *Teſtimony of a Good Conſcience*,
'and the *ſake* of thy *Son* our dear Redeemer:
'therefore may we at this time feel the *influence*
'of thy *Holy Spirit* deſcending into all our
'Hearts, that we, *loving thee* above all things,
'may make it the care of our life to *do thy Will*,
'in yielding Obedience to thy *Excellent Com-*
'*mands*. May no *wandring Thoughts* dart their
'poyſon'd Arrows into our Souls, or infuſe *ſin-*
'*ful Imaginations* into our too too eaſily *pollu-*
'*ted Minds*, that may in any ways hinder the
'*fluttering Wings* of our *ſoaring Contemplation*,

from

'from taking their *Evening Flight* towards the 'Gates of thy *Mount Sion*; but kindle the flame 'of *Holy Deſires* in our throbbing Breaſts, 'that henceforth we may *Meditate on thee* 'Day and Night; and that whenſoever the '*Harbingers of Death* ſhall come to becken us 'hence, be it in the *Deſart*, *Grove*, or *City*, we may 'be found in thy *Favour*, and joyfully *reſign our* '*ſelves* unto thee, being altogether delivered 'from *diſturbing Fears*.

'O! Bleſſed was that Day, when we firſt 'thought of *attending thy Son*, and *our Saviour*, 'in all his *Sufferings* here on Earth! but *thrice* '*happy* we, that are here *retreated* with him 'from all the *tumultuous Stir* of hot-brain'd '*Tranſgreſſors*, who are travelling from one City 'to another in chaſe of *Shadows*, and courting 'their *own Damnation* with an earneſt fervency 'of Spirit; but thanks be to *kind Heaven*, we 'are now calling on his *Holy Name*, when 'the bright Lamp of the Firmament is juſt a '*ſetting* near the Weſtern Point, and gilding 'the Tops of the talleſt Trees with its *glimmer-* '*ing Beams*, that peep out of the *ruddy Clouds*, 'before it hides its *refulgent Head* in its Bed of ob- 'ſcurity, or bids its *neighbouring Hills* a *good Night*.

Thus bleſt are we, who can *wait upon God in Prayer* on the top of a lofty Mountain, ſurrounded with tall *Oaks*, and ſpreading *Elms*, every Branch of which is fill'd with numerous Flights of the *airy Inhabitants*, who are now juſt ceaſing their *melodious Notes*, and preparing themſelves to

take *their Repoſe* on the ſhaking *Branches*, and little *Twigs*, that they may be fitted to mount on high, and ſing new *Notes of Praiſe* to the great *Jehovah* King, ſo ſoon as the *breaking Day* begins to diſpel the *lowring Clouds*, that ſhade the Earth with their *black Vails* of darkneſs.

'O bleſſed God! what ſhall we pay to thee 'for all thy *Wonders of Mercy*, but *Praiſe thy* 'Name, and *ſin no more* in this ſecret corner of 'the Earth, where no *Eye ſees* or *Ear hears*, 'but the *penetrating* Eye and *all-hearing* Ear of 'thee the Lord God *Jehovah*, who delights to 'obſerve the *inward Breathings* of thoſe that can 'out-brave the *alluring Snares* of Senſuality, and 'ſilently retreat into *Solitude*, weeping Day and 'Night for the *Crying Sins* of thoſe that pro-'feſs themſelves to be *forgiving Chriſtians*, and 'yet know not how to *pardon* an *inoffenſive* 'Miſtake in their weaker Brother, becauſe he 'refuſes, for *Conſcience ſake*, to fall down and 'worſhip God in the *ſame Form* and *Mode* 'with themſelves; altho' they fairly confeſs by 'their *Orthodox Creed*, that nothing is a more 'acceptable *Sacrifice*, than to ſerve One God *in* 'Unity, and *Unity in Trinity*; which can't be 'otherwiſe underſtood, but that every one 'ſhould *ſerve his Maker* with that *affection* of 'Soul, and *humility* of Body, as he believes in 'his own Breaſt to be *moſt pleaſing* to the *God of* 'Truth, provided he ſubſcribes to the *fundamen-*'tal Articles of the *Chriſtian Faith.*

'For thou knoweſt, O Lord! that we are bound

'bound ſtrictly to *believe* in the *ever Bleſſed Tri-*
'*nity*, and acknowledge all thy *Attributes* made
'known to us in *Sacred Writ*: Neither is it hid
'from thee, O merciful Father! that our *Cha-*
'*rity* is of ſuch *unlimited Bounds*, that it reaches
'even to *all Opinions*, howſoever they are nam'd
'or diſtinguiſh'd; and that we would not *Per-*
'*ſecute* any Perſon whoever, barely on account of
'their *Diſſenting from our Principles*, for the em-
'pty Gain of the richeſt *Golden Mines*; but if by
'any means we could win them o're by an *Holy*
'*Life* and *Spotleſs Converſation*, by *ſound Ar-*
'*guments* and *kind Entreaties*, by *Charity* and
'*Love*, by *ſhewing Mercy* and *Forgiving*, by
'*Faſting* and *Prayer*, by *Weeping*, and bearing
'a tender *Regard* for the *ſalvation* of their Souls,
'we ſhould then think our *fleeting Moments* well
'employ'd.

'And tho' *fiery Zealots* may look upon it as
'the beſt *Means* to gain *Proſelytes* to their own
'*Party*, by *Revilings*, or *Perſecutions*, neverthe-
'leſs we ſhall make it our continual Practice to
'live in *Love* and *Unity* one with another,
'during our Stay in this *imperfect State*: and if at
'any time we ſhould chance to diſagree in our
'Notions about *Things Indifferent*, we'll never
'raiſe the *Diſpute* ſo high, as to *break the Bonds*
'of *Chriſtian Moderation*, or ſo much as expreſs
'our ſelves in any *reproachful Language*, but freely
'*aſſent* as one Man in Matters relating to *our Sal-*
'*vation*. O! dear Lord, may all our *Controver-*
'*ſies* and *Debates* tend to unfeigned *Love*, and

Chriſtian

'*Chriſtian Affection*, and not that of *Hatred*, or *Ill-*
'*will*: And tho' ſome of us may pray to thee in
'a *Form of Words*, whilſt others call on thy
'Name, as the *Spirit gives them utterance*, never-
'theleſs may all our *Petitions* center on thee
'the *Rock of Life*.

'O! thou *mighty King* of the Heavenly Hoſt,
'may we all agree, during our ſtay in this *pri-*
'*vate Solitude*, to live in *imitation* of thy *Saints*
'above, that there may be no other *Diſtinction*
'among us, but ſuch as tends to *Purity of Life*,
'and *Sanctity of Soul*; ever conſidering, that
'our *dear Redeemer*, who is now *faſting for our*
'*ſakes*, never entred into any *needleſs Debates*
'with the mighty Men of the *Jewiſh* Nation,
'when he *convers'd* with them in the Temple.
'No, mighty God! it was not diſputed in that
'*great Council*, as any *Article* of Faith, or Mat-
'ter of *Importance*, Whether a Man ſhould *Sit* or
'*Stand* at the reading o're ſome part of the *Go-*
'*ſpel*; or whether he muſt *Bow* toward the *Al-*
'*tar* in the *Eaſt*, or *turn* his Face to the *Weſt*,
'when he enters the *Temple of God*; whether he
'muſt receive the *Supper of the Lord* at the
'Twelfth Hour of the Day, which was about
'the time that *Chriſt was to ſuffer*, or towards
'the *going down* of the Sun, which was *near the*
'*hour* when he gave it to the Diſciples: Whe-
'ther his *Apoſtles*, and *Teachers*, muſt preach the
'*glad Tidings* of Salvation in a *ſtately Cathedral*, or
'a decent *Meeting-Houſe* ſet aſide for that pur-
'poſe: Whether a *dead Body* muſt be interr'd

in

'in *Conſecrated Ground*, or buried in a *Plot* pur-
'chas'd by our *Fore-fathers* for *that end*: Whether
'the Miniſter muſt read theſe words over a life-
'leſs Corps, *We therefore commit his Body to*
'*the Ground, Duſt to Duſt, Aſhes to Aſhes, in*
'*ſure and certain Hope of a glorious Reſurrection*
'*to Eternal Life*: Or devoutly ſay, *We here interre*
'*a dead Body*, without a Spirit, *doubting not,*
'*but by the mighty Power of God it ſhall riſe rein'd,*
'*and be re-united to its dear Soul, to account for*
'*all the Actions of a paſt Life*. No, bleſſed God!
'thy *Son* never entred on ſuch *indifferent Debates*,
'or *needleſs Arguments*, but leaving ſuch matters
'to be determin'd by ev'ry Man's *own Conſcience*,
'as he ſhall believe to be moſt *acceptable* to the
'God of his *Salvation*, he inſiſted only upon the
'moſt *important Points* of *Doctrine*, and Matters
'of *Faith*. But now the Sun has withdrawn
'his *kind Influence*, and hid himſelf in *Obſcurity*,
'therefore we beſeech thee to ſend down the *light*
'of thy *Holy Spirit* on ev'ry Soul here preſent,
'and diſpatch us away to our *Tents of Reſt*, with
'a Soul *inricht with Grace*, that if at any time
'we chance to awake before the day begins to
'dawn, we may *meditate* on thee our Sove-
'raign *Creator*, and view the *ſparkling Stars*,
'that with their *Radiant Spanglings* pierce thro'
'the canvaſt Roof of our *thin Habitations*, con-
'ſidering, That if we be but *Faithful to the*
'*Death*, we ſhall receive the *refulgent Crown* of
'Glory, that is *laid up for us* beyond the ſhi-
'ning Sky. Grant this, for the alone ſake of a

'*meriting*

'*meriting Jeſus*, and all other Mercies pertaining to 'Soul or Body. To whom, with the *Father* and '*Holy Spirit*, be rendred *Might*, *Majeſty*, *Power*, 'and *Dominion*, now and for evermore. *Amen*, 'and *Amen*.

SECTION I.

WHen this our *Evening Prayer* was over, we ſung an *Hymn of Praiſe*, with united Voices, which made ſuch a *melodious Sound* in the *Ecchoing Wilderneſs*, that I ſweetly retir'd to my *Ark of Reſt*, and proſtrated my Soul at the *Throne of Grace* in private Ejaculations, ſaying, O God the *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*! how loſty are my *Thoughts*, and ſoaring my *Imaginations*, when I think on thee! but how much more is my Soul raviſh'd with *ſeraphick Joy*, when I hear the *Songs of Sion* ſet forth in the higheſt *Strains of Mirth* in a *ſolitary Wilderneſs*, where no Eye ſees, but that of *Heaven!* O my God! I am ſo tranſported with *praiſing thee*, that as yet I know not how to lay my *Eyes to ſleep*, or compoſe my *rapturous Soul to reſt*; for I am ſo taken up in *Divine Meditations*, that I delight in nothing more than *adoring thee my God*, that ſafely brought me hither! And how much do *my Joys* exceed theirs, that never pour out their *Souls* to thee in *Prayer*, unleſs it be, when *Affliction* ariſes, or *Death* approaches? O my God! what an *happy Employ* is this, to converſe with *Saints* by Day, and Commune *with thee*

thee by Night? Sure this is a Work that far exceeds the Slavery of a *drudging Sinner*, who takes more pains in the laborious Ways of *miſerable Vice*, than I do in the ſolacing *Paths of Vertue*.

Let then who will run themſelves out of Breath to be *eternally undone*, I'll wait me here, till *Chriſt*'s *Preſence* demands me hence, to do and ſuffer ſomething more *for him*, before I go to *Glory*: How much therefore *happier* am I, who can be alone *weeping* with one Eye, and *viewing Heaven* with the other, than he that watches for his *Night Embraces* in the Arms of a *deluding Woman*, who *diſtils Words* as ſmooth as *Oil*, and *pours forth* Love as the *Honey-comb*, but in the end brings his Body to *Penury*, and his Soul to *Hell!* ſo that I had rather tarry here, and call on God, than unadviſedly run on the *Borders of Deſtruction*, and never have a *true Senſe* of Sin, till arous'd by the *roarings* of a *wounded Spirit*, juſt making its *laſt Exit*. Is it not then far better to chuſe, with me, to dwell in a *little Tent*, ſhaded with *Green Branches*, and *ſpreading Leaves*, for ſome few *Weeks*, *Months*, or *Years*, and at laſt go down to the *Grave in Peace*; than to live in a *ſtately Palace*, attended with a numerous Train of *Fawning Courtiers*, for ſome Twenty or Thirty Years, and then *ſlide down* into the *dark Abyſs* of *black Deſpair*? But now I'll ſilently lay me *down to reſt*, till the Day dawn, when I ſhall awake, as a *Giant refreſh'd* with Wine, to wait on God in

in *Morning Prayer*, and bleſs his *Holy Name* for all his *Mercies* of a *paſt Night*, before I march out of this *my Lodge*, to behold the *Works of God* in the Deſart: I will tell the *Atheiſt*, that it ſeems a *ſtrange Paradox* to me, to ſee a Man bearing *the Image* of a *Supream Being*, and yet *degenerate* ſo far, as to diſown the *Power* that made him, and vainly to fancy, that this *Beautiful Fabrick* of the World was fram'd by *blind Chance*, and that Men liv'd therein *long* before *Adam* was Seated in the Garden of *Eden*; when yet they have no *Argument*, yea or good appearance of one, to juſtifie theſe their *Extravagant Aſſertions*.

Let them but attend me in this *private Solitude*, I'll ſoon expoſe their *wild Notions* to ſcorn and ignominy, and oblige them to cry out in the *paſſion of their Souls*, as a *vile Offender* once did, when argu'd into the *Belief of a God* by Teſtimony and Reaſon, 'There is no withſtand-'ing, ſaid he, undeniable *Arguments*, and plain '*Truths*.

SECTION II.

O My God! how are my *Paſſions* inflam'd with *aſtoniſhing Indignation*, to behold Men that ſet up for the *Greateſt Wits* of the Age, yet act ſo contrary to the Rules of *Prudence* and *Philoſophy*, as to argue againſt the *Being of a God*, and his *Creating* of all Things, without producing any ſolid *Teſtimony* or *Reaſon* for what they

they affirm? For where is the *Atheiſt*, and what is his Name, that ever gave any *reaſonable Account* of the *Beginning* of the *World*, or could make it appear from Hiſtory, or otherwiſe, that ever any *Nation*, *People*, or *Language* laid it down as their *Opinion*, that there was not a *Power* beyond that of Nature; or that this *vaſt Fabrick* of the *Earth*, with all *things therein*, was *joſtled together* into this Excellent Order, by *mere Chance*? How ſtrange is it then, that a few *upſtart Atheiſts*, who were born but as it were *Yeſterday*, ſhould pretend to *know that* which no Man can know? Is there any Man *now living*, which was from *Eternity*, who ſaw the *Foundations* of the Earth laid, and beheld *every Thing* ſpring out of *Nature*, of its own accord, without the *Word* or *Command* of a *ſuperior Power*? If there is not, what Reaſon can the *Atheiſt* give, that it *was ſo*; ſince it is evident, that he *knows nothing* at all of the matter? This is juſt as if a company of *Youths*, that were Born in the Year 1690, ſhould pretend to *write an Hiſtory* of the *Tranſactions* of former Generations, giving an Account *quite different* from all the *ancient Hiſtorians*, and yet produce neither *Teſtimony*, nor *Reaſon*, why it ſhould be ſo.

But methinks I hear the *Atheiſt* making this *Reply*; If you ſay we can give neither *Teſtimony* nor *Reaſon* to evince that there *is not a God*, and that all Things were the *Effects* of a *natural Cauſe*; then pray tell us, what *Evidence* you can produce that *there is a Soveraign Creator*, or that

the

the World was made by the *Word of his Power*. I hope, if theſe things are *fairly anſwer'd*, none for the future will plead for *Atheiſm*, or deny the *Being of a God*. It was not my Deſign to have added any thing farther touching *Atheiſm*, to what I wrote in a former *Treatiſe*; but that I found, to my *great ſatisfaction*, the *favourable acceptance* thereof among the *Wiſe and Sagacious*, inſomuch that I have great Reaſon to hope, that many, who were before *wavering* in the Belief of a Deity, are now *ſtedfaſt* in the *Faith*: This has induc'd me to make a *further Eſſay* on this copious Subject, by diverſify'd Arguments; hoping by theſe my, poſſibly, more cogent *Ratiocinations*, to bring the moſt obdurate *Atheiſt* to plead Guilty at the Bar of his own *Conſcience*, and ſay, Whereas I once deny'd the *Attributes* of God, I now believe his *Power* by his *Handy-works*.

And now I proceed to prove a God, that *fram'd the World* out of the Waters, or a confuſed Chaos. This is not to be done by my bare ſaying *it is ſo*, or I believe it *to be true*: No, a thing of this Nature muſt be prov'd by *Teſtimony* and *Reaſon*, which I ſhall do with all the plainneſs that may be. Wherefore I affirm, That the *Being of a God*, and the *Creation of the World by his Power*, is atteſted by *Sacred* and *Prophane* Writings, by *Philoſophers* and *Barbarians*, by *Turks* and *Jews*, by *Heathens* and *Infidels*, and the Conſent of all Nations.

1. We

1. We Read that the moſt *Savage* among the People of the Nations, ever own'd a *Beginning* and *End* of all theſe things, and uſed to *Worſhip* ſomething or other in manner of a *Deity*. The moſt *Barbarous Heathens* own'd a Maker of the World, and uſed to ſay, that whatſoever *Being* it was, they believ'd it to be preſent in all the parts of it: And at the *firſt Diſcovery* of *America*, the Inhabitants did Worſhip *one chief God*, under the Name and Title of *the Maker of the Univerſe*.

2. He that was the firſt *Philoſopher*, that ever made it his Study to enquire into the *Works of Nature*, ſaid, That Water was the *beginning* of all things, and that God was that *Mind*, or *Intelligent Principle*, which *faſhion'd* all things out of Water; which agrees with Holy Writ, That *the Spirit of God mov'd upon the Face of the Waters*.

3. *Ariſtotle* gives this Account, why the *Gods* were anciently repreſented by the *Heathens*, as Swearing by the *Lake Styx*, becauſe Water was ſuppos'd to be the *Principle* of all things; and this he tells you was the moſt *ancient Opinion* concerning the *Original* of the *World*, and that the moſt *ancient Writers* of *Theology*, and thoſe that liv'd at the *greateſt diſtance* from his Time, were of his *Mind*.

4. The Hiſtory of *Moſes*, (with which no Book in the Univerſe, in point of *Antiquity*, can contend,) gives us a *particular Account* of the *Beginning* of the World, and of the *Creation* of it by

God; which is agreeable to the moſt *Ancient Writers* among the *Heathens*, whether *Poets* or *Hiſtorians*. Alſo *Moſes* his Hiſtory of the Flood, and the firſt Fathers of the *ſeveral Nations* of the World, of which he gives a moſt *ſatisfying Account*, do very well accord with the *moſt Ancient Accounts* of *prophane Hiſtory*.

5. It has been obſerved in all the *Ages* of the World, that whenever any ſet up for *Atheiſm*, either in *Life* or *Doctrine* in the time of *Health* and *Proſperity*, they were of another Mind when *frown'd* on by *Fortune*, or at the *point of Death*. As witneſs Cardinal *Woolſey*, one of the greateſt Wits of the *Engliſh Nation*, who cry'd out in the bitterneſs of his Soul, when he lay gaſping for Breath, *Had I been as diligent to pleaſe my God, as I have been to pleaſe my King, he would not have forſaken me now in my Gray Hairs*. And *Tiberius*, that Great Maſter of *Government*, complain'd before his Death of the grievous *ſtings and laſhes* he felt in his *Conſcience*, when he ſeriouſly *weighed Things* in their *due Balance*. We alſo Read, that *Caligula* crept under the Bed when it *Thundred*, for Fear; as being convinc'd that there was a *greater Power* above, than he could pretend to *here below*. Now if the *Atheiſt* can bring *no Proof* to juſtifie his *Aſſertion*, that there is *no God*, and that all things were *Fram'd by Chance*, as he cannot; what a Fraud does he put upon his *own Soul*, in aſſerting that for a *Truth*, when he is Vigorous and Strong, which he *contradicts*, as appears by his *diſtract-*

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ing Fears, when ſummon'd by *Death*? So that an *Atheiſt* may be fitly compar'd to a Man in a *Phrenzy*, who rages and talks of he *knows not what*, during his malignant *fit of Madneſs*; but when brought to his *Reaſon* by *Soveraign Antidotes*, he is *aſham'd* of his Actions, and acknowledges his Folly. Wherefore I cannot but lament the *wretched Eſtate* of an *Atheiſt*, and pity his groſs Folly, in affirming at one time, there is *neither God nor Devil*, and at another he is horribly afraid of the *Juſtice* of the one, and the propenſe *Malice* with the *tormenting Cruelty* of the other. All which moſt evidently diſcovers an *Atheiſt* to be devoid of *Wiſdom*, and that no ſtreſs is to be laid on his *wavering Principles*.

And this leads me to *prove a Deity*, by taking the *Atheiſt*, as it were by the hand, to ſhew him the *Works of Creation* in this *ſolitary Wilderneſs*, where I am now muſing on *Things Divine*, and have nothing elſe to *divert* my Thoughts; ſince here is no *Painted Harlot* to betray my Heart to Luſt, nor *idle Chat* to divert my lofty *Speculations*, which are High, Rational, and Angelical.

Therefore I ſhall take leave to ask the *Atheiſt* theſe following Queſtions.

1. If he can by all his *Learning* and *Philoſophy*, *Cunning* and *Skill*, cauſe one of theſe *Primroſes*, that here grow under this Oaken Plant, and theſe little Branches, to *Spring* out of the Earth, and to *Bud* and *Blow* by his own Puiſſance alone, without the *mighty Power* of God?

Or if not, let him but tell me the *true Cauſe*, why this *Root* ſhould ſpread and grow in this ſhady Wilderneſs without *being ſown*, *ſet*, or *planted*, any more than a *Pink*, *Carnation*, or *Peony*. If thou ſayeſt, the one is of a more *hardy nature*, and has no need of much *heat* to ſtrengthen its Stalk; but the others having *more tender* roots, and being of a colder nature, require a *good Soil*, and the *warm Beams* of the *Sun*, to open the Clefts of their *Hoods*, and diſplay their *incloſed Colours*. I tell thee this is no *Anſwer* to my *Queſtion*, or giving me a *Reaſon* of ſo *vaſt a Difference* in the nature of theſe *various Flowers*, or an Account *who it was* that made them, or *who made them* thus to differ. If thou aſcribeſt it to *Nature*, tell me what that *Nature* is, and what is its firſt *Original*. If thou art ſilent in this, thou muſt come to the *Cauſe of Cauſes*, which muſt of neceſſity be the *wonder-working Power* of God. No, no; vain man! it is not thy bare *Setting up* for an *Atheiſt*, that will make thee an *accompliſh'd one*, or gain thee any *applauſe* among the *Ingenious* and *Wiſe*; unleſs thou canſt defend thy ſelf by more *cogent Arguments*, and *ſtronger Reaſonings*, than were ever yet produc'd. Wherefore thou muſt let ſuch *Secrets* as theſe alone, as being as far beyond thy *weak Capacity*, to apprehend and explain; as 'tis for a *natural-born Fool* to penetrate into the *Profoundeſt Deſigns* of the moſt Cunning Politician, when *induſtriouſly diſguiſed* by the moſt *plauſible Colours*. No, vain Mortal! al-

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tho' thy *natural Genius* were ſo extraordinary, that thou couldſt in an inſtant make a *diving Engine* to fetch up all the *hidden Treaſures* that lie *buri'd* in the Sea, or *hid* in the Bowels of the Earth, nevertheleſs it would *avail* thee nothing, nor give thee any *inſight* into the Secrets of *natural Cauſes*, whereby thou mighteſt inform me how this little *Flower* grows, and what Cauſe it was that ſtain'd it with theſe *different Colours*: but thou would'ſt find thy ſelf oblig'd to cry out with me, and ſay, It is an Effect of the infinite *Power* and *Energy* of an *All-wiſe Providence*, and not the *Product* of *meer Nature*.

2. Tell me, O thou *daring Atheiſt*! how the *Moſs grows* on the *Barks of the Trees* in this *Wilderneſs*? If thou can'ſt not *reſolve* the Queſtion, what a Fool art thou to ſay, *it is not God*? No, thou *obdurate Sinner*, if thine Ingenuity was ſo great, as to forge a *round Inſtrument* of a ſuitable Thickneſs and Length, whereby thou couldſt pierce thorow the *Bowels of the Earth*, and ſhould'ſt then take a Milſtone, and throw down into its *deep Caverns*, to try the Experiment, whether it would *lodge it ſelf* in the Midway, as is the Opinion of the *nice Enquirers* into *Natural Cauſes*; notwithſtanding all this (I ſay) thou would'ſt ſtill remain *uncapable* of *reſolving* me this ſolid *Queſtion*, as a *Man* in a *Dream*, or a *Sot* in the *Stocks*, unleſs thou ſhould'ſt aſcribe it to my *Soveraign Creator*, which is God: nay, be thy *natural Parts* never ſo penetrating into all other *Arts* and *Sciences*, yet when thou

com'ſt to dive into the *hidden Myſteries of God*, and call in queſtion his *Immenſity*, thou art no more able to *define it*, or give a Reaſon why it ſhould *not be ſo*, than thou art capable to *number the Stars* in the Firmament, or *count the Motes* in the Sun. Poor *creeping Animal*! What art thou that pretend'ſt to ſay, *it was not God*, but a *natural Accident*, that caus'd *Light* to ſhine out of *Darkneſs*, and commanded the *Sun* to caſt its *dazling Rays* on the *Face of the Earth*? What art thou, *lump of Duſt*! that ſay'ſt, It was the *working* of *Nature*, which *ſpread out the Heavens like a Curtain*, and *beſpangled* the Sky with theſe vaſt numbers of *twinkling Stars*, that are therein to be ſeen, when once the *glorious Luminary* of the Day has withdrawn his *more dazling Splendour*, to give way to the ſilent Obſcurity of the ſable Night? What art thou, *poor Creature*! that ſay'ſt, It was the *caſual Convulſions* of *Nature*, that caus'd the *Moon* to caſt its glimmering *Light* on the dark Mountains, and rugged Plains, and appointed its *Change*, *Increaſe*, and *Decreaſe*, without the help of any *more potent Cauſe*? What art thou, *blind Mole*! that thou ſhould'ſt fancy 'twas *Chance* which firſt *enamel'd the Trees* and the *Meadows* with ſuch a *lovely Verdure*; and caus'd the *Plants to ſpring* out of the *barren Duſt* of the Earth, with *ſpreading Branches*, and tender *Leafs*? What art thou, *empty Vanity*! that thou ſhould'ſt dare to *affirm*, That it was mere *Nature* that ſprouted forth *Male* and *Female* out of the *Bowels of the Earth*, or the *Wa-*

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try Elements, without the Council of a *bleſſed Trinity?* What art thou, *deſpicable Man!* that ſay'ſt it was the *Spade of Nature*, which dug up the *Deep Caverns* of the Earth, wherein the Waters did *Ebb* and *Flow*, and work up the Banks juſt to *ſuch an heighth*, as thoſe mighty Waters *ſhould not exceed* their due Bounds? What art thou, *fading Mortal!* that ſay'ſt, It was the ſtriving of *Atoms*, which implanted into the *Mind* of *Men* a *full perſwaſion*, that there is an *higher Power* than *himſelf*, or that of *Nature*, and which fills the Spirits of *daring Atheiſts* with horrid *gripings*, and bitter *ſtings of Conſcience*, when the *Foundations* of the Earth ſhake with a *terrible Convulſion*, and tremble as an *Aſpen Leaf*? What art thou, *helpleſs Wormling!* who ſay'ſt, That by the Efforts of *Unthinking Nature*, the Heavens roar with *loud Peals* of *aſtoniſhing Thunder*, and thereby the *Waters* once were made to ſwell to ſuch a *mighty Deluge*, as to *drown the Earth* with its *overflowing Springs?* What art thou, O *infamous Duſtling!* that ſay'ſt, It was the *Power of Nature*, that ſet a *Rain-bow* in the Sky, as a *Token* to every *Nation*, that the *World* ſhould not be *drowned* any more? What art thou, *miſerable Clayling!* that avers, It is the Force of *Nature*, which *ſupports the Earth*, and bears up the *Foundation* thereof by its own ſtrength? In fine, What art thou, *ſenſeleſs Drone!* that can without any *colour*, or *reaſonable pretence*, attribute to *Thoughtleſs* and *Paſſive Nature*, without the Aſſiſtance of a more

Powerful and *Intelligent Being*, all ſuch *Changes* and *Revolutions* as happen daily in the World, and the *Management* of every thing with *an Order ſo regular*, and ſo *Wiſe a Diſcipline*? What art thou, O thou vain-boaſting *Thraſo!* that thou ſhould'ſt thus pretend to know more of *natural Cauſes*, than all the *Wiſe Philoſophers*, and *Learned Sages*, that ever liv'd ſince the *Creation*? Therefore I Challenge Thee, O thou *Dogmatical Atheiſt!* to make now thy beſt *Defence*, and ſummon up thy ſtrongeſt *Arguments*, to prove how all things came to *place themſelves* with ſuch a *becoming Regularity*, in this moſt Beautiful Scene of *viſible Nature*; that after-Ages may peruſe theſe the *beſt Efforts* of thy *daring Attempt*, and behold *how eaſily* thou art *confounded* by *ſound Reaſonings* and *undeniable Proofs*. Wherefore I ſhall here take leave to tranſmit to *Poſterity* the ſtrongeſt of thoſe *Arguments*, that by *Epicurus* or any other *ſpeculative Atheiſt*, have ever been propoſed to perſwade the *beginning* of all Things by *Natural Cauſes*, without the aſſiſtance of a *Supream Power*.

Some *Atheiſts* undertake to tell you, That the *Matter* of which the *World was made* is from Eternity, and of it ſelf; and that there was an *infinite empty Space* for the innumerable little parts of this *Matter*, which they call *Atoms*, to move and play in; and that theſe being always in *motion*, did, after many *fruitleſs Trials* and *Encounters*, without any *Cauſe* or *Deſign*, and without the *Diſpoſal* and *Contrivance* of any

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Wiſe and *Intelligent Being*, in the concluſion, by a *fortunate Chance* and *mere Accident*, ſo place themſelves, as to make up this *ſpecious* and *regular Frame* of the World, which we now behold ſo well model'd and ſet together; and that the *Earth* being in the full *maturity* of its *Youthful Vigour*, brought forth all things *inanimate* and *animate*, together alſo with *Man*, *Male and Female*, in all their Parts and Shapes. Others give you this following Account of the *firſt Cauſe* of *Light* ſhining out of *Darkneſs*, and the *Original* of the *Waters* that fill'd the mighty *Ocean*; as alſo why theſe their *Aſſertions* are not *Atteſted* by *Ancient Writers*. As ſoon as the Earth, ſay they, was Ripe for the bringing forth of Man, the Particles of fiery Matter, that lay diſpers'd in the *Earth* and *Air*, gathering together, and uniting their *Light* and *Heat*, became that *bright Body* we call the *Sun*, which now enlightens the Earth, whoſe *warm Influence* ſoon thaw'd the frozen and congeal'd *Waters*, that lay lodg'd in the middle Regions of the Air, which floated down, and ſo fill'd up the many *empty Caverns* in the Bowels of the *Earth*, together alſo with the *depreſs'd inequalities* on its ſurface, which we now call by the names of the *Sea*, and the *Rivers*: and as for the *ebbing* and *flowing* of the *Ocean* and *Seas*, it ariſes from the thinneſs of the *aqueous Nature*, and the influence of the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars* upon 'em. Moreover, as to the *Reaſon* why theſe *Accounts* were not handed down, or mention'd in *Hiſto-*

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ry, it is becauſe the firſt Man that inhabited the Earth, was unskill'd in making *Characters* on the *Duſt*, or on the *Barks of Trees*, as was practis'd in After-Ages. And this is the beſt Account that the ancient *Epicurus*, and the upſtart *Atheiſt* have been able to give of the *Original of the World*, and the *firſt Cauſe* of Things.

Theſe their *Arguments*, when throughly ſcan'd, will be found utterly *irreconcileable* to *Right Reaſon*; and being of ſo *pernicious a Tendency*, I ſhall uſe my utmoſt Efforts to *extirpate* them out of the Minds of Men, by *proving* all things to be the *wonderful Works of God*, in this ſolitary Retirement, whither I am now retreated from the *ſwelling Floods* of Atheiſm and Prophaneſs: And if by any means I could appeaſe the *Wrath* and *Fury* of an *Incenſed Deity*, and defend his *Cauſe*, by making all their *extravagant Opinions* to appear vain, empty, and ridiculous, then I ſhould obtain the *Crown of my Wiſhes*. To proceed then, How can it agree with a *reaſonable Soul* to believe, that a *whole World* ſhould be made out of a dark Chaos, containing but a little of thinly *diſpers'd Matter*, without the *mighty Power* and *Contrivance* of a *Supream Being*, and of ſuch a curious Compoſure, that if Ten thouſand *Solomons* had ſtudied Ten hundred thouſand Years, all their *Wiſdom* and *Policy*, *Wit* and *Sagacity* could in no ways have fram'd any *one part* of it, or have plac'd things in ſuch a *regular Order*, as they now

now appear. Further, If this *beautiful Fabrick* was made only by the *moving of Atoms*, as the *Atheiſt* vainly pretends it was, how many *Worlds* might we have had by this time? And if ſuch a *Magnificent Structure* could be rais'd out of a *rude Maſs*, only by *meer Chance*, or *blind Fortune*; which is the ſame, as to ſay, without *any Cauſe* at all; it might be reaſonably expected, that there ſhould be a *number of Worlds*, as well as *Generations* of Men: for if ſo ſmall a Matter made the *Firſt World*, there were then Materials enough in that to make *Ten Thouſand* more. Moreover if the *World* was ſo eaſily made, as the *Epicurean Pretends*, no Man need doubt, but if at any time he *aſcended* to the top of ſome lofty *Mountain* or *Spire*, with an handful of *fine Sand*, and *ſcatter'd it* in the Air, to find at his *coming down* again, every grain of its *diſperſed Duſt* congeal'd together, and curiouſly carv'd out into a *noble Statue* of ſome *renowned Prince*, or *Victorious General*: Or that if a *Bird* at any time ſhould *Wing it ſelf* aloft into the Air, and thence drop a few of *her Feathers*, ſhe needed but ſing a Note or two, and on her *Deſcent* might ſee every one of the *little Quils* turn into a pretty *Chirping Sparrow*. This kind of Arguing may to ſome ſeem ſtrange, and be judg'd by them a *Method* altogether unfit *ſolidly* to *confute* and *convince* the *Atheiſt*, and to prove that *God made the World*: but however it may appear in the view of the *unthinking part* of *Mankind*, I'm ſure the Parallel is juſt and pertinent

pertinent to the Subject: For it is a Thouſand times more *feaſible* that ſuch things ſhould *come to paſs*, than that this *exquiſite Model* of the *Earth* ſhould be all of a ſudden *made* by ſome *little Cauſe*, or rather *without one*, of a thinly *diſpers'd Matter*, as the *Atheiſt* alledges; and that it ſhould be *ſo fruitful* in the Infancy of it, as without the *Superintendency* and *Direction* of a *Supream Power*, to ſprout up into *Male* and *Female*, and cauſe them to be ſo *enamour'd* with each other, as to beget their *own Kind*, without giving the Earth any *further trouble* of bearing more of the *ſame Kind* within its Virgin Womb. This is as if a Man ſhould make two *ſtriking Clocks* to go with a *perpetual Motion*, and then ſay to the *Work of his own Hands*, Join your running Wheels together, and *make more* of the *like faſhion*, without my aid; for behold I am *become uſeleſs*, and not able to *produce* any more of the *ſame Work*: Good God! what an *unſenſible ſtory* is this, and how *fooliſhly* pack'd together! Surely, if the *Atheiſt* had any *Ingenuity*, or deſign'd *with Succeſs* to impoſe upon the World, and gain to himſelf a *Reputation*, he might have *told his Story* much more to the advantage, and ſaid thus; That the World *had no Beginning*, nor ſhould ever have *any final End*. That the firſt *Man* and *Woman* were from *Eternity*; but being far diſtant from each other, met not till *Five thouſand* and ſome *odd hundreds* of years ago, when they *began to increaſe* and *multiply*, which brought ſo great a Weakneſs upon Nature, that

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they and their *Poſterity* became Mortal. I ſay, if the *Epicureans* had deliver'd themſelves after this manner, they might have had more hopes of *gaining Proſelytes* to their Party. But their Account is ſo far remov'd from *Reaſon*, that one would think, if they had any remains of *Modeſty*, they would hide themſelves for *ſhame* in ſome *ſolitary Cave* of the Earth, and never more *appear* in *publick view*, leſt quick-ſighted Men ſhould ſpy them out, and *deride them to ſcorn*, for their groſs *Abſurdities*.

I come now to confute the other ſort of *Atheiſts*; which ſay, That after the *World was made*, and *Man* liv'd, the *fiery ſparkles* of Matter that lay diſperſt in the Air, *aſſembled* together into *a ſhining Sun*. Which Opinion ſeems to be altogether as *ridiculous* as the former. For what Perſon of *underſtanding* can perceive by the *Eye of Reaſon*, that any Heat ſhould be lodg'd in a *Black Chaos*? But admit there were, it's very ſtrange that thoſe *fiery Vapours* ſhould lye *conceal'd* for ſo many *Millions of years*, and never ſo much as dart out *their Beams*, 'till the Earth was come to its *full Maturity*, ſo as to *bring forth* Man; and juſt then gather all its *ſcatter'd Heat*, and turn into a *glorious Luminary*, fixing its *vaſt Body* in a lofty Firmament; and order the matter ſo, as to give *light* to the whole *Univerſe*, without the aſſiſtance of a *Divine preſiding Power*. Theſe are *Notions* rigg'd out with ſo little *Conſideration*, that they ſeem to carry no *Ballaſt of Reaſon*, or weight of *Judg-*

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ment along with them; ſo that I muſt take leave to tell theſe *ſort of Atheiſts*, that they have ſo *confuſedly* laid their matters together, that it will prove a *difficult Task* for them to *explain* their *Meaning*, and bring their *Notions* to bear the *Standard-Mark* of true Philoſophy. Wherefore, I could in a manner intreat them, either to *own their Error*, and *acknowledge* their *Miſtake*, or to ſet an *higher value* on their *Reputation*, by telling their ſtory thus; That the *Eaſtern* part of the Earth being of a *ſulphureous Matter*, broke out into ſuch a *violent burning*, that the intenſeſt *Degree of Heat* reach'd up to the Sky, and put the Firmament all over of a *Blaze*, being of a *Tindery Matter* which ſoon takes Fire; and thus all the *Oily Matter* thereof being ſet in Flame, the Fire has been ever ſince continually *ſupply'd* by huge Mountains of that ſame *ſulphureous Matter*, that lay lodg'd in the *upper Regions*.

And as to the *Reaſon* why it is not *always Day*, in every part of the World at *one and the ſame time*, 'tis becauſe the Globe of the Earth is *continually in motion*, ſucceſſively turning all its parts to and from that *luminous Flame*; ſo that when we are *inlightned* by its *Meridian Beams*, ſome other parts of the World ſuffer an *Eclipſe of Darkneſs*: I ſay, ſuch a *Relation* as this would appear much more *plauſible* than the former. Wherefore I hope the Founder of theſe *extravagant Notions*, will henceforth have ſo much Modeſty, as to be *aſham'd of the ſtuff* he endeavour'd to impoſe on the World with ſuch

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an *impudent Aſſurance*; no leſs than an *Impoſtor* would be, that were diſcover'd *expoſing to Sale* a *Cryſtal Glaſs* for a *true Diamond*, to an *ignorant Buyer*, who concludes that *all are Jewels that gliſter in the Dark*. Which brings me to confute a *third Advance* made by the *pretenders* to *Atheiſm*; which is thus expreſs'd by them.

As ſoon, ſay they, as the *Sun* began to ſhine on the *New-made World*, its warm influence thaw'd the *Frozen Elements*, that lay congeal'd in the *middle Regions*, and fill'd up the *hollow Caverns* of the Earth with *watry Floods*, wherein we now *Navigate*, and thereby carry on the *great Affairs* of Trade: The *Reaſon* of their *Ebbing* and *Flowing* they deduce from the *thinneſs of their Nature*, and the *Influence* of the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*. This Account is ſo different from that of all the *Ancient Writers*, and *Learned Rabbies*, that a few Words may ſuffice to lay the *darling Fabrick* in the Duſt. For how can it conſiſt with Truth, that ſuch a *mighty Weight* ſhould be born up in the *empty Air* from all Eternity, without the *Arm* of an *Omnipotent God*? But that which will uttterly deſtroy this Opinion, is this; That ſuppoſing theſe Waters were *lodg'd in the Air*, and *Frozen* all o're with an *huge Cake of Ice*, how many Years muſt needs paſs, before the *gentle Heat* of a *material Sun* could penetrate with its *warm influence* thorough ſuch a thick *Matter*, which doubtleſs was Ten thouſand fathom deep?

deep? But ſuppoſing that in its *full vigour* it was of ſo *extraordinary an Heat*, as to melt down the *cold rigid Element* into *running Streams*. What Man can believe, that a meer *Natural Cauſe*, altogether void of *Underſtanding* and *Contrivance*, ſhould of it ſelf *Dig up the great Depths*, and *plough up* the *large Rivers*, juſt to ſuch a ſize as to contain thoſe *mighty Waters*, and no more; ſince it is *evident*, that when the Heaven ſends down but a few *haſty Showers*, many *Streams ſwell* beyond their *Bounds*, and *overflow* their Banks. Whoſoever therefore was the *firſt Broacher* of this *Opinion*, may be fitly compar'd to a Man that tattles out he knows not what, before he rightly *apprehends any thing* of the matter: For had he had any *remains of Ingenuity*, doubtleſs he would have given in his *Opinion*, That from Eternity there *lay floating* in the Center of a *dark Chaos*, a Maſs of *deep Waters*, which diſpers'd themſelves in *many Channels*; and when the *Atoms* were at work in *making the World*, they moulded the Earth ſo *artificially together*, as to make *Chambers* of every *Height*, *Length*, and *Depth*, to Lodge its Waters in, in ſuch manner as before they had *diſpers'd themſelves*; and that by the continual moving of the *great Body* of the Earth, the Waters Ebb and Flow. This *Account* might have ſeem'd much more *probable* than the former, and have gain'd a more *favourable reception* among the more *refined* ſort of *Unbelievers*.

I come now, in the laſt place, to give the final Blow to the *Atheiſtick Cauſe*, and beating the *Atheiſts* from their *laſt Refuge*, to turn their *great Artillery* againſt them, by ſhewing, That their *own Confeſſion* has utterly deſtroy'd all the *Account* they have hitherto given of the *Exiſtence* of all things without the *Infinite Power* of *Almighty God*; whilſt they acknowledge, that the *Firſt Man*, or Men, that liv'd after the *World was made*, were not skill'd in making *Characters in the Duſt*, or on the *Barks of Trees*, as was practis'd in *after Ages*; which is the *Reaſon*, why theſe *Accounts* they now give of the *Beginning of the World*, and the *Firſt Work* of *Natural Cauſes*, is not handed down to *this Generation*: And that if there were any ſuch *Records*, they *were loſt* in the Deluge. Good God! do but obſerve, with what an *Air of Complacency* and *unaccountable Confidence* the *Atheiſt Aſſerts* it for a *certain Truth*, without ſo much as ſaying, It is *probable* that may be the *Cauſe*, why theſe their *Relations* are not now *Extant* in any *Hiſtory*, as other Accounts are. But it muſt be ſo, becauſe it ſuits with their *deluded Fancies* and *vicious Habits*.

Now from hence it *Appears*, That the *Atheiſt* is no more capable of giving any *Account* of the *Beginning of the World*, than the *enliven'd Embrio*, that but yet lies *Sprawling* in his *Mother's Womb*, knows her *Age*, or the Moment when it ſhall be *tumbled into the World*, and afterward make its *Exit thence*. All the *Noiſe* then which

they have hitherto made againſt the *Being of a God*, and concerning the *Beginning of the World*, is all turn'd into an *empty Blaſt* of Air, and vaniſh'd as the *Sparks* that ariſe from a *ſudden flaſh* of Fire; and all their *Accounts* are juſt as if a Man ſhould *entertain us* with *a long Story* of Things, that were tranſacted in *foreign Countries*, ſome Thouſands of Years ago; and when we come to ask out of *what Hiſtory* he borrow'd theſe *ſtrange* and *wonderful Relations*, which he ſo *confidently affirms* for an undoubted *Truth*, he ſhould have no other Anſwer to return, but this, That in the *Age* when theſe *mighty things happen'd*, there was no Man ſo *Learned*, or *Wiſe*, as to keep a *Regiſter* of any *Tranſactions*; or if there was, they were loſt by ſome *unhappy Accidents* many years ago; but if any *Records* could have been *Produc'd*, they would have been *conformable to the Account* he had now given, and a *Confirmation* thereof. Certainly we ſhould look on ſuch a Perſon as *Lunatick*, or *intoxicated* with the Fumes of *Wine*, and deplore his *unſenſible condition*.

Why! thus ſtands the *Caſe* with every *Epicurean*, and unbelieving *Atheiſt*, who make any pretence either by *Writing*, *Words*, or *Actions*, to perſwade that there *is no God*, or *Soveraign Creator* of the *Univerſe*; ſince they cannot bring any *Teſtimony* or *Reaſon* for *making out* their weak and precarious Aſſertion. But leſt any ſhould, through *Ignorance* or *Inadvertency*, be infected by the *contagious* and *ſpreading Leproſie of Atheiſm*,

or

or be inclin'd ſo much as to doubt the *Being of a Deity*; I ſhall make it appear beyond all *Contradiction*, that there is a *Supream Creator*, by his Works of Wonders which I now behold, tho' in a *loneſome Wilderneſs*; where I am at this time taken up in *Contemplating* his *Immenſe Power*, near the *Son of his Boſom*, who is hither retreated alone, to perform the Neceſſary Acts of *Faſting*, *Mortification*, and *Self-Denial*, in this *ſolitary Wilderneſs*, where no *Prefidious Jew*, nor *Satan's Malice* can reach to harm my *Dear Redeemer*; and where, I hope, Heaven will aid me with *ſtrength ſufficient* to convert the *faithleſs Soul*, and bring home *wandring Sinners*, ev'n ſo as to make them cry out, "We now *Believe* in the *true God*: O may he "ever *Confirm* us in this *unerring Faith*. I hope none will think it ſtrange, that I *prove a God* and *Providence*, in a Language and Stile different from all *Learned Divines*, and *Judicious Writers*. It is my *firm Perſwaſion*, without the leaſt *Reflection* on any *approved Author*, or *Inſpired Preacher*, that the moſt effectual way to bring home *wav'ring Minds* to own a God, is by leading them as it were into a *ſolitary Grove*, there to *diſplay the Works* of the *Moſt High* in a lively *Repreſentation*; becauſe ſuch was the place *choſen* by my dear *Jeſus* to baffle *Satan's Malice*, and Convert the *Unbelieving Jews*. And indeed what can be more *Convincing* to an *Atheiſtical Perſon*, than *ſolid Reaſons* propoſed in an *Exalted Style*, while at the ſame time are

pointed forth to them, as it were with the Finger, the *curious Works* of *God* on *Earth*, and in the *higheſt Heavens*; as *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*: Then come away, ye *faithleſs Souls*, with all that queſtion the *Being of a God*, or aſcribe the *Exiſtence* of the *World* to I know not what *blind Chance*, and I'le convey you to the *running Springs*, and *green Shades*, where we'll fairly *debate* the Matter, whether theſe things are the *Workmanſhip* of a Wiſe *Almighty Power*, or that of *unthinking* natural *Cauſes*; and then depart, if thou canſt, without ſaying with me, Thou, O *Supreme Being!* art that *wonderful Architect*, who haſt raiſed the *Waters* out of the *Bowels* of the *Earth*, to quench the *thirſt* of the *wild Beaſts* in the *Foreſt*, and in *thy Loom* is the *Mantle* woven, that covers the Nakedneſs of every *Tree*, *Herb*, *Field*, or *Meadow* with a *lovely variety* of *Green*, and other Colours. Sit down, then, here with me near theſe *gliding Streams*, and *cool Bowers*, and ſeriouſly Conſider what other *Cauſe* or *Being* is capable of bearing up the *Foundation of the Earth*, but the *ſtrong Hand of God*; for ſhould he but withdraw his *out-ſtretched Arm* from under its *Foundation*, tho' but for a *ſmall Moment*, the Earth would turn topſy-turvy, and fall into the *obſcure Gulph* of it's *Original Confuſion*. Therefore receive it as an *undoubted Truth*, That the *main Baſis* which upholds this vaſt Globe of the Earth, is the *Immenſe Power of God*, whereby he has eſtabliſh'd it upon its *Northern*, and *Southern*

thern Poles, which the *Almighty* Carv'd out, when he call'd a *Council of the Trinity*, and fixt them by his own Strength, ſo as never to be *remov'd* till the general Day of *Recompences*, when they'l bend as a *Withy Plant*, and let their *Burden diſſolve* into its *Primitive Chaos*. Then they who *deny'd a Deity*, will, to their Eternal ſhame, be *convinc'd*, That this beautiful Fabrick was not *jumbled together* by the playing of *Atoms*, or any other *lucky Chance*, but that it was the *Wiſe Council* of *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*, which ſo *exquiſitly compacted* the *wonderful Frame*. They will find that their *Conceptions* concerning the *Works of Creation*, are wretchedly ſcanty, and their *Arguments* too frivolous to induce a thinking Man to disbelieve the *Immenſity* of the *Lord God* Jehovah. Whoſoever then would ſet up for a *Compleat Atheiſt*, muſt bring *ſtronger Proofs*, and Summon up more *weighty Reaſons* to defend his *Cauſe*; or elſe he will have no other *Followers*, but a *beſtial Crew* of unthinking Men, who would fain *have no God*, becauſe the Abſence of ſuch a *Being* agrees beſt with their *Vicious Habits*.

SECTION III.

On the Sun.

THen gaze aloft, O thou *daring Atheiſt*! and view the yonder *ſhining Sun*, thatis now priding it ſelf in its *Meridian Splendor*, and

ſending down its *Beams* of Light, between the *ruffling Leaves* and *waving Branches*, that are mov'd to and fro by ev'ry *Eaſtern Gale*, and Summer's Breeze. Stand abaſh'd, and ſeriouſly conſider, what ſhould be the *Efficient Cauſe* of this *glorious Luminary* blazing out its *lighted Beams* on the *Inhabitants* of every Nation: Muſe a while within thine own Breaſt, and give me thy *Beſt Thoughts*, whether it is not more eligible to aſcribe ſo *great a Work* to the Power of *Almighty God*, than to a Random *Chance* of *Natural Cauſes*: And if thy Reaſon is inſufficient to prove, that it was *only Chance*, without the help of any *Supream Being*, humbly proſtrate thy ſelf at the *Throne of Grace*, and cry out in this my *uſual Language*, O God! the only *Creator* of the *Univerſe*, and the main Upholder of all the Ends of the Earth; what am I, *frail Mortal*! that I ſhould preſume to call into queſtion thy *unlimited Power*, or doubt thy *infinite Being*, ſince my firſt *Original* was *Duſt*, and my *End* will be *Corruption*? And how uncapable am I of giving any *true Account* of the *Beginning* of the *World*, who came into it but a *few years* ago, and when a *few more* are over, muſt lay me down in the Bed of *diſhonour*? So that my *beſt Eſtate* is but *Vanity*: for were I offer'd Ten thouſand *Worlds*, I could not throw this *Glorious Sun* into an Eclipſe, or draw a *ſhowry Cloud* over its *beautiful Countenance*: No, no; ſuch matters are as far beyond *my Power to accompliſh*, as it is for a *blind Mole*

to

to ſhake the *Foundation* of the *Earth*, when it is raiſing up its *little Hills*. How uncapable am I, *poor Worm*! to tell the *Firſt Cauſe* of this *great Light*, who was never cited to give my advice in ſo *ſtrange a Work*? Wherefore I'le no longer diſpute of *Matters too high* for my narrow *Apprehenſions*, but aſcribe them all to *God*, and modeſtly *Contemplate* theſe *his wonderful Doings*, in cauſing *Light* to ſpring out of *Darkneſs*. For ſhould I preſume to ſearch too far into the *Arcana* of his *Imperial Power*, I ſhould ſoon be *ſwallow'd up* with ſuch a multitude of *confuſed Thoughts*, that no *Antidote* could in the leaſt avail to heal the *Diſtemper* of *my crazed Mind*, or *Reſtore* me again to *Reaſon*. How amazing is it to caſt an Eye on *yonder Sky*, and ſeriouſly ſurvey what a boundleſly *Puiſſant Being* muſt needs be *concern'd* in the *firſt Lighting* the glorious *Lamp of Heaven*, and making its *kind Influence* ſhine on the *barren Wilderneſs*! But that which carries me ev'n *beyond my ſelf*, is to think that this *very Sun*, which I now behold, ſhould appear to *my View* of no larger *Circumference* than a *Salver* of an indifferent ſize; whereas its *flaming Orb* is really an hundred and eleven times bigger than the *whole Globe* of the *Earth*. If ſo, how many Millions of Miles muſt this vaſt *Celeſtial Fire* be diſtant from this our *terreſtrial Habitation*? Then wing it up, O my *tranſported Soul*! and ſuffer thy pureſt *Speculations* to dwell a while on thoſe upper *Regions of Light*, to admire that *unlimited Power*, which at one

Word, ſet the *Heavens* all over in a *flame*, and diſpell'd the *thick Darkneſs*, which had been from *Eternity*. O my God! this is a *Work* far above the *Reach of Man*, or the Strivings of *Natural Cauſes*. Therefore it muſt be aſcribed to the *Wiſdom of thy Eternal Council*. Stand then agaſt, O my *aſpiring Soul*! and divinely meditate, what a *vaſt Region of Darkneſs* there muſt needs have been betwixt *Earth* and *Heaven*, before the *Sun* lookt out of the *Caſements* of the *Eaſt* with its *Virgin Luſter*! and what a *bright Light*, and *Fiery Heat* that muſt needs be, which thus *enlightens the Earth*, and *nouriſhes* the *Fruits* that grow therein, with its *warm Beams*; tho' at ſuch a *diſtance*, as modeſtly ſpeaking, would take up Fifty Years for a *flying Arrow* to reach *its height*, altho' it were to cut the *Region of the Air*, half as ſwift as any Bullet flies towards its *appointed Mark*: But, O *my God*! that which takes up *my Admiration*, ev'n to an Extaſy, is to *Contemplate* how it gives its *conſtant Attendance* to my Perſon, *where-ever I go*, and yet at the *ſame Inſtant*, is alſo waiting on *Millions more*, tho' diſperſt in *This*, and ſeveral *Neighbouring Nations*; as evidently appears by ſhadowing out our *walking Bodies* according to their *due Proportions*, ſo as never to differ the *breadth* of a *ſingle Hair* in its *Meaſuring* us out. O my *Lord Jehovah*! theſe are *deep Conſiderations*, and ſuch as convince me, That this *bright Sun*, which I now behold *Eſtabliſht in the Firmament*, is the *Workmanſhip of thy Hands*,

Hands, and not that of *blind Chance*: So that now my *Contemplations* are convey'd beyond the *Sphere of Earthly Joys*, and drowned in the *Main Ocean* of *Aſtoniſhing Wonders*; and unleſs I ceaſe to muſe on theſe *Profound Conſiderations*, I fear, I ſhall ſoon be *bereav'd* of the Uſe of *Natural Reaſon*, and not know how to *Defend thy Cauſe* againſt a *blaſphemous Age*: For who can think of this *thy Myſterious Work* with a ſerious Thought, and not be *rapt into an Extaſy*? Wherefore I'le now haſte to ſtay the *ſwift Career* of my *running Pencil*, leſt I draw my Thoughts into a *Labyrinth* of *too curious Speculations*, and by that means come to wander in this *mournful Deſart*, as a Man depriv'd of *Underſtanding*. For be it *known* to all that read *this Eſſay*, that whoſoever thinks too nicely on the *ſtupenduous Works of God*, will ſoon be led *beyond themſelves*, which will one Day appear to be worſe than a *Venial Sin*; for why ſhould a *mortal Man* dive too deep, in hopes to *grapple* that which he cannot *weigh up* with the *Cable* of *Reaſon*, or think on things infinitely *ſurpaſſing* the Verge of his *Comprehenſion*, till he comes to be *Spiritualiz'd* in a more *perfect State*? I'le ceaſe therefore, for a while, to treat in ſo *High a ſtrain*, and learn to write on *Subjects* not ſo *Surprizing* to the *Conſiderate*, and more *refin'd* part of Mankind; tho' as yet I hope I have tranſmitted *nothing to Poſterity*, but what may be *of Uſe* to the *meaneſt Reader*, for the *ſtrengthning* of his Faith, and *guiding* of his Life in this

this *Atheiſtical Age*; wherein many look upon it, as *no ſmall Accompliſhment* to their Perſons, to make light of *the Immenſity* of an *Alwiſe God*, and to leſſen his *wondrous Doings*, by aſcribing thoſe Things to *blind Chance*, which ought to be the Cauſe of *amazement* to ev'ry *rational Creature*, when they conſider how every thing is *contriv'd*, as witneſſes this *Glorious Luminary*. O my God! if there was none other of *thy Works* to be ſeen in the *higheſt Heavens*, than this *bright Sun*, it would ſuffice abſolutely to *Convince me*, that thy *Almighty Power* was Concern'd therein: But behold, Lord! there are many more.

SECTION IV.

On the Moon.

NOw let us riſe from this *ſhady Bank*, and fetch a few turns around ſome part of the *Neighbouring Woods*, till the *Cloſe of the Evening*, when the *New Moon* will peep out with its *ſharpned Points*, near unto the Sun's *Weſtern Bed*: Then will I ſhew thee, O thou *unbelieving Infidel*! the *Power* of God therein; and thou ſhalt tell me, if thou canſt, *what Hand* it was that reach'd ſo high to fix it there. If thou ſay'ſt, it was the *Arm of Man*, or the *Power of Nature*, that wrought it out after ſo *curious a Manner*, I'le ſoon convince thee of thy *groſs Miſtake*, and make it convincingly appear, that it was the *curious Finger* of an *Omnipotent God*,

God, that ſilver'd out that *bending Creſcent*, which we are now beholding, and that *his Hand* will be daily *at work* thereon, till he hath compleated it into a *perfect Orb*; when it will Shine with a *radiant Luſter*, and fully diſplay its *illuſtrious Face* to the Eye of every *gazing Beholder*; as will more abundantly appear, if we'll ſtay a while to ſee it *priding it ſelf* in its higheſt Meridian *Exaltation*, and *fulleſt Aſpect*, and then obſerve, how gradually God *draws a black Vail* over its *beautiful Face*, and hides its *bright Countenance* from every expecting Eye.

But here I muſt retire a while, to *vent my grief*, and pour out the Paſſions of *my afflicted Soul*, in diſtilling Floods of *trickling Tears*, to think that any bearing the *Image* of the *Almighty*, ſhould wilfully turn *Monſters* in *Human Shape*, by aſcribing this *wonderful Work* to ſome *other Cauſe*. O let me alone a while! and liſten to what I have to ſay to my *Soveraign King*, concerning you that *diſown his Holy Name*, and will not adhere to *Reaſon*.

O thou Eternal Being! who waſt *from Everlaſting*, and wilt Reign when *Time ſhall be no more*, ſuffer a *finite Creature* to give an *Idea* of the *Tranſcendent Works* of thee his Creator, and let not my *Contemplations* ſoar ſo high, or my *Grief* run too far, leſt I exceed the *Bounds of Moderation*, and thereby am overpower'd with too much *Intention of Mind*, ev'n at a time when I am treating on thy *infinite Power*, in

hanging

hanging out the *Moon*, as a *ſhining Lamp* to enlighten the *dark Corners* of an *Inhabitable World* with its *ſilver'd Beams*; a Work little Inferior to that *bright Body* which *rules the Day*: for tho' the one is *exalted* much higher into the *wonderful Depth* of the *Starry Firmament* than is the other; yet thy *Power* does wonderfully appear in the *Leſſer Body* of the *Moon*: How can I then chuſe, but *admire thee*, my God, when I thus behold thy *Wiſdom*, *Power* and *Glory*, who hath thus Order'd it, that there ſhould be a *more faint* tho' yet *Glorious Light* to appear in the Heavens, when the more *refulgent Body* of the *Sun* enters into its *private Chamber*, as a *Bride* into her *retir'd Apartments*, to be diveſted of her *gaudy Dreſs*, till the dawn of *another day*; with *this Decree*, That if at any time the *Great Luminary* ſhould ariſe from his *bluſhing Bed*, before the *Leſſer Light* has entred its *Weſtern Apartment*, it ſhould *withdraw its Light*, notwithſtanding it keeps on *his Way*, and proceeds in its wonted Courſe. Then what ſhould be the *Occaſion* of all this, O thou my great God! but that *thy Power* might be viſible to *every ſeeing Eye*, that thereby none may with any *colour of Reaſon* diſown thy *Handiworks*, or queſtion thee to be *their Maker*: So that with *permiſſion* from thee, My *Sovereign Creator*, I'le ask the *Luciferians*, or *conceited Denyers* of thy moſt *Holy Name*, what their *Opinion* would be of Perſons that ſhould confidently go to a *Curious Painter*, who had lately preſented

preſented the World with many *Fine Pieces* of his Art, and tell him, That indeed they had ſeen many *rare Pictures*, which were affirm'd by all to be *drawn out* by his *exquiſite Pencil*; but ſince they were not in Town when *they were finiſh'd*, and ſaw him not *perform the Work*, they could by no means be perſwaded, That *his Hand* ever laid a Stroak thereon: But that *their Opinion* of the Matter was thus, That on a *certain Day*, they knew not when, ſome *pieces of Canvas chancing to hang out*, they knew not where, a *certain Man* came by, as *Luck* would have it, with a *Bruſh under his Arm*, and gave a few *careleſs Rubs* on ev'ry part of the Cloth, and by *meer Accident* all the Stroaks were ſo *rightly laid*, that they appear'd ſo *artificially Fine*, without the *help of him*, or any *other Artificer* whatſoever: ſurely you would account ſuch Men as *prating Fools*, and look upon them as *unfit for Converſation*. Ev'n thus the Caſe ſtands between God and Thee, O thou *malignant Atheiſt*! for thou haſt heard it *atteſted* by ev'ry *Nation*, *Language*, and *People*, That this *Delicate Fabrick* of the World is the *Wonderful Workmanſhip* of God, and that his *Power* in the *forming* of all things doth as far, yea infinitely more exceed that of *all others*, as the Value of a *Precious Stone* doth that of the *courſeſt Pebble*. Yet notwithſtanding this vaſt *Diſproportion*, thou boldly *oppoſes* his *Soveraignty* by thy *Blaſphemous Aſſertions*, and as it were, tell'ſt him to his Face, That thou haſt *ſeen a World* wiſely

contriv'd,

contriv'd, and curiouſly *compacted* together, but canſt not by any means conceive him to be *the Author of it*, tho' atteſted by the *General Conſent* of Human Societies; but that this *viſible World*, with all *things therein* contain'd, was *ſhuffled together* by the moving of *Atoms*, or ſome other *Natural Accidents*, without the Aſſiſtance of a *Divine Hand*, and yet can give no more *Reaſon* why it *ſhould be ſo*, than a ſilly Aſs is capable of *dividing a Syllable*, or *explaining a Myſtery*: For I here challenge Thee, O thou *daring Atheiſt*! before *God*, *Angels*, and *Men*, and all the *Powers above*, to ſummon a *General Council* of all thy *Atheiſtical Tribe*, to produce but one *ſolid Argument*, or *good Reaſon*, that it was only the *empty Workings* and *ſtrugglings* of *Natural Cauſes*, which made this *Moon*, which you now gaze at, to *differ from* the Glorious Body of the *Sun*, in ev'ry Reſpect, Degree and Motion; altho they are both *ſhineing Bodies*, and run their courſes in the *upper Regions*: For the *Sun* is large and lofty, the *Moon* leſſer and lower; the *Sun* ſhines with ſuch a *dazling Ray*, as to ſuffer *no Eye* to view its *Refulgent Face*, without wat'ring its Lids, or *weakning* its Sight; the *Moon* darts out its *kind Beams* with a *fainter Glance*, and gives all *Spectators* leave to behold its *pallid Features*, without *offending* their tender Eyes, or *prejudicing the Sight of* its Admirers: the *Sun* keeps its full *Proportion* without any *Diminution*, altho it conſtantly *removes* its Station with a ſwift but undiſcer-

undiſcernible *Motion*, either further or nearer to us; the *Moon* is always *increaſing* or *decreaſing*, with ſuch a palpable *Alteration*, as may be eaſily *diſcern'd* ev'ry day by any *Curious Aſtrologer*: Now, if all your *Wit*, *Cunning* and *Skill* can make it appear, that the *Power of God* is no ways concern'd in all this, I'le then unite *my Faith* with that of yours, and poſitively ſay, that all things came *by Chance*: but if you *fail therein*, as I find you do in every particular *point*, *Head*, or *Article*, I'le cry you down as *baſe Impoſtors*, and go to the *Firſt Cauſe* of all *Cauſes*, which is the *Eternal* and *All-wonderful God*, expreſſing my ſelf in this Language; Let who will ſet up for *Atheiſm*, and run themſelves quite *out of their Wits*, by pleading againſt thine *Infinite Power*, and diſowning Thee *to be their King*; I'll ſtay me here, and *meditate* in this *mournful Thicket*, and for ever aſcribe the *Wonders* that I here behold, to *thy moſt Holy Name*, who liv'ſt for ever and ever, above the yonder *Pale-fac'd Moon*, which thou haſt placed as a noble *Planet* to rule the *darkſome Night*, and influence the *Ebbing* and *Flowing* of the briny Sea.

SECTION V.

On the Stars.

IF what has been ſaid of theſe *two glorious Bodies*, that bear Dominion in the *Superior Regions*,

Regions, will not ſerve to *confute the Atheiſts*, and *convince* them that they are the *admirable Works* of the *Almighty*: I'll lead them up to yonder *Mount*, when the Sun has hid his *Illuſtrious Head* in the Lap of *Thetis*, and the leſſening *Moon* draws near her *Change*, and bid them caſt an Eye on the *glittering Stars*, that ſparkle with a *brighter luſtre*, than the moſt poliſh'd of the *Oriental Gems*, that ever adorn'd the *celebrated Beauties* in the Courts of the greateſt *Earthly Princes*, in their moſt *ſplendid* and *magnificent* Appearances; and deſire them to tell me by what *Power*, *Art*, or *Being*, they were there fix'd in ſuch numerous Multitudes? If they alledge this to *have been done* by *Nature*, I'll ask them how it *reached ſo high*, without the aid of an *Omnipotent Hand*, to convey it up ſo far? And how it was poſſible, that of *it ſelf* it ſhould make every one of thoſe *Spangling Lights*, the leaſt of which is *bigger* than the *Earth*? As alſo, how *Nature* came to be ſo *very exact*, as to *range* them all as it were in *Battle-array*, and therein to *preſerve* them with ſuch an *Excellent Diſcipline*, that they have not *deſerted* their *Poſt*, nor *broken through* their *Files* for near *Six Thouſand* Years together; but appear *this Night* to be in the *ſame Order*, as they ever yet have been, and will be in juſt before the *Elements melt* with *fervent Heat*, and ſhrivel up like a *mighty Schroll*? Behold the *Atheiſts* can make no reaſonable *Anſwer* to theſe *ſtrange things*, but appear in the matter

matter, as *Men abaſh'd*, or *Planet-ſtruck*, having not one word of Senſe to ſay: For, alas! It is not their bare *aſcribing* the *firſt Cauſe* of all things to *Nature*, *Chance*, or *Fortune*, that will here avail them any thing; becauſe matters of *this Nature* muſt be more evidently *made out*, and *ingeniouſly handled*, than ever any of *that Society* has yet Eſſay'd to do, in order to *perſwade* the World, that *theſe Wonders* of Heaven are not the *ſtupendious Works of God*: Where now is the Man, and what's his Name, that after the reading of *this Eſſay*, can diſcover ſo much *weakneſs*, as ſtill to continue in the *State* of the *Faithleſs*, unleſs he can give a readier *Anſwer* to every *Queſtion* here propoſed? Which I dare affirm, without any *overweening Thoughts* of my *meaner Works*, can never be done by any Man living, unleſs they could by ſome *Magical Arts* bewitch the *Minds* of *Men*, into ſuch a *phrenzy of Unbelief*, as to adhere to their *wild* and *groundleſs Notions*, with unaccountable *Obſtinacy*.

And this I am ſure is the Caſe of every one, who entertains any *Blaſphemous Thoughts* of God, or preſumes to *diſown him* for their *Soveraign Creator*. And from hence it may be inferr'd, that it is much *more Eligible* for any *reaſonable Man* to go to the *ſupream Founder* of Heaven and Earth, which can be no other *Being*, *Cauſe*, or *Efficient*, but the *firſt Perſon* in the ever *bleſſed Trinity*, and own him to be his *Maker* with a ſtedfaſt *Faith*, and firm *Belief*, than to *bewil-*

der his Soul with a multitude of *Atheiſtical Thoughts*, which he knows not how to make out in any point whatſoever; and he who does ſo may be juſtly accounted to *court Damnation* in earneſt, by confuſedly *diſturbing* their own peace and *tranquillity of Mind*, whilſt they call into queſtion the *Being* of an *All-ſeeing God*, and lay the *firſt Cauſe* of every Work of Creation to *blind Chance*, or ſome *unſeen Accidents*. May I therefore *prevail* with every *profeſſing Chriſtian*, to own a *Deity*, and acknowledge a *Providence*, to be the *main Fountain* from whence all other Cauſes ariſe: I mean not only by *making a bare Profeſſion thereof* in *Words*, or in *outward Behaviour*, but adding thereto *purity of Heart*, and *ſanctity* of Life: for whoſoever they be that ſuffer *their Actions* to contradict *their Creed*, they are as much *Atheiſts inwardly*, as profeſſed ones are *outwardly*, and their *Damnation* will be equally *inevitable*.

Moreover I here take leave to lay down, as a *Maxim* to *ſucceeding Ages*, That there is *no Man* now living on Earth, that has a *True Faith*, and *ſtedfaſtly believes* God to be the *Supream Maker* of the higheſt Heavens by the *Word of his Power*, and that he will one day *raiſe up* the *dead Bodies* of his *Saints*, with thoſe of *Sinners*, to live in *endleſs Joys* or *Eternal Miſeries*, that ever willingly commits *one premeditated*, or *wilful Sin*, againſt *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*: And how ſevere ſoever this *Aſſertion* may ſeem to be to the *careleſs Libertines* in this our Age, that vainly

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Stile themſelves Believers, and outwardly wear the *Badge of Chriſtianity*, they will ere long *find it true*, to their *Everlaſting Shame*; except they are *born again*, and become as *little Children* in *Innocence*, and *Meekneſs* of Temper, ſo as to be *kind* to all, and *hurtful* to none, tho' of never ſo *different a Perſwaſion*, as to Opinion, Sect, or Party, provided they adhere to *the Truth* in Jeſus.

What I have now aſſerted, I take to be no *Digreſſion* from the *Subject in hand*; ſince my firſt *Deſign* of treating on this *neceſſary Head*, was not only to *Confute thoſe* that pull off their *Vizards*, and act the part of *Atheiſts* on a *publick Stage*, without Shame, Fear, or Wit; but if poſſible to convince all and every *ſingular Sinner*; ſince they in *my Opinion* are as much *Unbelievers*, as the former; and tho' they appear not ſo *contemptible* in the *Eyes of Men*, yet their *Crimes* are *altogether as hainous* in the *ſight of God*: Wherefore it ſhall henceforth be my *daily Prayer*, that Heaven would induce every Native of the *Britiſh Iſle*, to cry out with me in this *Soliloquy* of Joy, 'Awake my drowzy Soul, and 'convey thy ſelf on Contemplation's Wings *as high* 'as Heaven, whence Millions of Millions of 'bright Stars are now ſending down their *ſpark-* 'ling Light on *this Hill* in this *Solitary Wilder-* 'neſs, ev'n at a time when the Sun has *with-* 'drawn its Light, and the *Moon* is *newly Set* in 'the Shades of *Obſcurity*: Ceaſe not then, my 'Soul! to *Adore*, *Praiſe*, and *Worſhip* that God,

'who is now *lightning my Paths* on the *Stum-*
'*bling Mountains*, with an infinite number of *re-*
'*ſplendant Stars*, ſo that I can *eaſily diſcern* the
'tops of many Trees, and *behold their Branches*
'ſhaking to and fro with the nightly Breath
'of a *cooling Wind*; all which ſeems *ſo ſweet*
'to me, that it ev'n *raiſes my Affections* above
'the airy Fancies of a *vain World*: For how
'*aſtoniſhing* is it to my Soul, to view ſo many
'*glowing Sparkles*, and wiſely contemplate to
'what an *unfathom'd height* they be rais'd above
'the *towring top* of the moſt *lofty Mountain*; a
'diſtance that would take up near *Seven Hun-*
'*dred Thouſand* years for one of them to *fall to the*
'*Earth*, tho' God ſhould by his *Power permit*
'it to come *rowling down* with as *ſwift a motion*,
'as a Bullet flies its *appointed way* towards the
'deſign'd Mark. O what *high Thoughts* are
theſe to my *exalted heart*, and what a *ſtrength*
do they add to my *ſtaggering Faith*! ſo that I
could freely *ſit me down* here, during the *Spring of*
Life, to admire the *Wonders* of my *Heavenly*
Father in the yonder Sky, where there are more
fixed Stars, than there are *Motes in the Air*, or
Fiſh in the *Sea*: For if the *Stars* are ſo far above
the Earth, and yet they *appear ſo innumerable* to
every Beholder, what a *vaſt Hoſt* muſt there then
be, of *theſe* whoſe *further removed Fires* are unable
to affect the *dull Opticks* of our Eyes; conſider-
ing the Sky is ſo many thouſands of Millions of
times *larger* than the *Globe* of *this Earth* is in *cir-*
cumference? Tho' this *Relation* may ſeem *ſur-*

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prizing, and *ſtrange* at the *firſt proſpect*, yet the *matter of fact* will appear plain, if we attend to *this Compariſon*: Suppoſe there could be a *round Sphere* made of *Ten thouſand* Miles Diameter, and that a little *round Peble*, about the ſize of a *Marble*, was hung in the *Center thereof* by a *ſingle Hair*, would not the *Shell*, wherein the *Stone hung*, be many Millions of Millions, hundreds of Thouſands of times Ten Millions of times *larger every way* than the ſaid *Peble*? Why even ſuch a *diſproportion* there is between the *lofty Sky* and the little *Globe of the Earth*, that lies lodg'd in the *Mid-way* of that *Univerſal Round*. O then ceaſe not, my *thoughtful Soul*! to admire the profound, unlimited, unfathomable, and unexpreſſible *Power*, and *Wonderful Workings* of the *only wiſe God*, for that thou haſt ſeen *his Wonders* in their *higheſt Extent*; and from *this inſtant* of time queſtion no more his *infinite Being*, *Power*, and *Council*, than thou doſt *thy living* at the Moment when thy *Pencil*, or *Tongue*, is drawing out or delineating this *lively Scene*, in ſuch plain *Characters* and intelligible *Expreſſions*. Conſider therefore, O my *diſcerning Soul*! whether it will not be more *eaſy for God* to gather up the *ſcatter'd Particles* of thy *conſumed Body* at the *Judgment* of the *great Day*, and mould it after the *ſimilitude* of his *Son's moſt Glorious Body*; as it was once for him to *make a whole World* out of a *confuſed* Heap of Matter, and *this* of Nothing?

Prudently weigh this Caſe, O my *precious*

Soul! whether it is not *much more eaſie* for a *Supream Power*, to unite this thy *Spirit* to its old *Companion* the *Body*, when the *Trumpet* ſounds its laſt *Alarum*, and bids the *Dead Ariſe*, as it was effectually to *Command* that a great *Luminary* ſhould appear in the *Eaſtern part* of the Earth, and give *Light* to a *dark Chaos?* Reaſon with thy ſelf, O my *Darling Soul!* whether it is not as feaſible to *believe*, that thy *Soveraign King* can take thee *to himſelf*, when Death *ſeparates* thee from this *Clod of Clay*; as it is to make a *New Moon* every Month, and cauſe it to *ſhine forth* on the *fruitful Trees* and *barren Plains*, when no other *Light* appears in the upper *Regions*, but only the *fainter Beams* of the *numerous Stars*. Argue with thy ſelf, O my *Dear Soul!* if it is not as much in *the power* of the *Lord God Jehovah*, to ſay with an *effecting Might* to the *Atheiſt* at the *Great Aſſize*, Depart from *my preſence*, and be for *ever undone*; as it was to *weave out a Canopy* to incircle the whole *Globe of the World*, and to beſtud it all over with an infinite number of *twinkling Stars* of *different Luſtres?* Then why ſhould'ſt thou Queſtion, O my *Beloved Soul!* but that *that Power* which made the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*, will give thee a *Royal Crown* when thy *Chriſtian Race* is run: not ſuch an one as is *admired*, and *fervently courted* by vainly *ambitious Mortals*; but a *Diadem* of Glory, that will for *ever ſhine* more bright in the view of *Juſt Men made perfect* to all Eternity, than many

material

material Suns, or *ſhining Moons*, tho' inviron'd with all the innumerable multitudes of *twinkling Stars?* Be not then *caſt down*, O my *Languiſhing Soul!* but arm thy ſelf with the *Helmet of Faith*, and *Breaſt-plate* of *pure Works*, that whenever *Infidelity*, or *mean Thoughts of God* ariſe from thy corrupted Heart, as an *overflowing Stream*, thou may'ſt draw the *Weapon* of *true Belief*, and hew down the *pernicious Tree*, from which ſuch *poyſonous Fruits* do proceed: For conſider, O my *Drooping Soul!* that the ſhort *dreaming Joys* of *Unbelievers*, can never *counterbalance* the *loſs of Heaven*, which is the Complement of *ſolid Happineſs*; or *compenſate* for *Eternal Pains:* Since thou art of *more value* to thy ſelf, than Ten thouſand Worlds, and thy *Pretenſions to Glory* ought to be infinitely *more precious* to Thee, than thoſe of any *Mortal Race* to an Earthly Diadem: For if thou *art loſt*, all is *gone with thee*: And if to win the *favour of Men* is like to prove ſo *hard a Bargain* to thee, my *Darling Soul!* I'll ſcorn their *Smiles*, and never dread their *Frowns*, but continue here in *Solitude*, till the Perſon of the *Son of God*, who is now abſtaining from Meats, beckens me hence, to *do and ſuffer* ſomething more *with* and *for* him, during his *abode in a mortal State.* For be it known to thee, my *ineſtimable Soul!* that I ſet a *greater price* on thy worth, than to *pawn thee* to *Eternal Deſpair* for ſhort *unſatisfying Bodily Pleaſures*, and the *Reputation* of a Wit, by *disbelieving* the *Attributes*

of God, and aſcribing the *firſt Original of the World* to a *ſudden jumble* of thoughtleſs *Atoms*, or I know not what other *inſignificant Word*. No, my Soul! I'll leave theſe *empty Sounds*, and fanciful *Dreams*, to be ſcatter'd among the *Darlings* of the *Earth*, and haſte to *ſound a Retreat* from ſuch ſwelling *Waves of Atheiſm*, whoſe poyſonous *Waters* have *overflown* the Land of thy *Nativity*, as a mighty *Ocean* or ſwelling *Deluge:* For with grief be it known to thee, O my Soul! that the *main Fleet* of Mankind, have, as it were, *weighed Anchor*, and are now falling down the *muddy Channel* of *Infidelity*, in order to *ſet Sail* in the *Black Sea* of *Damnation*, where they ſhall never find an *Harbour of Reſt*, or a *Port of Safety*, but be forced to *reel to* and *fro* to the tedious Ages of a *long Eternity*, by the *ſtrong Guſts* of God's *incenſed Wrath*. Then, let who will take in *Fraight* for ſo *dangerous a Voyage*, I'll joyn the *little Squadron* that is bound for the *Canaan Shore*, and run thro' the Storms of *Infamy* and *Reproach*; if ſo by any means I may but *arrive ſafe* at the Port of *Eternal Joys*, and behold the City of the *New Jeruſalem*, where *Streams* of Pleaſures *flow* from the *Well-ſpring* of Life. But here I'll arreſt the *Current* of my *Diſcourſe*, and ask my *Courteous Reader*, if ſuch *Arguments* and *Conſiderations* as theſe may not be thought *ſufficient* to melt a *frozen heart* into drops of *trickling Tears*, and even to cauſe an *Infidel* to cry out in the *anguiſh* of his Soul, O *What ſhall I do to be ſaved?* Unleſs I bitterly

ly grieve for the *lewd Crimes* of a *malignant life*, and ſay to God, *I now believe, O keep me ſtedfaſt in the Faith.* And then let who will *ſtruggle* for theſe *periſhing Nothings*, I'll never be ambitious to *wear* a *fading Crown*, or *ſway* a Golden *Scepter*; altho' I could be ſo *fortunate*, as to have the *one* plac'd on *my Brow*, without the glance of an *Envious Eye*, or to *graſp* the *other* into my hands with the *unanimous conſent* of all the *Lords* and *great Men*, and the loud *Applauding Shouts* of every *meaner Perſon*; for ſuch *Grandure* can avail me nothing, when the *Emiſſaries of Death* come to hover round my *dying Pillow*, and I am juſt going to *Launch* into the vaſt *Ocean of Eternity.* No, no; I fear I ſhall find it hard enough to reach the *Bay of Reſt*, without being *loaded* with the *weighty Fraight* of Government: So that whoſoever will, may ſtrive for *theſe vaniſhing Shadows*, but as for me, I ſhall never be deſirous to *Command*, as *Generaliſſimo* over the Forces of any *King*, *State*, or *Province*, altho' my Name were to *ſound great*, and my *Perſon* to be *revered* in the *higheſt degree* by every Souldier of Fortune; ſince ſuch an *honourable Poſt* will be *no gain* to me, when *thickned Clots* of *ſtopping Flegm* lye ruttling in my Throat, and foretels a *ſudden Change*; and I find, by ſad experience, my *precious Soul* deſerted by *the God* that *made it.* No, no; I ſhall find it work *ſufficiently difficult*, and the Combate will be *ſharp enough*, to break thro' the *lancing Pikes of Sin*, by a moſt indiſpenſably *neceſſary Skill* in *Spiritual Warfare*, without *incum-*

cumbring my ſelf in other *Military Affairs*, or learning the *politick Intrigues* of *material War*: For I cannot but fancy, when a *Soldier* comes to Heaven, he'll find no *Admirers* of ſuch who imbrued their *cruel Hands* in Streams of *Crimſon Blood*, or were expert in *taking Towns* by Storm; but will hear thoſe *Applauded* as *Heroick Souls*, who could without a *panick Fear* be ty'd to *Stakes*, ſcorch'd with *Flames*, and boil'd in *Oil*, for the *Teſtimony of a good Conſcience*, and the *Zeal* they bore to *God* their *Soveraign King*: Not that I aver it a Sin to *defend* a *Righteous Cauſe*, with naked Sword in Hand, or even to *ſheath* its bright *Blade* in the Bowels of a Tyrant's Forces, provided our *Intentions* are *for God* and our *Religion*, and not for the Ends of *Pride* and *Vain-glory*. But I only take leave to give it as my *Opinion*, That it is much better to *ſeek Peace* on any terms, if it can be attain'd with the *ſafety* of our dear *Religion*, *Laws*, and *Liberties*, and to dwell with me on this *ſolitary Mount*, near the *Perſon* of the *Son of God*, and cry out with the *Royal Prophet*, *Pſal.* 8. 3. and ſay in this his *pathetick* Language, I'll *Conſider the Heavens, even the works of thy fingers, the Moon, and the Stars, which thou haſt ordained.* Or as as it is recorded in *Pſal.* 19. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. *The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the Firmament ſheweth forth his handy work; day unto day uttereth Speech, and night unto night ſheweth knowledge. There is no ſpeech, nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone thro' all the Earth, and their words to*

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the end of the World: In them he hath ſet a Tabernacle for the Sun, which is as a Bridegroom coming forth out of his Chamber, and rejoiceth as a Strong Man to run a Race. His going forth is from the end of the Heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

Let therefore whoever will, think fit to *inflame* their *Blood* in Marches and Countermarches, in a vain expectation of *pitching their Tents* in an *Enemies Camp*, and becoming *Maſters* of the *Field of Battel*; I ſhall never be ſo fond as to exhauſt my *Vital Spirits*, for gaining ſome few *Roods of Ground*, by ſtripping the *gaudy Plumes* of Pride from off the dead Bodies of a few *vain aſpiring Mortals*, who perhaps but the day before buoy'd up their *ſinking Spirits*, with a real belief of ſtepping up to ſome higher *Marks of Honour*, by the *Vanquiſhing* of their Foes, or the Fall of their Superiours: For, alas! it will turn to no account when the *Caſements* of my Eyes are *juſt cloſing* their Lids, and ſhutting in to an *Eternal Night*, or when it is truly *reported* of me, my Soul is *taking its Flight* towards the Land of Oblivion: No, no; I find it a Task hard enough to make my *Calling* and *Election ſure*, without *fighting*, or *ſtriving* for a few paces of Earth, or a *flying Standard*: ſo that I had rather ſtay me here, and ſend up my *pure Thoughts* to Heaven, where there is no *private Spy* to overhear my *Secret Whiſpers*, but the piercing Ear of *God my Father*, who will ſooner hear my

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devout Prayers in this *private Receſs*, than if I ſhould ramble it o're the World at the head of a *valiant Army* that had but newly *mow'd down* many Troops of *withſtanding Enemies*, and thereby made way to a *compleat Victory*.

Are not theſe *Divine Truths*, and convincing *Reaſons*, ſufficiently efficacious to *charm the Soul* of a daring Sinner into the *ardent Love* of the *ſweet Shades* of a *retired Life*, and make him cry out, Let who will *ſtarve their Bodies*, and *damn their Souls*, by ſitting up many a *Winter Night* in caſting up their *Accounts* of Trade, when they have *goods laid up for many years*? I ſhall never *benum* my Body, or *freeze* up the Streams of a *pregnant Wit*, by too much *anxious Care*, for what I know not *who ſhall Enjoy*: for I am no wiſe likely to live *one quarter* of the Age of *Methuſalem*, or continue my *Abode on Earth* for many years; ſo that henceforth I'le learn to ſpend thoſe *dark Evenings* in my *retired Study*, or the Houſe of *publick Worſhip*, becauſe I ſadly experience all the days of my *earthly Pilgrimage* to be time little enough to *trade for Eternity*. Wherefore in *private* I'le live, in a *Shade* I'le dye, and in a *Cave* I will be interr'd. Tho' others may waſt a *ſtrong Conſtitution* of Body, for gaining the *Meat that periſhes*, and be ſo fond of theſe *outward Enjoyments*, as for their ſake to *wear themſelves* to a Skeleton, I ſhall never be *ſo greedy* of *any thing* here below, as to think it worth my while to *debilitate Nature*, and *enervate* my Joints, ſince all my *youth* and *ſtrength* is inſufficient to *win the Victory* over Sin, and

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attain Salvation for my *precious Soul*: Nothing henceforth ſhall *decoy me* out of this *Bower of Peace*, but the *Call* of the *Son of God*, when he is *departed hence* to *ſuffer* ſomething more for the *flagrant Sins* of Man. Nay, let who will be ſo *inconſiderate*, as to trifle away their *precious Moments*, and loyter out their *Summer Seaſons* in unlawful *diverſions*: I dare not by any means *provoke Heaven*, or as it were *allure the Devil* to diſplay his *ſeducing Temptations*, by ſpending any part of a *Short Life* in doing nothing that tends to the *Honour of God*, the *Works of Neceſſity*, or *Acts of Mercy*: But I will *pray devoutly*, and inure my Body to ſome *lawful Employ*, whereby I may have nothing to *chide me* at the laſt, for laying *Time* as a *Burden* upon my hands; ſo that I'le for the future hide my ſelf in this *ſolitary Wilderneſs* from the *Inſults* of the Idle, and creep into ſome *hollow-Tree*, that I may ſhun the *alluring Smiles* of the *Wanton*, who do little elſe but languiſh their life away in *Voluptuous living*. Nay, tho' any ſhould be ſo vain, as to *pride themſelves* in their *fair Faces* or comly *Shapes*, and take a ſecret Delight to be *admir'd* for their *much Beauty*, I ſhall never *envy them* for theſe their miſtaken *Advantages*, ſince they only give them a Right to be *compared* to a *Fortreſs* beautified, and ſufficiently *inriched* by *Nature*, to tempt the *ambitious Conquerors* thither to turn their *injurious Arms*, but not ſtrong enough to *repell* the *unwearied Aſſaults*, or *hinder* the continual *Approaches* of the *eager* and *indefatigable*

tigable Enemy. No; if I were to be *fram'd* a ſecond time in the *Womb*, and to live over again my *Blooming Youth*, I would inſtantly pray to him that *fram'd me*, when I was yet unborn, That he would give me a *compos'd Countenance*, a *ſtraight Body*, and an *unerring Soul*; whereby I might not *look Moroſe*, nor appear *deformed*, but defend my ſelf from the *Inſults* of the *Audacious*, who can court with a *deſign* to *raviſh*, *lie* with an intent to *deceive*, and *promiſe* with a reſolve *never to perform*. If this were to be the *natural Language* of all, in how *happy* a ſtate ſhould we be, and how ſhould we *ſtrive* as it were to *retire into Solitude* at ſome certain Seaſons in every year, in imitation of the *Son of God*, there to contemplate the *Works of Creation*, and live an *auſtere* ſort of life, not in hopes of *meriting Eternal Joys* by our own *Works*, according to the *Principles* of the Church of *Rome*, but only that we may *bid Defiance* to the many *Snares* of *Infidelity*, relying on the *Merits* of *Chriſt* for Salvation; ſince all our *beſt Performances*, tho' adorn'd with *human Knowledge*, can by no means be pleaſing in the *pure Eyes* of God, or attone for *flagrant ſins* of an *impure* Converſation: For if a Man had the *righteouſneſs* of the *Phariſees*, and the *Wiſdom* of *Solomon*, he would ſtill aſpire to *peep beyond the Clouds* in ſearch of ſome *unrevealed Myſtery*, or hope to find ſome *Eaſier way* to Glory, in imitation of the *ſpeculative Atheiſt*, the *Popiſh Prieſt*, and the rigid *Predeſtinarians*, who are for prying into the *Cabinet Council* of God's

God's *hidden Decrees*, to know what was *tranſacted* before the Creation, or aſcribe *forgiveneſs of Sins* to mortal Man, by placing him in St. *Peter's Chair*, with the Key of *Heaven* in his hand, and *Abſolution* in his Power.

But here I muſt put a *ſudden ſtop* to the *Career* of my Pen, ſince the time draws near, when *Chriſt* will leave this *ſolitary Wilderneſs*, and yield *Obedience* to his *Father's Will*, by returning into *Galilee*; therefore I muſt go down from this lofty *Mount*, and tell the *Righteous Souls* that attended me into *Solitude*, that they muſt *do* and *ſuffer* ſomething more for the ſake of *Jeſus*, before they ſee the *Face of God* in Glory: But before I leave theſe *lonely Shades*, I'll chear their *drooping Souls*, and revive their *Fainting Spirits*, by uſing this Excellent Form of Words.

'O thou *mighty God*! the *Eternal King* of Hea-
'ven, we have waited the Call of thy *beloved*
'*Son*, Forty Days and Forty Nights; Now he
'bids us *haſte away* to ſee his *Miracles*, and behold
'his *Sufferings*: But, Lord! the Blood ſeems to
'*chill within our Veins*, for fear that any *Rancour*
'or *Plague-ſore* ſhould break out afreſh, to *in-*
'*fect our Souls* with the *malignant Diſtemper* of
'*Unbelief*, when we come to walk again in the
'*Poiſonous Air* of a *tumultuous* City, and ſo we
'*Faint*, *Bleed*, and *Dye*, before we reach the *Goal*,
'or gain the *Prize*, for which we now *Run*,
'*Fight*, and *Strive*. Therefore, O thou *Fountain*
'*of Life*, and *God of Glory*! Prepare for us a

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'*Soveraign Antidote* of thine own *Preſcription*, that 'may *diſpel* all *Atheiſtical Thoughts*, that will come 'flying in, as ſo many *ſwift Arrows* to wound 'our *Darling Souls*, and make them bleed afreſh, 'loſing the precious *Vital Blood* of Faith, for the '*foul corruption* of *Infidelity*: Thou knoweſt, Lord, 'we had rather *tarry here* and *Pray*, during the '*continuance of Life*, tho' it be but in an *howling* '*Wilderneſs*, and a *ſolitary Grove*, than to travel 'thro' the *many Defiles* of a *publick Station*, 'with the *thick Ranks* of labouring *Sinners*, where '*Vice* is dreſt up in a *tempting Garb*, and varniſh'd 'over with *artificial Colours*; but this is only for the '*ſake* of the *Son of thy love*: for ſhould he *Aſcend* 'above the *Clouds* before *Death* lays us into the '*ſilent Grave*, we would make another progreſs 'toward theſe *gloomy Shades*, and enter a *ſecond* '*time* into *Solitude*, ſince we *experimentally* find, 'that the abſence of *evil Converſation* ſerves to '*wean* us from *Senſe*, and center our *Deſires* on 'thoſe *ſublime Joys*, that are altogether unknown 'to *vitious Men*, and *lewd Women*; delights, that 'may be only *conceiv'd in thought* by thoſe that '*enjoy 'em*, but not to be *expreſs'd in Words*: 'for our *Breathings* of *Soul* are as high as Hea-'ven, and our *Quiet* of *Mind* as calm as the '*peaceful Air*, when abſolutely *undiſturb'd* by any '*breathing Gales*. For our *Affections* are carried 'up, as it were in *Elias* his Chariot, that we 'can even peep into the *wondrous Workings* of our 'wiſe *Creator*, and behold his *marvellous Doings*. 'O then, what a *Seaſon* have we enjoy'd, during

'*our*

our ſtay in this *Thicket* of Safety, where all the *numerous Squadrons* of *Unbelievers*, and the many *Battalions* of *Luke-warm Chriſtians* could never approach with their *heavy Mortars* of *Infidelity*, or large *Cannons* of *Deceit*, ſo as to *Demoliſh* the impregnable *Temple* of our moſt *holy Faith*, or penetrate thro' the *ſtrong Walls* of our *good Works*: No, praiſed be the Name of him that *lives for ever*! we have held proof againſt all their *hiſſing Granadoes*, and *flying Bombs* that came *roaring* down, and *rattling Bullets* entring in like *Stones of Hail* in a bitter Storm. No: thanks be to the God that *Reigns above*, we have weather'd off their *violent Attacks*, *Cloath'd* with the *impenetrable Armour* of *Reaſon*; and in ſuch a wonderful manner, that they ſeem to be *driven back*, and *turn'd to flight*, never to rally again ſo long as *Sun* and *Moon* endures, or the *Stars twinkle* on high; becauſe ſuch were the *only Weapons* whereby we defended the *Power of God*, and ſtop'd the *flight* of their *fiery Darts*, making them to *recoil* to their *own Deſtruction* and *Eternal Shame*, in ſuch a *ſignal manner*, as may ſerve for a *Monument* of *Defeat* to After-Ages, that none may *preſume* to riſe up in *Arms of Rebellion* againſt that *Being*, which *firſt infus'd* into them the *Breath of Life*, making them to *differ* from the *Beaſts that periſh*; and that in a moment of time can *Proclaim* them *Rebels*, even by their own *Declaration*. O the Joy which we *conceive* to our ſelves! at the ſinking of the *old Atheiſtical*

Cauſe, and expoſing the *weakneſs* of their *Forces* to publick view, that for the *future* none may be *ſo vain* as to rally their *ſcattered Troops*, to make head againſt *Triumphing Truth*, or ſpeak in their praiſe, who *cannot anſwer* for themſelves. O then let our *reſounding Harmony* be heard throughout the *Nations* of the Earth: Nay, let it *Eccho* much more *melodiouſly* in the *liſtning Ears* of every *true Believer*, than the *piping Organ*, and other Inſtruments of Mirth, did to the hearts of the *Loyaliſts* at the *Cathedral* of St. *Paul's*, in the Year of our Lord God 1702. when our *Soveraign Lady* Queen *ANNE*, attended with others her *Councellors* and *Judges* of State, thought meet to hear *Te Deum* Sung in a *Proteſtant Country*, for the *defeating* of a *Romiſh Tyrant*, who never thought it a Crime to *diſſemble with God*, and deceive his *Subjects*, by Singing *Anthems of Thanksgiving*, generally call'd *Te Deum*, for the ſhameful *Retreat* of his *Armies*, or the Diſhonourable *bearing away* of his *Fleet*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

The Power of God *irrefragably prov'd by* Aſtronomy, *or ſome* Reaſons *given to evince that 'tis very probable, that there are* Inhabited Worlds *in the* Sun, Moon, *and the other* Planets, *together with the fixed* Stars.

I Fancy that I hear *Believers*, as well as *Atheiſts*, decrying me with a *mighty ſhout*, as a Broacher of *new Opinions*, and ſtrange *Notions*, ſaying, Where is that *Mortal*, that can by all his *Wiſdom* and *Learning* take a Dimenſion of the *Earth*, *Sun*, *Moon*, *Stars*, or other *Planets*; or Meaſure how *far* diſtant they are from each other? If not, How *bold an Attempt* is it for any to pretend to give any *tolerable Account*, how many Years a *ſwift Arrow* would be in flying from this *Earth* to the *Sun*; or ſay, That a *Bullet* would be near Seven Hundred thouſand Years poſting it in its *Race* from this *lower World* to the neareſt *Orb* of the *fixed Stars*, ſince the *loftieſt* of them ſeems to be but a *ſhort day's flight* from the *loweſt Valley*.

I readily grant theſe are *high Points*, and *intricate Theams* to treat upon, and ſuch as may ſeem *ſtartling* to them that know *nothing of Aſtronomy*: Yet I hope, by *Divine Aſſiſtance*, and by

a *modeſt Enquiry* into the *ſtupenduous Works* of God, not only to give the *more knowing part* of Mankind an *entire ſatisfaction* therein, but make it *appear plain* and *reaſonable* even to my *meaneſt Reader*, yea and moſt *violent Oppoſers*, tho' formerly never ſo averſe thereunto: To the *diſplaying* whereof, I ſhall aſſume this *following Method*; 1. To give you the *Sentiments* of *others*, and then to deliver my *own Reaſons*, why it may or may not be ſo. *Copernicus* was of the Opinion, That this *Earth* of ours is a *Planet*, carried round and enlightned by the *Sun*, like the reſt of thoſe *wandring Luminaries*; an Opinion, which, in *my thought*, is not altogether a *Chimera*, but ſeems to carry ſome *weight of Reaſon* along with it; ſince there is room to believe, that it is like the *other Planets*, which have their *Laws of Motion*, and alſo in all likelihood *Inhabitants*, as well as this *Earth* of ours: My *Reaſon* for it is this, Becauſe I know the *Moon* is diverſify'd with *long Tracts* of *Mountains*, and again with *broad Vallies*; for when that part of the *Moon* which is turn'd to us, is *partly illuminated*, in it are to be ſeen *Shadows* of the *Mountains*, caſt towards *that part* of them that is *fartheſt* from the *Sun*; and at ſome certain times *little round Valleys* between them, with an Hillock or two perhaps riſing out of them. *Kepler* is of the *Opinion*, That they are *ſome vaſt Work* of the *Rational Inhabitants*, which are Arguments of a *Relation* and *Kin* between our *Earth* and them, as well as a proof of the *Truth* of that *Aſſer-*

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tion: But to render this Point ſtill *more Intelligible*, there is an *Invention* which bears the name of *Teleſcope*, by help of which we may diſcern the *Bigneſs* and *different Forms* of the *Planetary Bodies*, and diſcover the *Mountains*, and the *Shadows* of them, on the Surface of the *Moon*; but be there *Inhabitants* there or not, it ſtill ſhews the *mighty Power* of God, in making them ſo large and *wonderful*; and in my Opinion, muſt need ſerve to *confute the Atheiſts* in their ſilly *Notions*, and add ſtrengh of *Faith* to the *ſincere Chriſtians*. Cardinal *Cuſanus*, and Cardinal *Brennus* were not only of the Opinion, That there were *Worlds* in the *Planets*, but thought that the *Sun* and *fixed Stars* had an *Earth*, and *Inhabitants* in Each of them.

Firſt as to the *Sun*, I believe it to be of a *Vaſt Circumference*, and capable of *entertaining* within its Borders, many more than this *little Globe* of ours: But when I *conſider*, that it is compos'd of a *fiery Nature*, I can't ſo readily *aſſent* to the *Opinion*, that it hath *Inhabitants*: But thus far I know, that the Infinite Power of God could eaſily, when he was *forming the Creation*, have produced a Generation of *Rational Creatures* capable to live in ſuch an *Element*, with as much *Eaſe* and *Health of Body*, as we do in ours: But ſuppoſing I believed there were any *Inhabitants* in the *Sun*, I ſhould rather chuſe to *moderate* the matters on *both ſides*, and deliver my *Sentiments*, which I think will carry ſome

colour of Reaſon along with them, in this manner: When we peep thro' a *Teleſcope*, we may eaſily *diſcern* ſeveral *dark Spots* in the *Sun*, with more than ordinary *Brightneſs* ſeeming to *incircle* them; now it is *extremely probable*, that each of theſe may be *an Earth*, *Peopled* as this of ours is; which is the more *feaſible* on this Account, becauſe it is *believed* by all who are *skill'd* in *Aſtronomy*, that the *Sun* is many Millions of *Miles diſtant* from any part of our *Sublunary Earth*, and is above a Hundred and Eleven times bigger: which in *my Opinion* is not a *Fancy*, but a *Reality*; becauſe they who are *Maſters* in that *curious Science*, have Rules whereby they can *Meaſure* the *Heigth* and *Circumference* of that Great *Luminary*, as alſo the *Stars* and *Planets*; which if duly *Conſider'd*, it is but reaſonable to *believe*, that there may be very near a *true Accompt* given of *theſe things*, no leſs than of the *Eclypſes* of the *Sun* and *Moon*, and other *Appearances* of the *Planets*: Wherefore if it doth *appear*, that the *Sun* is of ſuch a *vaſt Extent*, I think it is not altogether *unreaſonable*, to be of the Opinion that there may be as many *Inhabited Continents* in that *Glorious Lamp*, as there are *Stellæ Borboniæ*, or *Maculæ Solaris*, (i. e.) *Borbonian Stars*, or *Solar Spots*, which are diſcovered in Number *Thirty*, and *their Climate* near, if not altogether, *as moderate* as is *this of ours*, notwithſtanding it is in it ſelf a *fiery Body*; ſince the *Almighty* may uſe ſome ſuch *Methods* to ſhade the *exceſſive Burnings* from them, as he does to qua-

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lifie his *ſcorching Heat* unto us, viz. by *drawing over* them *thicker* and *chiller Clouds* of Water, and *fanning* them with the *cooler Blaſts* of Wind, to render *ſupportable* to them the ſultry Heats of their Air: For it is known, even to all that have taken *any ſurvey* of the *Workings* of God and his *Creation*, That as to thoſe places of our *earthly Globe*, that are more directly *expos'd* to the Violence of the *ſolar Beams*, he has covered them therefrom, as it were with a *Canopy* of *refrigerating Clouds*, and ordain'd the *cooling Breaths* of Air to *preſerve* them from being *burnt up* by the *ſcorching Rays* of that *igneous Orb*; for neither are the *gathering Clouds*, nor *blowing Winds* much above the *tops* of *many Hills*; nay, not ſo high as *ſome Mountains*, as has been often *experienced* by thoſe that have aſcended theſe of their *own Country*, where they have either *Fainted*, or *Died*, or come down all over in a *Bath of Sweat* with the *inexpreſſible Heat* they found there; I ſay then, tho' the *Sun* may be of it ſelf *higher*, yet if thoſe *dark Spots* that are ſeen therein, are *inhabited Earths* (as ſome conjecture) no doubt but God, with his *wiſe Council* in the *Trinity*, preſerved them equally with us: But be there *Worlds therein* or not, yet I am ſure, it is *Wonderful* to behold, and moſt *evidently demonſtrates*, that there is an *Almighty God* concern'd therein.

2. As to their *Opinion*, who think that there is a *World* in every *fixed Star*, it is not ſo abſurd a *Thought*, as many Perſons are apt to *i-*

magine, ſince it is granted by very *Ingenious* and *worthy Men*, and eſpecially *Chriſtianus Huygent*, that great *Maſter* in *Aſtronomy*, That the *fix'd Stars* are ſo many *Suns*: And indeed I am apt to *believe* they are ſo, with this *difference*, that poſſibly they are much *larger*; for the ſame *Author* tells you, and it is alſo the *Opinion* of *many others*, who are skill'd in that *noble Science*, That the *neareſt* of the *fixed Stars* is *Twenty ſeven Thouſand ſix Hundred Sixty four* times *higher* from the *Sun*, than the *Sun* is from us; and that it would take up near a *Hundred thouſand* years for a Bullet to *travel* from us to them, admiting it run in a *Moment* or *Pulſe of an Artery* a hundred Fathom. This *Account* depends upon the *Meaſure* of the *Earth's* Diameter, which *according* to the *accurate Obſervations* of the *French*, is Six *Millions*, five Hundred thirty *eight Thouſand*, five Hundred Ninety four times ſix *Paris* Feet, one Degree being Fifty ſeven Thouſand and Sixty of *that Meaſure*: which if ſo, how *inconſiderable* muſt this *Earth* be which *we inhabit*, when compar'd with thoſe *vaſt Orbs* that incircle this *Terreſtrial Ball?* So that indeed I take this *whole World* of ours to be but as a *grain of Muſtard-ſeed*, hung up in the *Centre* of a *Globe* of five thouſand Miles Diameter: Therefore I hope it will be taken as *no Crime*, nor in any wiſe ſeem to *contradict* the written *Word of God*, if I ſhould be of the *Opinion*, That God never made ſo *wonderful* a piece of *Work* as that of this *Univerſal All*, for the Uſe of ſo little a *Tract of*

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Land as this *ſmall Globe* of ours is, and to have no other *Inhabitants* nor any more *Beholders* of theſe his *Wonderful Doings*, than ſuch a little number of *inconſiderable Mortals* as we are; and ſuch too, as live ſo *remote* from the *beſt part* of his *Handy-works*. Certainly ſuch a *Procedure* as this would be, as if a *great Artiſt* ſhould draw out a *curious Piece* of *Painting*, or ſome extraordinary *piece* of *Work*, and only ſuffer it to be view'd afar off by three or four poor *Ignorant Peaſants*, that are uncapable of ſo much as *framing* any *Idea* of the *Rarity* of it, or in the leaſt able to *comprehend* what it means, when at a *beck* with his *Finger*, or a *word* of his *Mouth*, he might have ſummon'd a Hundred thouſand *near Spectators*, and ſuch too, as were *well skill'd* therein, and would have *celebrated* his Art with a *Juſt Praiſe*. Seeing then it appears from what has been ſaid, that every *fixed Star* is at leaſt as big as *this Earth* of ours, and ſome of them a Thouſand times bigger; it ought not to be *thought prophane* in me, or any other perſon, if we ſhould *entertain a Thought*, That there are more *Tenants* living in every one of them, than there are *Souls* now breathing on *this Earth*, and as *reaſonable Creatures* as any of us; if not much *more obedient* to their *Sovereign Creator*, even ſo as not to *conceive* ſo much as a *ſimple Thought* againſt his Infinite *Perfection*: And the *true Reaſons* why I can't but in ſome meaſure even *perſwade* others to be of the Mind, That there are *more Worlds* than *this of ours*, are theſe

Two weighty Conſiderations: The one is drawn from *Scripture*, the other from *Sight* and *Reaſon*: The *firſt* is in *Heb.* 1. 2. *God hath in theſe laſt days ſpoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed Heir of all things; by whom alſo he made the Worlds.*

The *ſecond* is this, There are innumerable more *fixt Stars*, than we can behold with *our Eyes*, I mean without the help of any *Inſtrument*. Now how could *theſe be made* for the *Uſe* of *Mankind*, that for ſome *Thouſands of Years* were not *known* to them, and that even at this day are not able to affect the *moſt penetrating Eyes* with a *glimmering Light*, which is the *Influence* that of all others reaches furtheſt? And if it is true, that they *were not made* for the *uſe* of *Man*, the next and only probable *Conjecture* we can make, is, That they were *form'd* each for its *proper Inhabitants*; or we muſt ſay that they were *created* to *no Purpoſe* at all; which were *abſurd* to the *higheſt pitch* of Extravagancy.

If any will *call in Queſtion* what I have *aſſerted*, That the *Number* of *fixt Stars* undiſcoverable by the *naked Eye*, is *vaſtly greater* than that of thoſe to be *diſcern'd* thereby; I would only deſire him to be *ſo curious* for once, as to make uſe of a *Teleſcope*, and they will *eaſily diſcern* above Ten or Twelve times as *many more*, than they can *otherwiſe* perceive. This is not the conceit only of ſome *whimſical Star-gazers*, or the *new ſtarted Notion* of ſome *Crazy Brain*, but an *undoubted Reality*, and certain matter of fact.

Where-

Wherefore I can't but *perſuade my ſelf*, that this *wonderful Immenſity* of the *Works* of *God* will bring every one to the *firm belief* of his *Being*, *Eſſence*, and *Attributes*. I could have produced many more *cogent Arguments*, why it is but *reaſonable* to be of *Opinion*, that there are *Inhabitants* in the *Sun*, *Moon*, with the reſt of the *Planets* and *fixed Stars*, who are governed by the ſame *general Laws* and *Statutes* as our *Forefathers*, or at leaſt are try'd by the *ſame Judge*, I mean the *ſecond Perſon* in the *Godhead*: But I ſhall leave all *ſuch things* to every Man's *own Reaſon*, to think of them as he pleaſes, ſince God hath not been pleaſed to *reveal it*, whether it is ſo or not; this being a point not in the leaſt *relating to our Salvation*.

The true *Deſign* why I *treated* on theſe *intricate Subjects*, was, That every one may *Contemplate* with aſtoniſhment the *Wonders of Heaven*, and cry out with me, Now I have had a *clearer View* than ever of the wonderful *Works* of God, and from henceforth ſhall never embrace an *unbecoming Thought* of God, either as to his *Almighty Power*, *Wiſdom*, *Mercy*, *Juſtice*, *Truth*, *Goodneſs*, *Patience*, or *Omnipreſence*: for behold I am now *aſtoniſh'd*, whenever I take a *ſurvey* with theſe *bodily Eyes*, and ſee beyond thoſe *Stars*, on which my *Forefathers* ſo often gaz'd with *Admiration*, and diſcern Ten or Fifteen times as many more as ever they concluded there were, and all as large as *this Ball* whereon I move, few of which were ever by them

ſuppoſed

ſuppoſed to be either ſo *lofty* or ſo *large*: But that which ſeems to raiſe my *Contemplations* even to an *Extaſie of Wonder*, is to conſider what a *vaſt Number* there is yet *undiſcover'd*, and may yet be ſeen by *mortal Eyes*, when my Body lies immur'd in the *Womb* of this point of our *Earth*, by the help of ſome *Inſtrument* yet un-nam'd, or un-thought of: and after all that, what a *vaſt Hoſt* there may for ever lie hid from all the *ſucceeding Generations* of Men: ſo that now I am convinc'd, that all our former *Opinions* touching the *Amplitude* and *Magnificence* of the *Works of God*, was nothing in compariſon of what *we now know*, and yet we are, as it were, but ſtill in the *very Rudiments* of theſe real *Numbers* and vaſt *Sums* of Beings, that are ſtill *conceal'd* in the *Almighty's Immenſe Treaſury*.

O my God! I now ſee that Forty or Fifty *Figures*, can no more come near the *numbring* of the *Stars*, than an 1, and a Cypher reaches the Sum of a Million of Millions: No, my God! I Queſtion, if I could make as many *Figures* of 8, as men liv'd ſince the *Creation*, whether it would Caſt up near the *Sum*; and yet after all, thou may'ſt have left an *Infinite Vacuum* beyond that determinate Space which thou haſt *repleniſh'd with Beings*, to ſhew how *inconſiderable* all that *thou haſt made*, is to what thy *Power could have done*, had it ſo pleas'd thee. But now, Lord! I will ſtrive to *withdraw my Thoughts* from proceeding any farther into *thy Secrets*,

Secrets, leſt I run into an *Intricate Diſpute* of Infinity, and ſo *diſhonour Thee*, and loſe my ſelf in an untraceable *Labyrinth of Conceptions*: So that I'll here put a ſtay to the Motion of my *ſwift Thoughts*, and learn by degrees this *Excellent Form* of Prayer.

'O thou *boundleſs Creator* of the Worlds! 'what a little *Mole-hill*, or *Bank of Duſt* is this 'ſmall *Terreſtrial Ball*, which we and all Man-'kind here *Tread* and *Trade* upon, when mea-'ſured with the *Works of thy Hands*; for if e-'very *twinkling Star* that glitters in the *Upper* 'and *Lower Orbs*; I mean thoſe that *are viſible*, 'and thoſe that *are not*, are bigger than the 'Globe whereon I now walk; what an *immenſe* 'Diſtance muſt there needs be *between every one* 'of them? O aſtoniſhing Creation! a *wonderful* 'Work not to be conceived, what a *Power there* 'was in thee and the other *ſacred Perſons* of the 'Trinity, when theſe things were fram'd; and 'what a *Wiſdom there is in thee*, the *Father*, *Son*, 'and *Holy Ghoſt*, in preſerving *all things* ever 'ſince, in the ſame *curious Order*, and *beautiful* 'Repair, as at the Creation; and what an *Al-'mighty Breath* muſt that needs be, whereby 'with *one Blaſt*, and a *ſhrill Sound*, all the *In-'habitants* of this *World*, or any *other*, ſhall riſe; 'the Earth or Earths be *diſſolv'd*, the Elements 'ſhall *melt*, and all thoſe *be* as if they had *ne-'ver been*. O my God! how do ſuch *chilling* 'Thoughts ſtop, as it were, the *brisk Career* of 'the *Blood* circulating in my Veins, whilſt I

'fear

'fear leſt I ſhould *offend thy Commands*, at whoſe 'Name I now tremble, O thou *great Founder* 'of all! and much more than Eye can behold 'with any *new invented Inſtrument*, tho' never 'ſo *artificially made* by the moſt ingenious: O 'then be *not angry* at what is paſt; if I *have* 'done *amiſs*, I'll learn to *do ſo no more*: Or if I 'have at any time adventur'd *curiouſly* to pry 'too far into thy *wondrous Doings*, I pray thee 'paſs it by, as an *Effect of Zeal*, and receive 'it not as a *Sin*, for (if a *mortal Man* may be 'permitted to *ſpeak once* to an *immortal God*,) 'it was only to *confirm my Faith*, and that of 'others, that none for the future may *pre-* 'ſume to *deny* thy *Eſſence*, or diſown thy 'Power.

'But, Lord! no farther do I dare to peep 'behind the Curtain of thy moſt *viſible Rarities* 'of Providence. No, I have *look'd ſo far there-* 'in, that I dare *gaze no more*, but *divinely muſe* 'on what I have already *ſeen*, and learn to 'practiſe what I now *believe* and know; ſo that 'after this my Knowledge, I may not be num- 'bred among the *careleſs*, or ſtand amongſt the 'Liſt of ſuch as *own a Deity*, but *deny the Uni-* 'ty with the ſecond and third Perſon in the *e-* 'ver bleſſed Trinity. O my Eternal King! may 'I never be ſo *blaſphemous*, as either by Thought, 'Word, or Deed, ſeem to *ſeparate* the glorious 'Godhead, of *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*, or 'ever maintain ſuch an *idle Diſcourſe*; but al- 'ways be furniſh'd with *ſuch Arguments*, and

unanſwe-

'unanſwerable *Reaſons*, as to ſtand my *Ground*, 'and Fight *victoriouſly*, when attack'd by thoſe 'who pretend they *own Thee* for the *Creator* of 'the *Univerſe*, but *preſumptuouſly deny* the *Di-* 'vinity of thy *Son*, and my *bleſſed Redeemer*, 'and that the *Spirit* the *Comforter* is equal with 'Thee in *Power*, *Truth*, and *Juſtice*, or in the 'leaſt concern'd in the *framing* this *mighty Work* 'of wonder. O then may I *have power* to re- 'ſound it in their Ears with a *loud voice*, like 'Peals of *terrible Thunder*, that unleſs they af- 'firm, and believe, that thou the *Father*, *Son*, 'and *Spirit*, are *one and the ſame*, ſo as never to 'be *divided* from each other, or *inferior* to one 'another, they will be *undone* and *loſt for e-* 'ver.

'O my God! may I take leave to ſpeak *for* 'once without offending Thee, and to ſay, That 'if I know the *Reſolutions* of mine own Soul, 'tho' all the *Inhabitants* of the *Earth* ſhould ſo 'far err from their *Chriſtian Faith*, as to ſay, 'That thou the *Father of Mercies* cauſed'ſt the 'great *Luminary* to ſhine in the yonder Sky, 'without the *Council* of thine *only Son*, and 'Holy *Ghoſt*, yet I would note it in the *Calen-* 'dar of my *Creed* to ſucceeding Ages, That the 'Bright *Sun*, which is computed to be above 'Seven *Millions* of *German* Miles diſtant from 'this *Earth*, was as much the *Work* of thy *E-* 'ternal *Son*, and that of the *Holy Ghoſt Eternal*, 'as it was of Thee the *Eternal Father*; for had 'not all Three aſſiſted, and ſaid, it *ſhould be*

'ſo,

'ſo, it would never have peep'd out its refulgent Head through the *thick Caſements* of black Darkneſs, nor given its *glorious Light*, whereby we *poor Mortals* might have beheld its *gilded Rays*, or meaſur'd out its *ſhining Lineaments* with a Line of *Aſtronomy*; but for ever, during our ſtay on Earth, muſt have *wandred* thro' the *diſmal Shades* of a gloomy *Darkneſs*, in likeneſs of thoſe *forſaken* by God and Man: O let not the Lord be angry, if I adventure once again to ſay, That if I know the *Intentions* of mine own mind, tho' I were ſo ſurrounded with a Band of Men, who without *Reaſon*, *Fear*, or *Judgment*, ſhould endeavour to diſtil into the Mind of Men, that thou, the *Fountain of Life*, ordained'ſt the *Moon*, which now appears by Night in Regions *much lower* than the *Sun*, and is judg'd to be Thirty times *leſſer* in his Diameter than the *Earth*, without the *Advice* of *Son* and *Holy Ghoſt*; yet I will not ceaſe to let them know, That when that *Nocturnal Lamp* was firſt hung forth, the *Son Almighty*, and the *Holy Ghoſt Almighty*, were equally concern'd in *ſetting up* of that *ſhady Light*, as thou the *Almighty Father*; or otherwiſe, we the *Inhabitants* of the Earth ſhould never have beheld its *Viciſſitudes* and *Changes*, or been enlightened with its *glimmering Beams* in this our Pilgrimage to the Grave; ſo that all *Generations* that ever liv'd, muſt have ſtumbled up and down in many a *gloomy*

'*Evening*,

'Evening, as ſo many *benighted Travellers* in 'their Journey home.

'Lord, be not *diſpleas'd*, and I'le ſpeak but 'once more; and if I know the ſecret Receſſes 'of my Heart, ſay, That tho' I ſhould be ſo un-'happy as to be taken, as in *an Ambuſcade*, by 'thoſe who make *no Scruple* to fill many Sheets 'with their *unpardonable Lines*; affirming, That 'Thou, the *Everlaſting Father*, ordered'ſt every 'Star to be ſet in the *lofty Orbs*; ſome of which, 'by due Conſideration, is thought to be up-'wards of 77777777777 Leagues off from the 'Earth, where we now ſojourn; without the *aid-'ing Hand* of *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*; notwithſtan-'ding this *ſudden ſurprize*, I would inſtantly re-'lieve *my ſelf*, and put *them all* to flight, by filling 'ſome Pages with *ſtrong Proofs* of invincible 'force, that when the Firmament was *ſown ſo Thick* 'with thoſe numberleſs Numbers of twinkling '*fiery Diamonds*, That *Emmanuel Uncreate*, and 'that *Paraclet Uncreate*, was as *aiding in* hanging 'them up ſo high, as thou the *Father Uncreate*, 'or not one of thoſe *Sparkles* would ever have '*beſpangled the Heavens* with their admirable 'Gliſtering; but the *Poor Mariners* muſt ever 'have *ſteer'd* in *Jeopardy* towards their *Appoin-'ted Port*, as affrighted *Pilots* in a Storm amidſt 'the *Craggy Rocks* and *Quick-Sands*. No, my 'Eternal King, never will I divide the *Trinity*, 'or leſſen the *Unity*, but daily Pray to Thee, 'the *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*, to refreſh my '*languid Soul* with the *beſprinkling ſhowers* of '*Divine Inſpiration*, ſo that my Spirit *be not*

'*wounded* by the Hands of thoſe that *hate me*; 'even ſuch, whom I have juſt cauſe to believe 'are *now awaken'd* out of the *deep Sleep* of *A-* 'theiſm, as a Man by the Out-cries of a *dread-* 'ful *Fire*, by the irreſiſtible *Whiſpers* of proving 'a *Providence* by the *Extraordinary Works* of 'Nature; but are run as *Men becraz'd* into a 'more *dangerous State* of Damnation, which is '*Deiſm*; and ſpeaking without any *Conſidera-* 'tion of Spirit, that *Jeſus* the *Saviour* of the 'World is *not God* as well *as Man*, nor the 'Holy *Ghoſt Coequal* with *God the Father* and 'Creator. O my God! bid them all be gone, 'and be *undone for Ever*; ſince I deſire to *know* 'none *of their Ways*, or *diſpute* with ſuch as ar- 'gue, That neither thy *Son*, nor the *Holy Ghoſt* 'is any wiſe *related to Thee*, as to thy *Omnipo-* 'tency, and *Incomprehenſibleneſs*, without bring- 'ing one *ſingle Proof* out of *Holy Writ*, why it 'ſhould be ſo: O thou *firſt Perſon* nam'd in the 'Three, may all thoſe be *baniſh'd thy Sight*, and 'driven as *Chaff before the Wind*, who ſtrive, 'by any means, to *ſeparate Thee* from the *other* 'Two, who are all *Coeternal* together in the 'ſame *Trinity*.

Now will I ſhew *my Zeal* to this *united Godhead*, by gilding it out in *Large Characters* on the Pillars of *every Houſe*, where *due Obedience* is paid to Heaven, That there is *One God the Father*, *One God the Son*, and *One God the Holy Ghoſt*; and yet not *Three Gods*, but *One God*, by reaſon that *every One* was, is, and ever will

will be the ſame in *Eternity*, *Might*, and *Wiſdom*; although it is confeſs'd, That there are *Three Lords*, and yet but *One Lord*, on account that the *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt* ſeemingly were ſeparated, as *Three Degrees*, and *Names*, but not any wiſe *divided in Nature*, or *Subſtance*.

O, my God! theſe are ſuch high *Thoughts* of thy *wondrous Workings* in the Creation, and ſuch *noble Idea's* of the *Myſtery* of the *Trinity*, that I ſcarce know how to put a ſtay to the *ſwift motion* of my *running Pen*, or recall my *intent Meditations*, in order to treat of *Subjects* not ſo amazing and intricate: yet if I ſtay to make any *further Enlargement*, or ſeek to *know more* than I have here diſcover'd, I ſhall wear out *Nature*, and *load my Spirits* with more than I am able to bear. O then take Compaſſion on me, O thou the *firſt Cauſe* of the *Univerſe*! for I am in a Conflict betwixt *Two*, whether I ſhall ceaſe to enlarge on theſe *weighty Heads*, or make a *further Progreſs* therein, ſince the latter would be *Gain* to thoſe, who can *hear*, and *conceive* mighty Things of Thee: as to thy *Immenſity* and *Godhead*, without ere *ſtaining their Souls* with Sin, or *prejudging* their *Labouring Minds*; but of *no advantage* to others, who are of a *weaker Capacity*, becauſe there are *Arguments* enough already us'd to prove the *certainty* of thy *Being* and *Union* with the *Second* and *Third* Perſon; and in ſuch a *Plain* and *Familiar* Stile, that ev'n Perſons arriv'd but to the Age of *Ten years*,

may learn and underſtand more to the *Eternal Profit* of their Immortal Souls, than many that count *Three ſcore*, by the more elaborate Eſſays. Therefore I ſhall chuſe rather to bring this *Treatiſe* to a *ſpeedy Period*, in hopes to proſelyte ſome *young Scholars* to the true *knowledge of God*, and *True Religion*, than to fill a *large Volume* with an Intricate Enlargement, only to gratifie ſome *Curious Speculators*, that already perfectly underſtand all that is requiſite to *be Known* or *Practis'd*: wherefore I hope it will not be imputed to me, as if I could treat no longer on ſuch *high Topicks*, if I ſeem to ſhut up this Chapter, with Entring upon another, and *Meditating* on the *Bleſſed Place*, that is fill'd with the *Glory of God's Majeſty*, and that of his *Son*, and the *Holy Ghoſt*.

CHAP. XII.

Divine Thoughts of Glory, *or the unlimited* Bounds *of Heaven.*

O God, Chriſt, and Spirit, One, and yet Three: Three, and yet One! I *poor Offendor* am approaching with all *humility of Heart*, and *Reverence of Soul*, to bow my Face to *the Earth*, and mount my *Meditations* beyond the furthermoſt *Stars*, that I may view, by the *piercing*

piercing Eye of Faith, where Heav'n is, and how long *my Spirit* ſhall be in its *Paſſage* thither, after it hath taken its *ultimate farewell* of the *fleeting Vanities* of *Senſe*; and left a *lifeleſs Body* to be devoured by a *numerous Swarm* of crawling Worms. For it is recorded by the *Learned in Aſtronomy*, and atteſted by the *Ingenious*, That the ſwifteſt Motion that ever was, would be many Thouſands of *Jubilee Years* in meaſuring out that *immenſe Diſtance* between the *Earth* and the *fixed Stars*: what a tedious while then will it be, ere my *Soul* comes to arrive at the *Royal Seat* where that *Bleſſed Council* ſits? And muſt my *poor Spirit* be many Hundreds of Ages in its *Paſſage thro'* the *Regions* of the Air, after its *releaſment* from the *Burden of the Fleſh*? O what a *ſurprize* is this to me, and how do's it *allay the Hopes* I once had, That the Heav'n where I *would fain be* is nigh at Hand, whereby my Soul, the *infuſed Breath* of the *Almighty*, might ſoon be entred therein, when its *great Work* here on Earth was done? O! what a ſtartling is this to hear the *ſad News*, That this *divine Ray* of my *Immortal Mind* muſt be ſo long in his aſcending up to the *Gates of Sion*? I fear, theſe unwelcome *Tidings* will *Slacken* my pace, and cauſe me to *offend without Control*: O *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit*, may I here be heard to make Anſwer to this my *mournful Complaint*, and not always ſuffer my *dear Soul* to be afflicted with Grief, and *overwhelm'd* with *Flouds of Sorrow*, to think of its

long Voyage from the *Lands End* of this *World* to the *neareſt Port* of the Heavenly *Jeruſalem*. O my Soul! be not *caſt down*, and thus *diſpirited* in thy panting Heart, but *diſpell* all ſuch *ſenſeleſs Fears*, and *childiſh Tremblings* at thou knoweſt not what: admit it is ſo far to the *ſtarry Sky*, as ever any *Mortal ſuppos'd* it to be; what matter's that to Thee, ſince *thy Paſſage* will be *as ſhort* to Glory, as if Heaven were juſt *at hand*? For conſider, O my *affrighted Soul*! That *that* Council which at *one Word* made the immenſe *Firmament*, fixing all the *Stars* therein, can, and will in a *Moment*, or the *pulſe* of an *Artery* wing Thee up a Million of times *Higher*, if Glory be *ſo lofty*, which in my apprehenſion *ſome part* of it is, if not *much ſublimer*; for I can't but fancy, That every *bleſſed Inhabitant* there, will be Eternally *ſoaring up* in the *Air of Bliſs*, and yet never mount *ſo far*, as thereby to Dipleaſe, *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Spirit*, or come to the *utmoſt Extent* of thoſe Regions; and in my *Opinion*, the *Limits* of Heaven are ſo *exceeding large*, that admit a *glorify'd Saint* were deſirous to take a *Progreſs therein* for Ten hundred thouſand *Millions* of Years, and to ſpeed as far in *ev'ry Moment* during that long ſpace of Time, as it is from the *variable Moon* to the *ſplendid Orb* of the *dazling Sun*, yet that *happy Angel* would not be near the end thereof: For if this World, or Worlds, are ſuppos'd to be of ſuch a *large Extent*, which is made only to continue ſome

Thouſands

Thouſands of years, and after will ſink into its *Primitive TOHU*; of what an *unlimited ſpace* muſt theſe *Regions of Joys* be, where God *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit* eternally dwell? Nay, my *Sentiments* of the *Circumference* of Heaven are yet larger: For ſuppoſing every *Star* to be a *World*, and that there are as many *Births* in a Day in *every one* of them, as there are *now Men* living on *this Earth*; and that all of them are to be Heirs of the *New Jeruſalem*, yet ev'ry particular Soul would have more room to themſelves, if deſired, than all thoſe *Worlds join'd together*, and laid in an *open Plain*: Nay, I dare adventure to make *one Eſſay* more, That the *City* where *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit* reigns, is not to be meaſur'd by a *Thought*, how *ample* ſo ever that may be, and how *ſwiftly* ſoever it may move. For as God is *Infinite*, and there is *no end* of his *Immenſity*; and his *Eternity*, is for ever and will have *no Period*; ſo is *Glory* beyond all *Bounds*, *Limits*, and *Extents* whatſoever. O *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit*, what pure *Contemplations* are theſe to my Soul! *Thoughts*, that ſeem to carry me above the *Empty Phantoms* of *Earthly Delights*, and ſwallow up all *my Deſires* in the Centre of *Eternal Bliſs*, altho' my *viſible Converſe* is ſtill here below. What *Happineſs* then, O my Soul! mayn't a *Spirit* enjoy on *this ſide* Eternity, that is once *Inflam'd* with a *zeal* for Heaven, and ſpends every Day in ſuch *mighty Conſiderations* as theſe! Flights, that do imitate the *Work* of the *Saints* above;

and tell me what ſhall be thy *Employ* to the Ages of an *Endleſs Eternity*. For now behold, O my *exalted Soul*! thou art mounted ſo high on *Contemplation's Wings*, that it is ſcarcely poſſible for Thee to *deſcend*. O then may I evermore be entirely *wean'd* from *Senſe*, and never for the future *make any Parley* with Sin: Then all the World, or Worlds below, will appear *vain*, and *vaniſhing* in mine Eye; for ſurely had I heard of *thoſe Things* before, I ſhould have long ere now *deſpis'd*, with a Frown, all the *glittering Crowns*, and *ſparkling Jewels*, that we poor *ſilly Mortals* uſe to *Adore* and *Worſhip* as the *only things* to be *deſired*, and the ſtay of all our *Hopes*: But now, behold the *Scene* is chang'd, and all *Earthly Grandure* is become *baſe* in mine Eyes; yea of *leſſer Value*, than *Duſt* it ſelf. For the future then, let who will *drudge*, and ſeem to be all in a *fret*, becauſe they can't win the *Golden Prize*, and adorn their Bodies in *Embroidered Veſtures*; I ſhall never *chafe* for the loſs of that which *Providence* never *deſign'd* for me; but ſo behave my ſelf, as if *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit* had privately *whiſper'd* theſe few Words in my Ears: *My Son*, let theſe *ſimple Toys* alone, and never *defile your Hands* with periſhing Duſt: *Have Patience* but a while, the Day of Life is *far ſpent*, and the Evening of Death is *nigh at Hand*, when I will becken you home to my *Manſions of Glory*, where there is laid up in Store for you, infinitely more *precious Pearls* and *ſolid Treaſures*,

Treaſures, than what you here *ſee*, or can *poſſibly enjoy*; Gems of a *Luſter too bright* to be look'd upon by any *Mortal Eye*, which will never *Change* their *Value*, neither will they ever *fail*, or *wear away* by Time.

Theſe are the *Wealth*, *Honour*, and *Riches*, that ſhall be the *worthy Objects* of my allowable *Ambition*, and nothing elſe ſhall *ever ſatisfie* my *Deſires*: For were a *Thouſand Worlds* to be laid as a *Preſent* at my Feet, with a *Leaſe* to *Reign* over them all as an *Imperial Monarch*, for Ten hundred thouſand years; and this *Clauſe* annexed to it, That I ſhould never have *any Vexation* from the *Day* of my *Coronation*, to that of my *going down* to the *Sepulchre*, I would reject the *Offer* with this *Denyal*: What tell you me of *States* and *Empires*, I value them not, ſince I enjoy a *Kingdom* within mine *own Breaſt*, and ſway a *Scepter of Peace* in a quiet Mind, and ſhall ere long be inſtall'd a *Prince* of the *Moſt Noble Order* of the *Heavenly Hoſt*; where my *bleſſed Reign* will not *Expire* at ſo ſhort a *Period of Duration* as that of Ten thouſand Ages, nor that of ſo many Hundreds of Thouſands of Millions? Then why tempt ye me with ſuch a *ſhort-liv'd Government*, ſince nothing ſhall give *ſatisfaction* to my *ſoaring Ambition*, leſs than a *never-fading* Habitation of *Celeſtial Joys*, from which I ſhall *never be remov'd?* And be it known to you, rather than I will loſe ſuch a *laſting Poſt* of Honour, I'le adventure to ſail thro' *Seas of*

Blood

Blood, and travel over *Mountains of Fire*, if call'd unto it; yea, nothing ſhall be *requir'd of me*, but I will *joyfully undergo it* for the Purchaſe of what I have now in chaſe: for, if the very *view of Heaven*, at ſo vaſt a *diſtance*, be ſo *raviſhing* to my Soul, as to draw me up into an *Extaſy of Admiration*, and extinguiſh all my Love to *Pleaſures*, and Averſion for *Painful ſufferings* in ſuch an *extraordinary a Degree*, that I could even ſing in the *midſt* of a Caldron of *boiling Oil*, or triumph to ſee my *tender Bones* ſhatter'd to *ſplinters* on a Wheel; what *raviſhing Delights* ſhall I enjoy, when I meet *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit* in the Orbs above? Not thoſe where the *material Sun* now ſhines, or the *Planets* rule, but *Manſions* that are higher than they, and infinitely more *exceeding* them in *glorious Beauty* and *Circumference*, than a ſtately *Palace* the moſt homely *Cottage*, or the moſt *Magnificent Cathedral* a *Fox's Den*. For there the moſt *admirable Works* of the *Trinity* will appear in all their *Beauty*, *Splendor* and *Perfection*, in ſuch an extraordinary manner, that I can't but conclude, That when I come to behold the *glittering Maſs* of *Glory*, and ſee the aſtoniſhing *Wonders* of that *Seat* of *Happineſs*; I ſhall ſeem, as it were, *to chide* my ſelf for admiring this *Creation*, in ſuch a meaſure, as if I had thought that the *Godhead* could not have created a better: For all that I can *now conceive* about it, if compar'd to what will *then appear* to me, will be

but

but as the *Thoughts* of a ſilly Child gazing with *Admiration* on a *lighted Straw*, in regard to *thoſe he would have* when beholding a *gilded Branch* ſtuck full of *blazing Lights*. O then! may I, without Offence to *Father*, *Son*, or *Spirit*, preſume to give a *faint Idea* of that *Bleſſed Palace* before my arrival there: And my *Deſign* herein is not to make an *over-nice Enquiry* into the Secrets of *another World*, or pry into what the *Council* of the *Trinity* was doing before the *Foundation* of the *World was laid*; but for the *Encouragement* of my ſelf and others, to make ſome ſort of *Repreſentation* of what we are to wiſh and hope for: not but that I know, when I have *done my beſt* therein, it will all be *Nothing to what is there*, and I ſhall only be like the *Meſſenger*, that brought the Queen of *Sheba* an imperfect Account of the Glory of *Solomon's Court*; which when ſhe came to ſee with her *own Eyes*, appeared much more *magnificent*, than all ſhe had ever *heard thereof*, or heretofore *had ſeen*; only the *Relation* ſerv'd to *entice* her thither, as I hope *this Report* of mine will make *many ſtrive* to view it here by the *Eye of Faith*, as I now do, that when the Race is run, they may *behold the Glory* of it, and *experimentally know*, whether it be ſo or not. But to proceed, in Heaven there is an inconceivably *Illuſtrious Splendour*, that will ſhine to the *long Ages* of *Eternity*; not ſuch an one as we *now ſee* ſneaking behind a *dark Cloud*, and ſometimes ſeemingly to *bluſh*, as a *young Virgin* that

that is aſham'd of ſhe knows not what *Indecency*: No, one that is Ten thouſand times clearer than ever was that, in the *greateſt Glory* of its *Meridian Splendor*, and ſuch an one that will never ſuffer a *frightning Eclipſe*, or be darken'd by an *Evening Shade*. But here perhaps ſome, *more curious* than others, may be deſirous to know how *lofty* and *large* this *Sun* is, and from whence all its *Influence* proceeds? Firſt I anſwer, It is as *high* as Heaven it ſelf, which I have ſo *lately deſcribed*, that it would ſeem to ſavour more of a *Repetition* than an *Information*, if I ſhould pretend to make *another Eſſay* thereon. And *ſecondly*, As for the Diameter of it, I return a Reply, That it is as large in *Circumference*, as the *Kingdom of Glory*, which I told you is paſt *all Limits*. But as to the *Third Enquiry*, I anſwer, That all its *ſhinings* proceed from *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit*; as moſt evidently appears from *Rev.* 21. 23. *And the city had no need of the Sun, neither of the Moon to ſhine in it: for the Glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof*; which you may compare with *Iſ.* 60. 19. *The Sun ſhall be no more thy Light by Day, neither for Brightneſs ſhall the Moon give Light unto thee: But the Lord ſhall be unto thee an everlaſting Light, and thy God thy Glory.* Which will here oblige me once more to break out into a *Rapture of Admiration*, and even lead us *beyond our ſelves*, by ſuppoſing there are *Three Suns*, and yet but *One Sun*, *Three Luminaries*, and yet

but

but *One Luminary*: *Three ſhining Subſtances*, and yet but *One ſhining Body:* For the Father is a *Sun in Glory*, Chriſt is a *Sun in Glory*, and the *Spirit is a Sun in Glory*, and yet there are not *Three Suns* in Glory, but *One Sun* in Glory, which is God the *Father*, *Chriſt*, and the *Holy Spirit*, united in One and the ſame *glorious Sun*; ſo likewiſe there are *Three Luminaries* in Heaven; The Father is a *Luminary*, being ſtiled by St. *James* 1. 17. *the Father of Lights*, with whom *there is no variableneſs, nor ſhadow of turning.* The Son is a *Luminary*, *Joh.* 3. 19. *Light is come into the world*, thereby meaning the Son of God: And the Holy Ghoſt is a *Luminary*, Act. 2. 3. *And there appeared unto them cloven Tongues*, like as *of Fire, and ſate upon each of them*, meaning the Holy Ghoſt. And yet there are not *Three Luminaries* in Heaven, but *One Luminary*; which is *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*, join'd into *one Luminary*: ſo likewiſe the *Lord Jehovah* is a *ſhining Subſtance* in the *New Jeruſalem*; *Emanuel* Jeſus is a *ſhining Subſtance*, and the bleſſed *Paraclet* is a *ſhining Subſtance*; and yet there are not *Three ſhining Subſtances* in the *New Jeruſalem*, but *one ſhining Subſtance*, which is the everlaſting *Father*, *Emanuel* the *Jeſus* and the Bleſſed *Spirit* united in *One ſhining ſubſtance*; ſo that one *Illumination* is not higher than the other *Illumination*, but all the Three are *Coequal* together, as to their *Influence*; and if we may ſo ſpeak, *Circumference*, or *Limits.*

But now methinks I hear the more *refined Wits* of the Age asking me, When this Light

firſt appear'd on the Regions of *everlaſting Bliſs*, and of what *duration* it is, as alſo if there be any other *Shining Bodies* there? As to the *Firſt*, I reply, That the *ever bleſſed* Godhead had neither *beginning of Days*, nor will ever have *any end* of *Duration*; in ſo much, that the *Illumination* which proceeds from *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit*, was from *Eternity*, and will be *Everlaſting*. To the *ſecond* Queſtion I anſwer, That there is neither *Sun*, *Moon*, *Stars*, nor *Planets*, nor any other Thing whatſoever which affords the leaſt *glimmering*, but every thing therein borrows its *Brightneſs* from the *Trinity*. O then! what a *Dazling Ray* muſt that be, which *enlightens* all the *Plains of Joy*, and makes every *ſeraphick ſoul* appear with a tranſparent glance of *glorious Light*? And my Opinion is, That if one of thoſe *happy Spirits* were permitted but for a *Day* to look thro' the *Caſements of Paradiſe*, on us *poor Mortals* here below, it would either *ſtrike us dead*, or make us *ſhine like Blazing Comets*. Then what a *mean piece* of Work is this *material Sun* of ours, if compar'd to *that* in *Heaven*? Alas! it is not ſo much as a *Gloworm* on a Molehill would be to a *blazing Beacon* on a Mountain: O then haſten ye *Nations* of the *World*, and *Chriſtian People* every where, and come and ſpy with me, thro' the *Teleſcope* of Faith, the yonder bright *Illumination* that aroſe from *Eternity*, and will be riſing to *everlaſting Ages*; for behold, it is the *bright Luminaries* of *Three* Perſons united into one and the ſame *Sun*, that ſhines not with any *borrow'd ſplendour*, but *illu-*

minates

minates with an *uncreated Light* proceeding from it ſelf. O! then admire to ſee a Region that is *Infinitely larger* in its *Diameter* than this whole *Creation* would be, tho' we ſhould make account that *every Star* is incircled with its *planetick World*, and each of theſe *Terreſtrial Planets*, to be as far diſtant form *each other*, as this World is from the *Upper Sky*. O! then come away, why ſtand ye thus gazing on a pale-fac'd Moon? and ſeem to make ſuch *Admiration*, becauſe you eſpy therein *large Tracts* of Land? Admit there ſhould be *Inhabitants* according to *your Conjecture*, what a ſmall Work is that for a *Godhead* to perform? Would you know what that *Power* can do, and ſee a piece of its *fineſt Art*? Behold, here I have it in *my View*, and if your Eyes are as *clear ſighted* as thoſe of *mine*, you'l ſee a *Heaven*, where for ever lives an *innumerable Company* of *Saints* and *Angels*, juſt *Men*, and pious *Women*, adorn'd with rich Attire, and a *Star* riſen over their *righteous Heads*, with lighted Beams of *Splendor*; not of ſuch an *Influence* as will any wiſe *annoy* their *Souls*, or *interrupt* their *Joys*, but ſuch an one as will ever *revive* their *glorious Spirits*, and cauſe them for ever to *rejoice*. O then ſtand aſtoniſh'd at this *ſtupenduous Sight*, and adore the *Eſſential Cauſe*, which is *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit*; and then you will ere long be convey'd into *this Light*, that is *inacceſſible* to Mortality, and full of *Glory*; where you'l for ever *ſparkle* as ſo many *ſhining Stars*, on the glorious-

Eminencies

Eminencies of *ion* Hill. O then no longer ſtay to look on the *Dark Spots* in an *Eaſtern Sun*; neither be ſo vainly *Speculative*, as to amuſe your *Thoughts* to know whether they are *Worlds*, or not: ſuppoſing they are *Mighty Nations*, and more *refined People* than any of you, how *trifling* will theſe Things all appear, and how *obſcurely dim* this *our Sun*, when you come to peep thro' that *ſmall Crevice* of true *Belief*, and behold that *Lamp of Glory*, which has neither *Earth*, *Hills*, or *Motes* in its *Luminous Aſpect*: Certainly ſuch a *Proſpect* will be ſufficient to confront and baffle all *your Aſtoniſhment* at Things here below, and make you center your *fineſt Speculations* on that *Wonderful Luminary*, concerning which it *never was*, nor *ever will* be debated among the *Inmates of Sion*; whether there are any *Freckles* to be obſerv'd in its *Illuſtrious Features*? neither will it be *inquir'd* by any of thoſe *ſeraphick Spirits*, what *Matter* or *Elementary Subſtance* it conſiſts of? but one and all will for ever *admire* it as an *Object* capable to excite their *everlaſting Admiration*, and to *ſatiate*, to perpetuity, their *boundleſs Deſires* of *never-fading Bliſs*; and which will make all the *Hoſt of Heaven* infinitely happy to the *endleſs Ages* of *Eternity*.

O then raiſe your *Affections* as high as mine, by conſidering that there is no piece of the *Eternal Decree* equal to this in *Luſter*, *Art*, and *Curioſity*; ſtand no longer ſtill, *viewing* the miſty *glimmers*, that proceed from a *Light* which will

ſoon

ſoon be *blown out* and *darkned* for ever, by the appointed *Order* of Three Perſons, but *One Eternal God*; but know, that when you have liv'd over an *Innocent Life*, and your *Virgin Souls* come to be ſeparated from your *Chaſt Bodies*, you will *ſpirit* it through the *Regions* of this *troubleſome World* towards the Gates of the *New Jeruſalem*, which are all over *Illuminated* with the kind *Reflections* from that *Glorious Light*, which proceeds from *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit*; and never doubt, but if the outward *Portals* of your *Father's Houſe* ſeem, as it were, to be beſet all over with *Jaſpers* and *Amethyſt Stones*, before you ſtep in; how ſurpriſing will it appear, when you make your *publick Entrance* within its Walls, and take a *fair Proſpect* over the boundleſs *Plains of Bliſs*.

Shall I here ſtay to make a Compariſon between *Earth* and *Heaven*? Alas! it can't be done, ſince no *Similitude*, tho' made by the quainteſt *Fancy*, and Eloquently *expreſs'd* by the moſt *Skilful Rhetorician*, can give any tolerable *Idea* of that *Tranſcendent Glory*. O then ſpeed away, ye *ſhort ſighted Mortals!* why ſtand ye thus ſtaring at the *Planetary Bodies*, and *fixed Stars*? What tho' they are ſo *high* and *large* as ſome ſay they be, and *repleniſh'd* with an innumerable *Company* of *Inhabitants*? For ſhame, look above thoſe *little Sparkles*; what if they contain'd as great *Trading Nations* as thoſe of ours, they are all *Mortal*, and will ſee *an End*. But I have fortunately found out by my long and diligent

ſtudy in that *noble Science* of true *Piety*, a glorious *increated Star*; by which all others are as far exceeded in *Height*, *Duration*, and *Circumference*, as is a *Cryſtal Stone* ſet in the Roof of a *Dungeon*, by that *Sun* which breaks out of the *Ruddy Clouds*, in the Morn of a *clear Summer's Day*: I ſay, come away, and drag the *Atheiſt* and *Deiſt* along with you, whether they *will or no*, that I may ask them what they ſay to all this which I've *lately declar'd*, in order to prove a *God*, and a *Trinity*: ſurely they will own their *groſs Miſtake*, or be *confounded* for ever: For where is that *Blaſphemer*, and in what *Climate* can he be found, who is ſo *ſtrongly fortify'd* with *Unbelief*, and deeply *intrench'd* into *Deiſm*, that can hold out againſt all theſe *repeated Attacks* of *God's Wonders* in Heaven and Earth, and withſtand the *invincible Armies* of Arguments, that prove a *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit*, Three in One, and One in Three? A *Myſtery*, but not too hard to be *believ'd*; *Aſtoniſhing*, but not ſo *ſtartling* as to confound; *Strange*, but not ſo *admirable* as to be deny'd; *Intricate*, but yet not ſo *difficult* as to be diſown'd. O then, may all cry out with *one Hoſanna* Shout, How admirable is the *Work of God* to our Souls in this his *Creation* here below! We formerly were in the *Belief*, that the *Sun*, *Moon*, *Stars*, and *Planets* were nothing near ſo *high* and *wonderful*, as is here declar'd; but when we came to perceive, by the *Eye of Reaſon*, that this *Opinion* was not a *Night-Dream*,

Dream, or the meer *Fancies* of a few *pratling Aſtrologers*, but the *Judgment* of all *Judicious* and *Learned Men* that were well skill'd in *Aſtronomy*; then we thought it time *to hiſs the Atheiſt* from off the Stage, as not fit to act the part of a *Reaſonable Creature*; and then we made no more doubt of the *Being* of a *Soveraign Creator*, than we do, that all the *Harbingers of Death* will one Day joyn their *united Forces* in Battel-Array, and come and beat *Life* out of its laſt *Forts*, we mean our *Hearts*: But when the *Curtain* of Heaven came to be *drawn aſide*, and we were ſuffer'd to look within the *Scene of Glory*, through the *Glaſs of Faith*, and behold *Three bright Suns*, united into *one blazing Luminary*, being ſtill Three *Perſons*, but One *Eſſence*, bearing the true Name of *God All-Powerful*; we ſtood aſtoniſh'd *that we*, or any other *profeſſing Reaſon*, ſhould be ſuch *Purblind Animals*, as not to be forcibly won over to own a *Deity*, *Father*, *Redeemer*, and *Sanctifier*; equally concern'd in the Works of *Creation*, *Redemption*, and *Sanctification*: that is, One *God the Father*, the Maker of Heaven and Earth; One *God the Son*, the Saviour of the World; and *One God the Holy Ghoſt* the *Sanctifier*, proceeding from the *Father and the Son*, without any *diverſity* of Eſſence, or *difference* in their Eternal Majeſty and Kingdom. But ſhould there any be ſo *harden'd* with Sin, and *infaſcinated* with Iniquity, as ſtill to refuſe to hang out the *Flag of Faith*, and treat with their

Great Creator, or beat a *Parley* for owning a *Godhead*; I'll bid them ſtand it out a little longer, and their *wide Breaches* ſhall be entred by the *whole Body* of the *Trinity*; when they will all be put to the *Sword* of *Juſtice*, and behold their *ſad Miſtake*, when no *Quarter* can be given them, tho' intreated for with *Dying Groans*, and *Fainting Cries*. O then Sleep on, ye *ſlumbring Atheiſts*, in a ſtate of *Infidelity*, and never own an *Infinite Being*. For my part, I'll *confeſs a God*, and call him my *Maker*, by acknowledging *all that I ſee*, whether by *Sight* or *Faith*, to be the *Works of his own Hands*; continue in your fatal Lethargy, *ye deſperate Deiſts*, who deny the *Divinity* of Chriſt, and conſequently his *Equality* with God in his *Divine Attributes*: I ſhall ever ſay, O *God* the *Father*, O *God* the *Son*, and O *God* the *Holy Ghoſt*; ſuch as the *One* is, are they *All*, and *no one* will I preſume to name without the *other*; neither will I pay more *Religious Reverence* to the *firſt* than the *laſt*, or to the *laſt* than the *firſt*; but for ever *comprehend* them all in One. This is my *Faith* wherein I live, the *Belief* wherein I'll dye, and by this *Unity* in *Trinity* I own, I ſhall be judg'd either to *endleſs Pains*, or *perpetual Joys*. And thus I bid the *Reader* of this Eſſay an *hearty farewel*, wiſhing that his *Dear Soul* may ſtrike in with *that of mine*, and ſubſcribe his *Name* to this *Orthodox Confeſſion*; adding thereunto a Life of *Juſtice*, *Equity*, and *Truth*, that thereby we may *do to all*, as we would *be done unto*; and then

I ſhall never reckon any Man *Unhappy*, or my ſelf *Unfortunate*, tho' he can't comply *to bow* at the *Altar*, or ſubmit to uſe the *Sign of the Croſs* in *Baptiſm*, according to the Cuſtom of the *Eſtabliſh'd Church* of *England*, of which I profeſs my ſelf a Member; and ſuch an one as hath been faithful to *her Communion* ever ſince the Day of my *Birth*, or that of my *Baptiſm*; and am purpoſely reſolv'd *to live and die* within her Boſom. But perhaps ſome may ſeem to be ſtartled at this *Digreſſion*, and ask me why I *cloſe this Eſſay*, in telling the World what Opinion I am of? I grant, that at the *firſt View* it may be look'd upon as *Foreign* to the *Subject* in hand: but I hope, when the *Reaſon is given*, it will ſoon be *excus'd*, even by the moſt *angry Spirit*. Many that *know me not*, have been pleaſed to aſſert, that I am a *Diſſenter*, becauſe I affirm, That every Perſon that *Subſcribes his Name* to an *Orthodox Confeſſion*, and orders his *Converſation* ſuitably thereunto, is no *Schiſmatick*; notwithſtanding that he *diſagrees* from the Church of *England*, as by Law Eſtabliſh'd, by *refuſing* to pay *Obedience* to her *Forms* and Ceremonies. I am ſorry that any who profeſs themſelves *genuine Sons* of that *Community*, ſhould ſo far expoſe themſelves to the *ſcorn* of all *quick-ſighted Men*, as to affirm, that any makes a *Schiſm* in our Church, but ſuch as live lives *unanſwerable* to the *Purity of her Doctrine*. I maintain and confirm in all my *Diſcourſes* the 39 *Articles*, that were drawn up

by the *Fathers of our Church*, and confirmed by the *Laws of the Realm*; and that all the *Speeches* and *Tracts* which lay *Schism* at the Doors of *all Diſſenters*; amongſt whom, I hope it is allow'd, that there are many *Good Men*, eſpecially among the *Presbyterians* and *Independants*, do poſitively deny the true *Intent* and *Meaning* of every one of them, eſpecially of the 19*th*, which runs thus: 'The Viſible Church of 'Chriſt is a Congregation of faithful Men, in 'the which the pure Word of God is Preached; 'and the Sacraments are duly adminiſtred ac-'cording to Chriſt's Ordinance, in all thoſe things 'which, of neceſſity, are requiſite to the ſame. So that I muſt here take leave to tell thoſe that differ with me in their *Moderation* and *Charity* towards all well-meaning *Chriſtians*, eſpecially thoſe *two Excellent* Bodies but now nam'd, they *Diſſent* as much from *this Article* and our *Mother Church*, as a *Baptiſt*, or a *Philadelphian*. So that I ſhall for the future look upon all as no *genuine Members* of the Excellent *Church of England*, that preſume by any means whatſoever to blaſt the *Doctrine* or *Perſons* of thoſe *Profeſſors*; for, in ſo doing, they *apparently diſparage* their own: Since all the *Diſpute* between us, is but as if two *Divines* that could not agree in *ſome Matters* of no Importance, ſhould be ſo *diſpleas'd* with each other, as to take two *different* ways to *Sion Colledge*, and not meet by the way to argue with each other till their *arrival* there; which perhaps it may be well *they did not*, be-

cauſe

cauſe a further *Argument* of *Philoſophy*, or *Aſtronomy* might have riſen, that all the *Library* there could not have decided, or therein have given an *entire ſatisfaction* to each Party. No: no: Whatever *others* do, as for *my part*, I'll never be *angry* with a Man becauſe he *refuſes* to run his *Chariot* in the ſame Ruts or Tracks with thoſe of *mine*: All that I would do in ſuch a Caſe, ſhould be to give him my *beſt Advice*, by telling him, that I had choſen the *ſoundeſt Bottom* to waft me to my *deſigned Harbour*, and the ſafeſt way to his and mine appointed *Stage*; and beſeech his *good Converſation* in his *Journey* thither; which if *ſlighted*, and he ſhould do any otherwiſe *than well*, I ſhould rather *pity* his *Indiſcretion*, than *reflect* on his *Conduct*; and be ſo *Charitable*, as to believe he *did all* for the *beſt*, tho' it unhappily prov'd *otherwiſe* to his *Misfortune*. Or if you pleaſe, but take the Caſe thus: Admit I were *Obſtinate*, and ſhould refuſe to *Travel* with my *near Neighbour* to the *Reſidence* of our common Maſter, in the way which he *approves* of, and which appears to be the *beſt* in the *Conſequence*; doth it follow, that he ſhould be ſo *turbulent* and *moroſe*, as to pull me out of *my Seat*, ſhut the *Door*, and take my *Cattle* from me, and hale my *Perſon* to *Priſon*, tho' he knew the *Lord of the Mannor* had ſuffer'd two ſeveral *Gates* to lye open, that all *Travellers* may take which way they pleaſe, without the leaſt *let* or *hindrance* to their *ſecular Affairs*, ſince both lead to *one and the ſame* place. Certainly, ſuch

Proceedings as theſe would rather demonſtrate a *Robber* than a *Friend*, or an *Hard-hearted Jew* than a good *Samaritan*. Whoſoever then will, may *Perſecute* their *Innocent Brethren* in their paſſage to *Eternity*, becauſe they refuſe a *compliance* to faſhion themſelves to their *moroſe humour*, in things of no *weight* or *moment*; I ſhall ever be *obliging* to all, and *ill-natur'd* to none; eſpecially thoſe that *profeſs* the *Truth*, and are near related to me in *all things pertaining to Salvation:* nay, I will ſhew my ſelf ſo *reſpectful* to their *Doctrine* and Perſons, as to enter their *places of Worſhip*, when I have no *Opportunity* to fall down and *Worſhip God* in *Publick*, after mine own *Judgment*; which often falls out on *Week-days*, as well as the *Lord's Day*, witneſs *Morning* and *Evening Lectures*: Even ſo would I intreat all that *Diſſent* from our *Communion*, to favour us with their *Company*, on all *ſuch like Opportunities*. This would be *acceptable to God*, and all thoſe that are in love with *true Religion*, and not a *bare Opinion* and *empty Name* only of I know not what *Party*, *Sect*, or *Opinion*. For let me tell thee, O Man, whatever thou art, that all *Titles* of any *Churches*, unleſs that of *Chriſt's* Univerſal *Catholick Church*, are but as *Numbers* Pencil'd out over the *ſeveral Doors* of the *Inns of Court*, to inform *Clients* where ſuch and ſuch a *Counſellor* may be found, or what particular *Court* or *Courts* they *rightly belong* unto; notwithſtanding they practiſe one and the ſame *Laws of the Land*, tho' in a *different*, and after

ſeveral

ſeveral ways of *proceeding* in their *Proceſs*, *Suits*, or *Actions*; and he that orders a *Writ* to be taken out in *White-Chappel*, or the *Marſhalſea's* Court, Sues as juſtly in his *Princes Name*, and makes uſe of his *Majeſties Dignities* and *Titles*, as much as he doth, whoſe *Suit* lies dependant in the *King's Bench*, or *Common Pleas*, and will have the *ſame Juſtice* done him towards the *caſting* of his *Adverſaries*, provided he *proves* his *Debt*, and *makes good* his Title, unleſs he meets with a *bribed Judge*, or a *perjur'd Jury*—Why? Even thus ſtands the *Caſe* with all *Profeſſors*; it matters not whether we put up our *Petitions* to *Almighty God* in a more *ſtately Cathedral*, or a *homely Meeting-place*, provided they are ſincere, and we can make out our *Right to Heaven*, by the two faithful Witneſſes of a *Chriſtian Belief*, and a *pure Converſation*, when we come to *prefer our Bill* at the *High Chancel-Bar* in Glory, before a *Juſt Maſter*, that will not be *Byaſs'd* nor *laid aſide*, either by *Frowns* or *Flatteries*, but will deal with every one according to their *ſeveral Demerits*. No: no: The calling my ſelf a *Diſciple*, or *Member* of the beſt Eſtabliſh'd *Chriſtian Community* in the Univerſe, will conduce no more of it ſelf to my *Attainment* of Everlaſting *Salvation*, than a *Drop* of *Water* may be thought *ſufficient* to quench a *raging Fire*, unleſs I am throughly *Sanctify'd* in *Soul*, *Body*, and *Spirit*. Therefore I ſhall ever pray, that *Almighty God* would, of his infinite Mercy, *give me* and all other *Profeſſors*, the *Sincerity*, and not the *Form*; the *Treaſure*,

ſure, and not the *Title*; the *Subſtance*, and not the *Shadow*; unleſs he's pleas'd of his own *Free-Will* to link the *one with the other*, and preſent the *latter* as a *Badge* of *Honour* to Silver over the *former*, that thereby they may both *ſhine together*, as *Varniſh* laid on *Noble Wood*, or *Faith* join'd with *good Works*.

CHAP. XIII.

Chriſt *invited to a* Marriage *in* Cana *of* Galilee. *John* II. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

The third Day there was a Marriage in Cana *of* Galilee, *&c.*

NOW haſte away all ye that love the *Converſation* of our Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*, and behold this his *Firſt Miracle* with aſtoniſhing *Wonder*; come and take your fill of *New Wine* without *Mony*, and without *Price*; for this your Dear *Redeemer* will turn *clear Water* into *ſparkling Wine*, by a Word of his *Mouth*, or a *Sign* with his *Hand*. Oh then come! and let us give *glory* to his *Name*, for this his *wonderful Doing*, ſince nothing leſs than a *God made Man*, can work ſuch a *wonderful Effect*. O then admire that the *Second Perſon* in the ever glorious *Trinity*, ſhould deſcend

deſcend from yonder *Heaven of Bliſs*, and put on the Rags of Human *Nature*; faſting Forty Days and Forty *Nights* in a *barren Wilderneſs*, and after wait at a *Wedding* to ſerve the *bidden Gueſts* with Wine: Oh profound *Myſtery*, and unheard of *Condeſcenſion!* that the Darling of the *New Jeruſalem* ſhould ſeem ſo *extraordinarily pleas'd* at a Man and a Woman's *joining themſelves* together in the Bonds of Holy *Matrimony*, as to become a *Gueſt* on that occaſion, who was *never ſeen before* at any *Publick* or *Private Feaſt*; but on the *contrary*, us'd, as it were, to retire into *ſecret places*, and ſometimes leave the *familiar Society* of his *Dear Diſciples*, to *Faſt* and *Pray*, and live an *auſtere* kind of Life: How exceedingly then are *you oblig'd* to the *Saviour of the World*, all ye that are entred into a *Married State*, becauſe he honoured you with *his Preſence*, when you took off the Reproach of a *ſinful Life*, and became both as *one Fleſh?* Wherefore never dare to caſt a *Laſcivious Eye* on the Dreſs or Perſon of any other, but *your beloved Spouſe*; for you ſee, that *Chriſt* wrought his *firſt Miracle*, when you came both together, and *made a Vow* before *God*, *Men*, and *Angels*, to forſake all, by *embracing each other* with a laſting Love. May every one, *profeſſing Chriſtianity*, to admire his *wedded Bride*, as not to be enamour'd with the *looſe Attire* of an *Harlot*, or the *fleering Smiles* of a painted Sepulchre: neither let any Woman that hopes to be ſav'd, *forſake the Bed* of her *choſen Bridegroom*, for the *Amours* of any Man,

Man, or the *momentary ſatisfaction* of a *beaſtly Deſire* that comes with a *Judgment*, and ends in a *panting Heart*, if not a *ſudden fear* of a ſpeedy *diſcovery* of ſo lew'd a *Crime*. Therefore reform all ye that can *chuſe* with an *intent* to be *falſe*, Marry with a *Deſign to hate*, and Sin with a *defiance to Heaven*; for be it proclaim'd to you *Adulterers* and *Adultereſſes*, that ye are only *practical Atheiſts* dreſt up in a *Chriſtian Garb*, becauſe you outwardly *deny Chriſt* in your *Actions*, and *diſown* this his *wonderful Miracle* in your Life: And let me tell you, that *unleſs you Repent* and *Believe* in this very *Jeſus*, that has now turn'd *Water* into *Wine*, you will one Day find, that his *Power* can turn you from the *Gates of Heaven* into *Hell*, where you'll court *Happineſs* in a *Thouſand Shapes*, but ſhall never enjoy it to the *tedious Ages* of a long *Eternity*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Chriſt *whipping out thoſe that* Bought and Sold *in the Temple.*

JOHN II. 13, 14, 15, 16.

And the Jews Paſſover was at hand, and Jeſus went up to Jeruſalem, *and found in the Temple thoſe that ſold Oxen, and Sheep, and Doves, and the Changers of Mony ſitting. And when he had made a Scourge of ſmall Cords, he drove them out of the Temple, and the Sheep and the Oxen, and poured out the Changers Mony, and overthrew the Tables; and ſaid unto them that ſold Doves, Take theſe things hence, make not my Father's Houſe an Houſe of Merchandize.*

COme and attend unto me, all ye that bear a *good will* to *Sion*, and *Love* the Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*; for I fear we ſhall find a *more numerous Brood* of Sinners, lurking within the *Quire*, among the *People of God*, than thoſe that our *Lord and Maſter* is now *beating away* from the outer Courts; I mean

mean ſuch as only *wear the Badge* of an *outward Profeſſion*, and *approach* the *Houſe of the Lord* only out of a *Form*, becauſe they would *ſeemingly appear* in the ſame *Faſhion* with thoſe of their *Righteous Neighbours*, and paſs *for good*, tho' they are of a *Counterfeit Stamp*. But perhaps ſome may here make a ſtop, and ſay: The *Market* is *removed* from off the *Holy Ground*, and all the *Buyers* are fled; where then is one *Offender left*? To which I anſwer: Stay a-while, till the *Chiming-Bells* Ring in their *Evening Peals*, and all the Folk are *come to Church*, and then I will ſhew you *the Good* and *the Bad*, by unmasking the *ſecret Receſſes* of their Hearts, and diſcloſing the *private Intentions* of their Souls; and ſhewing thee who *is Righteous*, and who *is not*, ev'n from them that *ſit at eaſe* in the *Chancel Pews*, to thoſe that *ſtand wearied* in the *loweſt Iſle*; ſeeſt thou yonder *Four Perſons* plac'd in the *Carved Pew*, right oppoſite to the *Reader's Desk*, viz. *Two Men*, and *Two Women*, their Names are *Abraham*, *Sarah*, *Judas*, and *Jezabel*; the former are the *Children* of the *Moſt High God*, the latter the *Son* and *Daughter* of *Perdition*; as will appear by the *lively Deſcription* I ſhall give of their *different Natures*, and *Deſigns*.

SECT.

SECTION I.

The Character of Abraham, *with a Rehearſal of his* Humble Petitions *poured forth to* God *in the Houſe of* Devotion.

ABraham's intention of *coming hither* this Day, is to offer a *Sacrifice* of Praiſe, precious in *the ſight* of his God; as may be ſeen by the *Gravity* of his Perſon, the *Sedateneſs* of his Mind, the *Sweetneſs* of his Countenance, the *Humbleneſs* of his Behaviour, and the *Plaineſs* of his Garb: But that which illuſtrates all, is the *Purity of his Soul*, the *Holineſs* of his Life, the *Serenity* of his Spirit, and the many *good Actions* of his Charity; for this is the Man of whom it may be truly ſaid, *in him there is no Guile.* O precious Soul! that can *Flight* thy *Thoughts* to the Regions above, and *wean thy Deſires* from the fantaſtical *Toys* of a *gorgeous World*, while living here below. Are any offended, that this *worthy Man* is placed in the *uppermoſt Seat* of the *Synagogue*? Alas! tho' his Body *ſtandeth there*, his Soul is *as humble* before the *great Searcher* of hearts, as if his Perſon were among them that are waiting to *crave an Alms*, when the Bleſſing is given, and the People departing: For his *coming hither* was not to be *ſeen of Men*, but to preſent his *Devout Addreſſes to God.* I ſaw him come in with his *loving Spouſe*, long

before

before Prayers began, and before *Judas* and *Jezebel* made their *Appearance* in the Church, and heard him *whiſper* out this *inſpired Prayer*. O Lord! my *beloved Conſort* and I are approach'd *thy Courts* in the *Evening* of the Day, when many *Tranſgreſſors* are *Trimming* their *Bodies* and *Varniſhing* their *Faces*, in order to Enter the *lew'd Theaters*, where Sin is ſet off with a *fair Countenance*, and a *fine ſhape*; or to *air themſelves* in *Hide-Park*: Lord! we ſhould appear as *vile as they*, tho' waiting in *thy Houſe*, if we ſhould ſuffer *ſinful Thoughts* to enter our *pure Souls*, or let *wandring Deſires* have room near the *ſecret Receſſes* of our Hearts: No; dear God! our *Duty* is, when in *thy Temple*, or drawing nigh to thee in *Evening Prayer*, not only to ſay *farewell to Sin*, but even to bid our *ſecular Affairs* ſtay at home, till we have punctually *paid our Vows* to thee our *Heavenly King*; and ſhew'd thee the *Fruits* of our Belief. O how melodious are the *Sounds* of the *Abbey Bells* to our *Exalted Souls*! becauſe their *Chiming Tunes* puts us in mind of thoſe *harmonious Strains* that we ſhall one Day hear *rung out* with loud *Peals of Joy* to *God the Father*, our Supream Creator, *Chriſt* our dear Redeemer, and the *Holy Ghoſt* our ſweet *Sanctifier*, during an *Eternal Day* that will never end in an *obſcure Night*, or, in the leaſt, be *darkened* with a *flying Cloud*. O happy *Seaſon of Grace* is this, where we have time allow'd us for *private Ejaculations*, before *Divine Service* begins, and after join with the

the *Select Number* of the *Faithful* in hearing *Publick Prayers*, and ſinging *Hymns* of Praiſe to *our God*, before the *going down* of the *Sun*, or *cloſing our Temples* to reſt: Then Thrice-praiſed be the *God of our Salvation*, for affording us *Set Times* of *Appearance* before *his Altar*, at three *different Hours* in every Day to *Sanctifie his Name*, and hear his *Saints* cry out, with one *united Voice*, Holy, Holy, Holy, O *Lord God of Hoſts*! *Heaven* and *Earth* is full of thy *Majeſty* and *Glory*. To thee all *Angels cry aloud*, the *Heavens* and all the *Powers* therein: To thee *Cherubims* and *Seraphims* continually do cry, when *Ten Thouſands*, and *Hundreds of Thouſands*, that bear the *lively Image* of thee their *Soveraign Creator*, are wandring on the *dark Mountains* of *Vanity*, and ſtraying in the pathleſs *Deſarts* of *Errour*, having had the unhappineſs to be born into the World in Places where the Voice of *Moſes* and the *Prophets* can not reach to tell them, that *our God is their Lord*, and that *their Maker* is our *Framer*. Then what ſhall we *render* unto thee, O *Father* of *Mercies*, and *God* of *Goodneſs*, *but Praiſes* in thy *Sanctuary*, with the joyful noiſe of *Thankſgiving*, for making us *Chriſtians*, and conveying us hither, where thou *Delighteſt to be worſhip'd* in *Pureneſs* of Heart and *Syncerity* of Soul. But, Lord! how can our Spirit ſufficiently *mourn* for ſuch a *People* in *Foreign Lands*, as know not what is *meant* by the *Name* of thee the *Sanctifier*. O then let us joy for the *Sweet Refreſhing* of the Goſpel; but not ſo as to ſuffer our *Mirth* to

run into the *Channel* of the too *ſwift Streams* of exalted *Songs*, leſt we forget to *commiſerate* thoſe that can't underſtand their own *Misfortune*, or know not how *Unhappy* they be *without a Jeſus*. Neither may we *ſorrow* to that *Exceſs* for the *ill Fate* of others, as to melt into a Sea of *brackiſh Tears*, and thereby *forget* the *Favours* of thee, O God! ſo wonderfully *poured down* upon us: But let our *Moderation* be ſuch, as never to exceed the *ſet Bounds* of thoſe *Two contrary Paſſions*, but *ſupplicate* devoutly, that *Pagans*, *Turks*, and *Jews* may leave the *Shades* of Death, and tread the *Paths* of Life; and *pray Divinely*, That our Souls may eſcape the *crooked Paths* that lead to *Eternal Ruin*, and find the *way to Heaven*: All which we beg, for the ſake of the *Son of thy Love*, in *whom thou art well pleaſed*; and *to whom* be aſcribed *Adoration*, *Thankſgiving* and *Praiſe*, *now and for Evermore*. *Amen*, *Amen*, *Amen*.

SECTION II.

The Character of Sarah *with the Excellent* Form *of words ſhe made uſe of in waiting on* Father, Son, *and* Holy Ghoſt, *in the* Aſſembly *of his* People.

DUring the time that *Abraham* was thus pouring out his *Soul* to God, *Sarah* was offering up her *private Devotions* to her *Hea-*

Heavenly Father, in this moſt Excellent Prayer. "O thou *Infinite Creator* of the *Univerſe*, I poor "*degenerate Sinner* am come to bleſs thy *Holy* "*Name* amidſt thy *Saints*, for the manifeſtation "of thy *Son Chriſt Jeſus* in the Fleſh, by whoſe "*Merits* I ſhall be cleans'd from all the *malignant* "*Stains* of Sin, eſpecially thoſe commited by "my *Treacherous Mother, Eve*; who by break-"ing the *Bleſſed Command*, loſt her Innocence, "and deſtroyed my Father *Adam*, by ſeducing "him into the *fatal Crime* of Eating the *Forbidden* "*Fruit*; altho' ſhe heard it proclaim'd from the "*Mouth of God*, that could not lie, That in *the* "*Day* they taſted thereof, they ſhould *certainly* "*periſh*. O then, what *amazing Condeſcenſion* is "this, that God ſhould *deliver up* his Onely Son, "as a *Propitiatory Sacrifice* for the *Black Offences* of "my *degenerate Sex*, which was the *firſt Occaſion* of "bringing *poor Man* to Shame, by tempting "him with a little *traſhy Fruit*, only ſtaind over "with a ruddy *natural Varniſh*, charming to "his Eyes, but *fatal* to his Soul. Wherefore I "will for ever *adore the Name* of my God, in "that I am *purify'd* from *Original Sin*, by the "*appearance* of *Jeſus* in the World, who is now "ready at hand, *to intercede* with his Father for "me, tho' I am not ſo *deſerving of Mercy*, as Man: "for he may with ſome *colour of pretence* plead "with his Creator, and ſay, My Fall was thro' "the *ſly Inſinuations* of a Woman, and being not "*fore-warn'd*, that thro' her *means* I ſhould *firſt* "*offend*, could not ſo well be *fortify'd* againſt

"her *fair Speeches*, and falſe *Illuſions*: for per-
"adventure had my *Fore-father* heard a *Voice* in
"the cool of the *Evening*, ſaying; *Adam*, give
"no Ear to the *ſmooth Language* of thy *Conſort*
" *Eve*, leſt ſhe *Beguiles* thee with her *Charms*, and
" *Deſtroy* thee by her *Deceitful Gifts* of pretend-
"ed *Favours*, which will infect thy Soul with
"the *Plague Spots* of Iniquity, and prove *more*
" *Bitter* in the End than *Wormwood* mingled
"with *Gall*; he had withſtood the *Temptation*:
" but as for me, *wretched Woman* that I am, I have
" *nothing to plead* with my God on *behalf* of *my Self*,
" or the reſt of the *Female Sex*; ſince it was one of
"us that beheld a *ſtinging Serpent* crawling up a
" Tree, and would not *ſtrive to avoid* its *deſtru-*
" *ctive Poyſon*, by inſtantly *retreating* from it, or
" couragiouſly *bruſing* its *ſubtil Head*, but received
" its *contagious Venom* with a kind of *ſecret Delight*,
" and transfuſed its *bitter Dregs* into the pure Blood
" of her *onely One dear Companion*, whereby they
" became *ſick unto Death*, and their *Innocency* im-
" mediately gave up the Ghoſt, and *expir'd in*
" *Shame*; when as otherwiſe they might have for
" ever *flouriſh'd* in the green Shades of *harmleſs*
" *Delights*. Then may I with *Indignation* cry out,
" O *unfortunate Woman*, whoſe *Sex* was ſo unhap-
" py as to *delude a Man*, who was ſo undiſciplin'd
" in *Vertue*, that he could not withſtand the *ſlight*
" *Attacks* of a *poor Female* Creature, but ſhew'd
" himſelf near as weak as *Woman* was, by taking
" that *Fruit* to be *delicious*, which was *not fitting*
" for any to eat; for it is *ſuppoſed* by the *Learn-*

" *ed*

"*ed* to be as *bitter as Gall*; and thinking all
"was *ſound* within that appear'd *fair without*:
"But why do I rehearſe theſe *former Crimes*, or
"treat on ſo *melancholy a Subject*, ſince the En-
"trance of a *Saviour into the World* has intomb'd
"all our *former Miſtakes* in the Land of *Oblivion*;
"and he is graciouſly pleaſed to *ſhew Mercy* to
"Woman, equal to what he has done to Man,
"as to all *Matters* relating to a *future State*:
"therefore I ſhall never *repine*, or in the leaſt
"think my *Sex unhappy*, for this ſmall *Tribute* God
"has allotted us *to pay* as an Acknowledgment of
"our *firſt Offence*, which is only to *bring forth in*
"*Sorrow*, and yield Obedience to Man, as our
"Superior.

Theſe were the *Prayers* and *Contemplations* of *Abraham* and *Sarah*, before *Divine Service* began, and ere *Judas* and *Jezebel* entred the Temple; For they ſeldom approach the *Houſe of Devotion* before the *little Bell* has ceas'd its *tinkling Sound*, and the *ſinging Youths* have dreſt themſelves in their *white Surplices*, in order to join their united Voices with the well-tun'd Organs in ſome *Anthem of Praiſe*, or ſolemn Tune: For behold, the *Deſign* of *Judas* and *Jezebel's* coming, is not to turn thoſe high Strains of Praiſes to their *proper Uſe*, or the *Deſign* for which they were *intended*, which is only to mount the *pure Deſires* of every *hearing Ear* above the airy Phantoms of *Earthly Mirth*, and center their *Contemplations* on things *Divine*, by making them cry out in the *Paſſion* of their Souls, and the *Extaſie* of their Hearts,

If the *artificial Tunes* of a few noiſy *Mortals*, only guided by the *Sounds* of a few *hollow Pipes*, fill'd with the blaſt of *Empty Air*, be ſo *Harmonious*, as to charm the *ſenſitive Part* into an *Holy Frame*, during its ſtay in an *Imperfect State*, how raviſhing will thoſe *ſeraphick Hymns* of Praiſe in the *Heavenly Manſions* be, to a Spirit *made Perfect* in the Choir above, where Ten thouſands of Millions of *glorify'd Angels*, *bleſſed Saints*, and *ſeraphick Souls* will join their *Notes together*, and continually be warbling forth *Hallelujah*, *Hallelujah*, *Hallelujah*, *Hallelujah*, *Hallelujah*, *Hallelujah*, *Hallelujah*, be aſcribed to God, that Fram'd the *Regions* of *Bliſs* by the *Breath* of his *Mouth*; Power and Adoration, Power and Adoration, Power and Adoration, Power and Adoration, be for ever given to the *Lamb*, the *Eternal Son* of the Father, that paſt thro' the *dark Chambers* of a *Virgin's Womb*, for the Vile Offences of *Degenerate Sinners*; Might and Praiſe, Might and Praiſe be eternally aſcrib'd to the *Holy Comforter* of the *Afflicted*, and the *Guider* of the *Weak*: But, alas! ſuch aſpiring *Thoughts* as theſe are as far *diſtant* from the Minds of theſe *Vain Perſons*, as *Divinity* is from *Philoſophy*: For if you could penetrate into their *private Thoughts*, and view their *inward Man*, you would find their *Imaginations* wandring to and fro the *Earth*, in chaſe of that which *cannot ſatisfie*.

SECT.

SECTION III.

The Character of Judas, *or his Ill Behaviour, when in the* Great Congregation.

BEhold how *Judas* gazes, talks, and laughs in the more *immediate presence* of the *most High*, which carv'd him out of the *Clay*, and brought him forth from the *cold Womb* of the Earth: But what is this to the *inward Stains* of his *Soul*, the *Ambition* of his *Mind*, and the *Pride* of his *Heart?* For behold his *roving Fancy* is one while in the *Lap* of his *beloved Dalila*, and another time in the *Company* of his *lewd Companions*: one moment he sees a *Tragedy* finely perform'd in all its most *natural Dresses*; another he's diverted with *Comedies*, wherein are represented the *Phantastical Ideas* of Things, which are not in Reality, but only an *Imitation* of what was acted, he knows not either when or where: Sometimes he's pleas'd with the *Comliness* of his Person; and at another, out of humour with his *Garb*, as either fearing that it is too *Precise*, or something out of the *Mode*: So that if he *Stands*, he sins; if he *Sits*, he offends; if he *Kneels*, he dissembles; and yet all this while has no *true satisfaction* within his *own Breast*: For behold, he is *conscious* to himself, that all his *Sacrifices* are but a *Lip-Devotion*, that never *amends* his Life, or *converts*

his Soul. This then is the *Devotion* and *Behaviour* of *Judas* in the *Houſe of the Lord*, ſo that the *Temple of God* is turned by him into a *Chappel* of the *Devil*, wherein he does *Honour* to the *Tyrant* in Hell; for he turns the *Praiſes* of the *Lord* into *Abomination*, and the Song of *Sion* into the *Scorn* of the *Heathen*.

SECTION IV.

The Character of Jezebel, *with the Lewdneſs of her Behaviour in the* Tabernacle *of the Lord God* Jehovah.

BEhold, *Jezabel* acts with more *immodeſt Countenance* her part of *Vice*, than her *Pew-mate Judas*: for ſhe not only apes him in his *Antick Folly*, and *Lewd Imaginations*, but *prophanely bows* to the *Altar* of the *Great God* with a *Painted Face*, beſpotted all o're with the *Black Patches* of Hell; as if the *Criminal Errors* of her Life were not ſufficient to *declare* before the *Almighty*, that her Soul is polluted with the *leprous Specks* of Sin: But ſhe muſt atteſt it publickly in *his Houſe*, before a whole *Congregation*, with her *varniſh'd Skin*, as a ſurer Mark of a *whoriſh Woman*: Indeed ſhe ſeemingly *retires* to *private Prayer*, and hypocritically hides *her Face* with a *gaudy Fan*, when all the while ſhe ſcarce *thinks* on God, or *ſpeaks a Word* to him in a *right Form*; as in that very Moment may be *eaſily diſcern'd*, when

when her *pretended Petitions* are over: For behold, ſhe fleeringly *Courteſies* to one, *Smiles* to another, and caſts a *Wanton Glance* towards a Third, and *ſits down* with as little *Devotion* in the ſight of him that has an *All-piercing-Eye*, as an Harlot doth with *Modeſty*, when ſhe draws near a *Man* whoſe Soul ſhe deſigns to *raviſh* by her *alluring Charms*: For you may *obſerve*, That all the time the *Leſſons* are reading, ſhe is either obſerving whether her own *fantaſtick Plumes* of ſwelling *Pride* are ſtuck on to the *beſt Advantage*, or viewing how the reſt of her *aping Neighbours* are dreſt, and who is the *moſt Genteel*, or beſt *accompliſh'd*, if not *ridiculing* the *decent Dreſſes* of the Modeſt and *Vertuous*.

This then is the moſt *ſcandalous Deportment* and *unſeemly Carriage* of *Judas* and *Jezebel*, which conſtrains me often to cry out with *Grief* and *Indignation* of Soul, 'O thou that art 'pure *in Being*, and ſtrict in *thy Laws*, how can 'thy *Patience* ſuffer ſuch Vile *Monſters* as theſe, 'thus to defile thy *Holy Place*, and *Prophane* thy 'ever *Bleſſed Name*? Lord! where is thy *Juſtice*, 'and when will thy *Vengeance* be poured forth 'on thoſe that bring *whole Cargo's* of *Pride*, '*Luſt* and *Vanity*, to Expoſe to *publick Sale* in 'thy *Houſe*, and on thy *Day*? Sure, Lord! it 'can't be long ere the *Flames* of thy *wrathful In-*'*dignation* will be poured forth on thoſe *Miſ-*'*creants*, as a Furnace of *melted Braſs*, that thy '*Altar* may no longer be *defil'd*, nor thy *Chancel-*

'*Pews*

'*Pews* be made Tents of *Lewdneſs*, for *vitious Sin-*
'*ners* to act their *ugly Scenes* of Vices in. Lord,
'I ſhould *fooliſhly charge* thee with a *Neglect*, as
'the *Royal Prophet* once did, for not executing
'thy *ſpeedy Vengeance* on ſuch *pretended Chriſt-*
'*ians*; but that I know the *Time* can't be *long*,
'before I ſhall ſee them ſeiz'd with *Deſolating*
'*Judgments*, and ſudden *Deſtruction*; when they
'will rage, as a *poor Mortal* once did, when he
'was about to have his *Paps pull'd off* with Red
'hot *Pincers*, and *drops* of *boyling Lead* poured
'into his *bleeding Wounds* for *rebelling* againſt his
'*Soveraign King*; and be in anguiſh as a *wick-*
'*ed Wretch* once was, when he *beheld himſelf* juſt
'ready to be *conſum'd* by *devouring Fire*, kindled
'by the fervor of *Juſtice*, avenging on him his *Ill-*
'*gotten Goods*: Then be not ſtartled, O my
'*throbbing Soul*! when thou ſeeſt the Sons of
'*Balaam* ſeated in the *Uppermoſt Iſles*; nor Envy
'their *ſeeming Joys*, when they are *profanely* act-
'ing their *Vicious Scenes*, in the *ſolemn Congrega-*
'*tion* of the *Righteous*, with an air of *Mirth*; ſince
'*Eternity* is long enough to puniſh ſuch *vile Of-*
'*fenders* in, and ſufficiently *miſerable* to humble
'their *lofty Spirits*, and clip their *ſoaring Wings*
'of Arrogance: For there they muſt ſit deep in
'the *lower Pit* of *Miſery*, and be ſhaded over
'with *black Vails* of *Infernal Horror*, in a frightful
'*Dungeon* of *Cimmerian Darkneſs*, where they
'will for ever ſob, and fetch *deeper Groans* of
'Grief, than ever any *diſconſolate Widow* did for
'the loſs of her *dear Companion*, excruciating her

ſelf

'ſelf *with* this *killing Conſideration*, That her lo-
'ving *Spouſe* is for ever departed from her, ne-
'ver to return again to *comfort* and *alleviate* her
'inward *Sorrow*, and to chear up her *drooping*
'*Spirits*, wiping away the *trickling Tears* that
'ſtand in *Cryſtal drops* on thoſe *pale Cheeks*,
'which he ſo lately admir'd for their *modeſt*
'*Bluſhes*, and *ruddy Colours*, which the fine *Pen-*
'*cil* of *Nature* laid curiouſly on, and not the
'*Finger* of *Artificial Deceit*. Then be ſtill, O
'thou my *fainting Soul!* and never caſt a *fretful*
'*Eye* on the *rich Attire*, or *lined Pews* of the
'*Wicked*; but wiſely *conſider*, That ere a *few Years*
'are over, they'l be *array'd* in the Garment of
'*Damnation*, and cry out in the *black Dungeon* of
'*endleſs Pains*.

O fatal time! when we lay *ſtretching* our ſelves on *downy Beds* of Eaſe, and heard the *Morning Peals*, as it were, *ringing* this *Tune* in our Ears; diſpel all *ſcattering Thoughts*, and a-riſe to *hear* God's *Holy Word*; For the bleſt *Sab-bath* is now dawn'd, and the *Children of God* are dreſſing their *Bodies* in decent *Apparel*, and adorning their Minds with *fervent Prayer*, in order to haſten to *Church*: But we poor *drouzy Drones* never minded the *tinckling Chimes*, or went to the *Houſe of God*, unleſs to ſhew our *new-made Veſtures*, how they were ſtitcht up in an *Antick Faſhion*, hoping thereby to attract the *Eyes of the Vain*, and make the *Ignorant ſtare*. O curſed be thoſe Painted *Feathers* of finery, that we were ſticking on our pamper'd *whited Car-*

caſſes

caſſes, when we ſhould have been at our *private Devotions*, in order to prepare us to meet our God in the *Holy Sanctuary*: And now we own our ſelves to be *Eternally undone* for the love which we bare to a few poor *Gaudy Rags*, diverſify'd with various ſorts of *Childiſh Colours*, and Silly *Faſhions*. Oh that we had been Born near the *Arabian* Shore, and been the *poor Drivers* of *Caravans*; then we ſhould never have committed the *horrid Crimes* of entring the *Holy Place* with a *proud* Heart, and *unſeemly* Dreſs, and a *wanton* Carriage: For how *much better* would it have been for us to have driven a few *loaded Mules* over the deep *Plains of Sand*, during a ſhort *pilgrimage*, and then yielded up *our Spirits*, as do the reſt of theſe *poor Ignorant Labourers*, who may with a Truth, plead at the *Reſurrection Day*, That they never heard of a *Meriting Jeſus*, or were ſo much as learn'd in the *Athanaſian Creed*, therefore hoping that the *merciful Judge* will only try them by the *Law of Nature*, and not that of *Chriſt*; than to live a long Age in *ſinful Vanity*, and polluting *ſanctified Ground*, and then dye; to *riſe again*, when with the reſt of our *wicked Aſſociates* we ſhall peep out of our *ſleepy Vaults*, and own before all the *Hoſt of Heaven*, That the Name of *Jeſus* was proclaim'd in our *Streets*, and preach'd in *our Territories*; but that our *ill Actions*, and *unſeemly Carriages* diſown'd his *Merits* in the Houſe of *Prayer*, and made the Authority of *Sacred Writ* of none Effect. O then, *Unfortunate* We! that ever

ever made the *Building of God* a *Tabernacle* for committing *undecent Sins*: Therefore for theſe, and many more of our *hainous Offences*, we muſt *periſh* for ever, and crawl about the *lower Priſons* of *Ruin* to Eternity: Eternity, Eternity, Eternity! Thus I conclude the *Eſſay* on theſe *proud Phariſees*, who ſit with Arrogance in the *higheſt Seats*, and begin to draw the *Abſtract* of thoſe who are ſeated in the *Body of the Church*, which are two *Noted Perſons*; The name of the one is *Righteous*, and that of the other, *Deceit*. I ſhall not be ſo particular as to *deſcribe* them by *their Dreſs*, but I ſhall diſplay their different *Temperaments* by their manner of *Living*, their *Intentions* and their *Thoughts*.

SECTION V.

The Character of Righteous, *with* Ejaculations *which he uſes while at Church.*

THe Perſon whom you ſee ſo *attentive* at his *Devotion*, is the *Holy Man* I juſt now nam'd, his *Life* and *Converſation* is anſwerable to his *Principles*: For behold, he would not *willingly offend*, to gain *full Bags* of *Precious Stones*; for whatever he does, it is with ſuch a *circumſpection* of Spirit, that, if he *offends*, it can't be *truly charg'd* upon him as Sin; becauſe it is not *he that tranſgreſſes*, but the *Seeds* of *Iniquity* that were ſown in *his Nature* by the *Fall* of his *Firſt Parents*

Parents, which will *ſpring out* whether he will or no, ſo long as *he bears* the Name of a *living Man*. The ſeveral *Arguments* he us'd with the *Son of God* at his *entrance here*, take as follows. 'O my *dear Redeemer*, one *Moment* in thy '*Preſence* is more raviſhing to a *ſanctified Soul*, 'than Ten thouſand *Hours* ſpent in Sin; for, 'Lord! what is it that makes thy *Heavenly Seat* 'of Happineſs ſo *delightfully raviſhing* to thoſe 'that dwell therein, but their continual warb-'ling forth *high Notes of Thanksgiving* to Three 'in One, and One in Three? And what is meant 'by the word [*Hell*,] but that it is a Place where 'the *Name* of *my God*, and *thy Father* is never 'mention'd with an *awful Reverence*, and reſol-'ved *Obedience*? O then, how imperfect is all the '*ſtammering Language* of droniſh *Sinners*, when 'once intoxicated with their *full Bowls* of ruddy '*Wine*, to that of the *Righteous*, whoſe Spirits 'are reviv'd with the *rich Pearl* of *Grace*, diſ-'ſolv'd in the *Pure Waters* of Life? Lord! I 'already find the *Storms of Vice* allay'd within 'my *inward Man*, ſince I have entred the Doors 'of thy Houſe, and call'd on thee the *Holieſt of* 'Holies. O then may theſe my *Ejaculations* duly 'prepare my *winged Soul* for the meeting Thee '*with joy*, when thou com'ſt a *Second Time* in the 'gathering *Clouds of Light*, ſurrounded with *nu-'merous Legions* of ſhining *Spirits*, array'd in 'Rayments of *Royal Dignity*, and crying out one 'and all; Now the long *Expected Day* is come, 'Open then your *Rooms*, all ye *Hollow Caverns* of

'the

'the Earth, and ſee to let *your Priſoners* forth,
'and then diſſolve into your *firſt Original*:
'Scrowl up, thou *Firmament*, into ſhriv'ling
'*Rolls*; make room that a *Righteous Judge*
'may come; for behold, he is here *at Hand*, and
'all the new *rais'd Bodies* of Regenerated *Souls*
'are *mounting up* apace, to attend at the Right
'Hand of his *Glorious Majeſty*; but thoſe of Sinners
'are for *ſneaking behind* a flying Cloud, or under
'the *bloody Moon*: But all their *ſtriving* will be
'only as a *ſinking Man* graſping after a *ſwimming*
'*Straw*, in hopes thereby to ſave his *precious Life*,
'ſince here is no *ſhelter* as when on Earth: For
'Behold, the *Scene* is chang'd, and the *Curtain*
'is drawn, ſo that they muſt *inſtantly account* be-
'fore a *Juſt Recorder*, who will not do *them*
'*Wrong*, but give *Juſt Judgment* according to the
'*Deſerts* of every one. Lord! this is the Time
'*my Soul* waiteth for, and the *Day* I long to ſee;
'O! may it come in *thy due time*, and that ſhall
'be *Satisfactory* to me; ſince I value not my *wait-*
'*ing a while longer* here on Earth, ſo that I were
'but ſure, that my *Name was Recorded* in the Ca-
'lendar of *the Elect*, and *Regiſtred* among the
'*Juſt*: Then I ſhould conclude my ſelf an *Happy*
'*Man*, be I Richer be I Poorer, be I Well, or be
'I Sick; O! then my *dear Jeſu*, may this *Seaſon*
'*of Grace* furniſh me for ever with *ſufficient*
'*Strength*, whereby I may be able to fill all
'the *Sails of Virtue*, till I arrive ſafe at the *Port*
'of *Everlaſting Reſt*, when I ſhall have *fairly*
'*Eſcap'd* all the Craggy *Rocks*, and *Quickſands*

'that

'that now lye in *my Paſſage*, ready to ſplit and 'ſink my *ſhatter'd Veſſel* in this its Voyage to '*Eternity*. O! then may I ever keep a *ſteady* '*Eye* on thoſe *fixed Stars* of Faith, that I may 'ſafely guide my *Righteous Soul* to Glory, ſteer-'ing it towards the *Canaan Banks*.

SECTION VI.

The Character of Deceit, *with the Intentions of his* approaching *the Courts of the Lord.*

BEhold! ſeeſt thou not a Man that is *careleſs* in his *Demeanor*, and ſeems to *doze to ſleep*? He is not only called *Deceit* by *Name*, but is really ſo by *Nature*: for he is *Perfidious*, *Falſe*, and *Unjuſt* in ev'ry Stage and Period of his *Life and Actions*, and the main *Deſign* of his entring this *Holy Place*, and ſitting among *Profeſſors*, is only out of a *Form*, and becauſe it is the *Cuſtom* of the *Nation* wherein he lives; but if *Paganiſm* was the *Mode*, or *Mahometiſm* the *Faſhion*, they would much better ſuit his *Genius*, and anſwer his *End*: For Time lyes *heavy* on his Hands, and he knows not *what to do* with himſelf, ſo that he is forced to *paſs it away* by taking now and then a *ſtaggering Nod*, or a *ſound Nap*; but as ſoon as *Sermon* is over, he'l be as *awake* as ever, and ſuffer his *greedy Imaginations* to rove up and down

in

in *chace of Gain*, much like a *ravenous Wolf* that leaves the *Woods*, and ranges the *Fields* for a Prey, at a Seaſon when the pretty *harmleſs Lambs* are leaſt aware of them: for his *Thoughts* are on the *Exchange*, *Ware-houſes*, *Shops*, and other places of *Traffick*, before the *Congregation* is well gone out, or the *pious Chriſtian* has ſaid over a *fervent Ejaculation* to his loving God; and wherever he eſpies the Proſpect of a *Purchaſe*, tho' it is to be attain'd by *Deceit*, and from an *Ignorant Perſon*, that has already even *ſuffer'd himſelf* to be undone by his *ſilly Contracts* and *unwiſe Bargains*; there he ſleeps all that Night, and does nothing but *Dream*, and *Talk* of his *Knaviſh Intrigues* againſt a Poor Man, that apprehends nothing of his *deep laid Deſigns*; and when he awakes in the Morning, he ſoon *prepares all things* for a *General Aſſault*, leſt another *Robber* of the *Spittle*, as wicked as himſelf, ſhould Eye the *Prize*, and find out the *Weakneſs* of the *Fortification*, and enter in by *Storm*, before he has taken *Poſſeſſion*, and ſeized upon the few *remaining Stores* that are left, to maintain a *large Garriſon* of a weeping *Wife*, and crying *Babes*: For ſo he gets it, it never *lyes* upon his *Conſcience* whence it comes, ſince the poſitive *Commands of Chriſt* are but as a *dead Letter* to his *hardned Heart*, tho' it bids him *do to others*, as he would be *done unto*: No, no; all the *Care* and *Precaution* he takes, is to make the *Articles* of *Agreement* ſafe and ſure, ſo that they may not be diſannull'd by the *Laws of the Land*; and then he calls him-

ſelf a *Witty Man*, and fancies he *knows more* than Ten Perſons that *deal uprightly*, and *do juſtly*. And now ſeeing he is in the *Temple* of *my God*, on his moſt *holy Day*, I'le go to the *Pew* where he *now ſits*, and ſound a few *Words* in *his Ears*; aſſuring him, that there is a Day *near at hand*, when ghaſtly Death will open his *Street Doors*, tho' faſtned with *Iron-Chains*, and *ſtrong Bars*, and forcibly entring in, will *plunder him* of all his *ill-gotten Goods*, haling him up to Bed, and binding him with the *ſtrong Cords* of turbulent *Maladies*, as alſo *Gagging* his Mouth, and fixing a *Ruttling* into his *Throat*, which will ſoon ſtop his *Breath*, and ſend his *Spirit* to God's *Counter-Goal*, where he muſt for ever lye without *Bail* or *Mainprize*, till he has paid the *uttermoſt Farthing*, which can never be done to the *poor Deſolate Widows*, and Oppreſſed *Orphans*, whom he has brought *to Penury* by his *over-reaching Cruelty*: O then, he'l Chatter like a *Crane in a Cage*, or Roar as a *Lion in his Den*, and be forc'd to cry out in ſome ſuch *aſtoniſhing Language* as this,

'O! *Ocean* of Miſery, and *deep Floods* of Ru-
'in, that I have *plung'd my Soul* into, by pur-
'chaſing a few *Bags of Droſs*, that now ſerve no
'more to *allay* the *Violence* of my *Miſery*, than
'Buckets of *Oil* flung on a violently *burning Fire*:
'O! how terrible is that *Thought* to me, that
'once I us'd *Religion* only as a *Vail* to hide my
'ſly *Actions of Deceit*, from being *clearly beheld* in
'their *true Shapes*, and to make them appear
'with a *fair Face*? But now for that *hainous Of-*

'*fence*

'*fence*, I am utterly *loſt for Ever*, and muſt be-
'wail my *Hypocriſy* to the *endleſs Period* of Eter-
'nity. O that I had *rather choſen* to have *la-*
'*bour'd* in the *Leaden Mines*, or tugg'd at the
'*Galley-Oar*, than to *grieve* my Neighbour, or
'*exact* it upon Strangers: O that I had *a Thou-*
'*ſand-fold* to return into *their Boſoms*, and there-
'by to obtain *their Pardon*: but behold no *Reſti-*
'*tution* can now be made, or *Forgiveneſs* found;
'neither do I know one quarter part of thoſe I
'have *feloniouſly impos'd* upon: O poor *miſerable*
'*me*, that can by no means *retract* the groſs *Mi-*
'*ſtakes* of a *fraudulent Life*, or ſhelter my *Soul*
'from the *Wrath* of an angry *Judge*. O! amaz-
'zing to think, how I ſhall be able to wade to
'and fro thro' the *Red Sea* of *God's Wrath*, for
'Millions and Millions of *long Ages*! O thou
'deep *Eternity*! I ſhall never *ſound thy Bottom*,
'tho' I ſhould ſink the *Plummet* of my Soul into
'thy *black Abyſs* one Million of Fathoms in the
'*wink of an Eye*, or the *turn* of a *Thought*: O
'then what can be *deeper than thee*, O thou aſto-
'niſhing *Eternity*! Eternity! Eternity! and how
'*Melancholy* will it be for my *loſt Spirit*, to be for
'ever *Deſcending* into the depth of *Ruin*, and yet
'never come to *reach any Ground*, or be near its
'*Bottom*! but that which ſerves to augment *my*
'*Unhappineſs*, is the ſad *Conſideration*, how far I
'ſhall be abſent from *God's gracious Preſence*,
'when I have been diving down into that *wide*
'*Gulph of Amazement*, as many Thouſands of

'Years, as the whole *Frame of the Creation* would 'contain of *Motes*, were it every where fill'd 'therewith from one *Extremity* to the *other*; the '*Extent* of which cannot be *meaſured* by as many 'Millions of *Fathoms*, as there are Letters in the '*Holy Bible*, or *Minutes* in a *Leap-Year*. O Center 'of *Pain*, with what *Induſtry* courted I thee for '*many*, and *many Years*, and how *impatient* was 'I to be *Eternally undone*, by ſteering *Night* and '*Day* towards this *Lake* wherein I am now ſink-'ing: O *unfortunate me*! why ſail'd I not along 'the *ſmooth Channel* of *Equity*, and true *Piety*, 'that I might now have *anchor'd* ſafe in the *ſtill* '*Streams* of Joy, and *unrigg'd* on the ſecure 'Shore of *Everlaſting Serenity*. O a Thouſand 'times better would it *now have been* for me, 'had I, in the *Flower* of my *Youth*, hoiſted Sail 'for *Eternal Bliſs*, and weather'd all the *Winter-*'*Storms* of Poverty and Contempt, rather than 'have *loaded my Self*, as I did, with the *Spoils* of 'others: but now the *bleak Winds* of Death have 'lockt me up in the *muddy Dock* of *black Deſpair*, 'and ſtopt me from ever making a *Voyage* '*Heaven-wards*, or gaining that *Latitude*, which 'when once attain'd, there is thence a *ſmooth* '*Courſe* to the *New Jeruſalem*. This is the *Lan-guage* of a *Fraudulent* Man, when he is doom'd to *Condemnation*, and chain'd up to *Eternity* with the *twiſted Cables* of Miſery. Wherefore may none for the future be ſo *Ruinous* to their *own Souls*, as to wear a

Vizard

Vizard of Chriſtianity, with an Intent only to *over-reach* their *weaker Brother*, grind the *face of the Poor*, and ſuck the Blood of *Innocents*, by taking advantage of their *want of Judgement*, or their *urgent Neceſſities*; and may every one chuſe *rather to ſtarve*, than commit an *ill action* in their mutual *Merchandizing*: But, however we may *ſcorn this Advice* now, I am ſure the *wiſeſt* of us all will *approve* it to have been the *beſt Council*, when Death beſprinkles our *wan Fore-head* with a cold *clammy Sweat*, and *chills the Blood* within our Veins: No, no; let who will ſtrive to be Rich by *indirect Means*, in the mean time gloſſing o're their *Evil Deeds*, by making an *outward Profeſſion* of *good Works*; I will never be ſo *falſe to God*, or *perfidious to Man*, as to ſet off to the World a *Saint's Countenance*, and harbour a *Devil* in my Heart. But now it is time to lead *my Reader* towards the *Font*, or the lowermoſt part of the *Temple*, and ſhew him *Two Men* ſtanding there, of different *Natures* and *Qualities*; the one bears the Name of *Lazarus*, the other of *Ignorance*.

SECTION VII.

The Character of Lazarus, *with his laſt* Prayer *made in the* Temple.

SEeſt thou a Man born up by *Crutches*, with a *Napkin* bound round his head? that is *Lazarus*. Deſpiſe him not, becauſe he's dreſt in *Rags*, and *maim'd* in his *Limbs*: For, behold there is conceal'd within a *contented Mind*, and a *rich Soul*, adorn'd with the Robes of *Chriſt's Righteouſneſs*, embeliſh'd with *Grace*, and true *Humility*, and acceptable in the *Sight* of an *Holy God*, and *Righteous Men*; as will appear by the *earneſt Petitions* he puts up to *Heaven's Gate* when he firſt comes to Church; a *Prayer*, that is ſo *Divinely Compos'd*, and attended with ſuch *flights of Devotion*, that I think it is the *beſt I ever heard*, to proceed from an *illitterate begging Man*: Which take as follows,

'O thou high and Lofty King, that *eternally* '*lives* beyond the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *twinckling* '*Stars*, and wilt for ever reign in the *full enjoy*-'*ment* of thy Self; I that am *deſpis'd* by the *Vain*, 'as not worthy to *approach* their *Roof*, or *touch* 'the *Hem of their Garments*, am imboldned, in 'and thro' thy *dear Son*, to enter thy *Houſe*, and 'proſtrate my ſelf to thee in *private Prayer*, be-'fore the *Publick Service* begins, or the Folk are '*come together*. O thou *mighty One*! I can *ap-*

'*peal*

'*peal* to thee, that the *Intentions* of my *coming*
'*hither* this Day, are not to feign an *Outward ſhew*
'of *Devotion*, that thereby I might be *ſeen of*
'*Men*, or receive their *Alms*; but to lay open
'the *Wounds* of my *Soul*, and the *Diſeaſes* of
'my *Body*, that thou may'ſt heal my *Broken Spi-*
'*rit*, by applying the *Balm of Gilead*, and cure
'my *Ails*, either by *receiving me* to thy Self, or
'*healing* my outward *Natural Infirmities*. My
'Faith is ſo *ſtrong to believe*, that if *thou wilt*,
'thou can'ſt *ſpeak the Word*, and make *me Whole*:
'Haſte then, and ſhew thy *Power*, or my Soul
'will be *diſpirited*, and my Body *faint*: For I
'ſee none that *careth for me*, or will apply
'any *Soveraign Plaiſters* to my *running Iſſues*,
'becauſe I am mean and low, but ſeem rather
'to *Baniſh me* from their view: for I have but
'lately beg'd only for the *Crums that fell from*
'*a Glutton's Table*, and could by no means at-
'tain *my Requeſt*, tho' I crav'd it with *loud Cries*
'and heaving *Throbs*, and laid open my *lanced*
'*Sores* even at the foot of his *Threſhold*; in return
'whereof, he ſent *his Dogs* to *frighten* me from
'*his Palace*; but they, poor Animals, *commiſe-*
'*rated* my ſad Eſtate, by licking my *painful*
'*Sores* with their *healing Tongues*, and eaſing
'me when in *great Miſery*. But now the *Scene*
'is *chang'd*; he's dead and *ſummon'd* to *thy Bar*,
'where he muſt account for all his *monſtrous*
'*Cruelties* unto me, and live in *burnings of Con-*
'*ſcience*, with *accurſed Spirits* and *damned Souls* for
'ever, yea *for ever* and *for evermore*. Now,

'Lord! I am aſſur'd, that *thou wilt*, by ſome 'means or other, *provide* for my *Bodily Suſtenance*, 'or take me to thy ſelf, where I ſhall *Hunger* no 'more, *Thirſt* no more, be *Naked* no more, nor 'be in *Pain* any more, but flouriſh as a *ſpread-'ing Vine* under the Shinings of thy *Glorious 'Majeſty*, when the wicked are *flung into Hell*, 'with all thoſe that *forget thee their Maker*. O! 'then ripen me for Heaven, my *moſt Gracious 'Lord*, and then let *Death come* when it will; 'for I want to *be at reſt*, and long to ſee the 'Bright Face of thee the *Father*, *Son*, *and Holy 'Ghoſt*, which ſhine as ſo many *Stars blazing* 'into one and the ſame *Luminary*; I'le now im-'prove this *Opportunity* as my laſt Farewel to a 'Pompous and *Evil World*; for I find that *Na-'ture* flags a-pace, and I am about to *ingulph* it 'into *Eternity*; ſo that when the Service of the 'Day is over, I'le *go me home and dye*, in ſure 'and certain *hope*, that my *Darling Soul* will be 'convey'd by Legions of *Bleſſed Spirits*, from a 'Bed of Straw to *Abraham's* Boſom, in the yon-'der *Sion*, that is all *Glorious within*: O then 'ſpeed away, ye *Harbingers of Death*! what ail 'ye to be ſo long? O come away, for I am *ſick 'of Life*, and fain would be remov'd out of a 'bare Cottage of Clay into a well-furniſh'd *Appart-'ment of Bliſs*; for during my *ſtay here below*, I 'am one while *chill'd with Cold*, and another while '*inflam'd with Heat*; one Day I'm *tempted with 'Sin*, another while I *pine with Grief*; in one 'Hour I'm afraid of *God's Diſpleaſure*, in another,

'amaz'd

'amaz'd with Fear for the *Follies of Youth*; at 'one inſtant oppreſt with *Pain*, at another, wea-'ried out with *Mourning*: but if Death would 'come and bid my *Soul* and *Body* ſhake Hands 'and part, my *Spirit* would inſtantly *Tide it* '*over* to the Enamel'd Hills of *Paradiſe*; where 'all my *Night-Aches*, and daily *Pains* would be '*thoroughly cur'd*, and ceaſe for ever. O then! 'may I by and by *depart in Peace*; for behold I 'perfectly ſee *Salvation* thro' the *Teleſcope* of a '*true Faith*, and really *believe*, that the *Merits* 'of *Jeſus*, with my true *Contrition*, are ſufficient 'to gain a *Pardon* for all my *Original* and *actual* '*Sins*. I was never allur'd with the luſtful 'Glances of a *Whoriſh Woman*, or taken with a '*looſe Dreſs*, but ever look'd on ſuch *vile Of-*'*fenders*, as unhappy in Life, and *miſerable* in 'Death; neither did I in all *my Wants*, ever caſt 'an *envious Glance* on the Perſons of the Proud, 'as they rode in their *painted Chariots* of State 'by my *deſpiſable Tenement*; or when I lay *ſpraw-*'*ling* in the Street, ready to *periſh* for *lack of* 'Food to ſuſtain my *craving Nature*, and miſe-'rably *tormented* for want of *Oil* to be poured 'into *my ſmarting Wounds*. No, Lord! when 'ever I ſaw *Haughty Men* and *Imperious Women* 'gorgeouſly dreſt, and ſtaring on me with *ſuch* '*Diſdain*, as if they were *Gods*, and I a *Worm*, 'I never wiſh'd them ill; but *bemoan'd* their *ſad* '*Eſtate*, and lamented their *idle Folly*, by con-'ſidering, that for all their *Luciferian Arrogance*, 'and impious *Scorns*, they muſt fall down and

dye,

'dye; and that then they ſhould become *ſenſible*,
'that they are *Originally moulded* of the *ſame Duſt*
'with me, and that their *Father* was made of
'*Fleſh and Blood*, as well as mine; as alſo their
'*Mother* was ſo near a-kin to mine, as to have *one*
'*common Father* in *Adam*; and that all our Duſt
'will be a *Second* time *mingled together* again, as we
'*lye rotting* in the Womb of the Earth, when
'one will not appear to be *more fine* than the
'other, nor can be *diſtinguiſh'd* which is which,
'till they come to be *ſeparated* in the Morn of the
'*Reſurrection*; wherein that will appear to be
'the *richer Soil*, that formerly was link'd by a
'*Divine Decree* to a *Spirit* that brought forth
'moſt Fruits of *Moderation*, *Temperance*, and
'*Humility*. Lord! I need not *repeat it* to thee,
'how I *ſtrove*, throughout the whole Courſe of
'my life, to row againſt the *bluſtring Winds* of
'*Vice*, and ſtem the *turbulent Tide* of *Atheiſm*,
'and *Deiſm*, that thereby I might not fall into
'*Wilful Sins*, but keep my Thoughts *pure and*
'*undefiled*, when *out of* thy *Sanctuary* as well as
'*within* it: O then may this my *laſt Prayer*, and
'dying *Sacrifice*, in this thy *Temple* here on
'Earth, be offer'd up with *more Zeal* than ever;
'ſo that when a *few Hours* are over, I may be
'*flighted up* to the Courts above, in order to
'chant out, in *higher Strains* of Mirth, the
'*Praiſes* of the *Heavenly King*; and to join the
'Quire of *Bleſſed Saints*, with thoſe that attend
'the Body of the *Trinity*, in the Regions of *Feli-*
'*city* for ever, crying out, *Hallelujah*, *Hallelu-*
'*jah*,

'*jah*, *Hallelujah*; *Power*, *Power*, *Power*; *Might*, '*Might*, *Might* be for ever warbled forth in Ho-'nour to *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*; three '*Perſons* yet but *One Soveraign* Emperor, for ever 'ſwaying the *weighty Scepter* of the ſpacious Uni-'verſe: To whom, and for whom, and with whom 'be for ever, ever and ever, World without end, 'World without end, World without end, our 'Father, our God, our King, one Creator, one 'Redeemer, one Sanctifier, Glory, Honour and 'Praiſe, Might, Dominion and Majeſty. *Amen*, '*Amen*, *Amen*.

SECTION VIII.

The Character *of* Ignorance; *with the Intent of his* Appearance *in the Houſe of God.*

BEhold! that *miſerable Wretch* leaning near the *Warden's Pew*, dreſt all over in *Tatters*: This is the Perſon who is truly nam'd *Ignorance*, he never yet has *learn'd the Creed*, the *Lord's Prayer*, and the *Ten Commandments*; neither can he ſcarce tell you *who Made him*, who *Redeemed him*, and who *Sanctified him*; nor knows he what is the *Chief End of Man*; if he does, he never truly conſiders the *Happineſs* of thoſe who are to *enjoy God for ever*: For the main *Deſign* of his *coming hither*, is not to be inſtructed in the *Law of the Lord*, but in Expectation to *receive the Alms* of the Kind and Liberal, whereby he may *Sin*, *Drink*

Drink and *Offend*, in order to be *Eternally loſt*. How to prevent his *Ruin* I cannot tell, unleſs I could prevail, by *Cogent Arguments*, with the *Honourable Eſtates* of the *Realm*, to enact a Law, whereby he, with thoſe like himſelf, may be *ſeiz'd*, and *forc'd* to *Labour*, that ſo they may earn their *daily Bread*, and be inſtructed *Morning* and *Evening* in the *Grounds* and *Principles* of *True Religion*, by Teachers and Elders of the Church, appointed *for that purpoſe*, by which means they may arrive to the *Knowledge* of a *Father*, a *Chriſt*, and a *Spirit*; and believe that theſe Three are *One God*, of infinite *Power*, *Wiſdom* and *Goodneſs*; and moreover, receive it as their *bounden Duty*, to live mortified lives; as alſo to know, what is *to be done and practiſed* for the ſure attainment of the *Almighty's Favour*. This I moſt *ardently deſire* may be paſt into a *Law*, and ſpeedily put *in force*, before the *Land of my Nativity* be ſpread all o're with the *malignant Leproſy* of *Idleneſs*, *Ignorance*, and *Beggary*, which grows upon us, as *Weeds* do in a *Field of Corn*, after a *warm* and a *wet* Spring. Thus I have done with the *Conſideration* of *Chriſt* in the *Temple*, and will now proceed in my uſual Method, to *meditate* upon his *Prayer* in the Mount of *Olives*, when he *ſweated Blood*.

SECT.

SECTION IX.

Chriſt Sweating Blood.

Luke 22, 44, *And being in an Agony, he Prayed more earneſtly, and his Sweat was, as it were, great Drops of Blood falling down to the ground.*

COme ye that are *Merry and Joyous*, and I'le make you *Serious and Sad*: For, behold, my *Soul* is oppreſt with *Grief*, and overcharg'd with *Sorrow*, ev'n to ſuch a degree, that I fear I ſhall *bedew* the *Paper* on which I write, with ſuch *Showers* of falling *Tears*, as will make my *blubbered Writings* unlegible to all, unleſs it be to ſuch as *can penetrate* into the ſecret *Thoughts* of my *troubled Breaſt*, and ſpell out my meaning by the *vexing Troubles* of my *afflicted Mind*: for the *Prevention* of which, and that the *Mean* and *Illiterate* may profitably *peruſe* this *Eſſay*, as well as the *more Learned* and refin'd, I ſhall forge me out a *Sheet of Copper*, and temper a *Graver of Steel*, whereby I may cut out this Diſcourſe in ſuch *Plain Characters*, that he which runs may read: But here ſome may ſay, what a *ſhort Account* muſt that be, and how *tedious* will the *Work* go on? The Anſwer is eaſily made. It is the Buſineſs of the *Son of God*, and that

that muſt not be *trifled* o're as an *Idle Story*, or vain *Romance*; but be carefully done, and to *the Life*, becauſe the *Matter* is real and true: Nay, it was always laid down, as a *Maxim* among the *Ingenious*, and worthy *Authors* of every *Age*, that a Page or two *well fill'd* with ſound *Arguments*, and irrefragable *Reaſons*, is more tobe look'd upon, than *many Sheets* ſcribled over they *know not how*; ſo that I ſhall *engrave a Letter*, and reſt a while; *finiſh a Word*, and conſider a time; end a *Sentence*, and muſe a little; compleat a *Verſe*, and practiſe for Life; and then *lay down* my *Graver*, and ſo have done. Lord! what *Dreams* are theſe that make my *Fancy* rove, and put me thus *out of Tune*? Why talk I of *drawing* to a Cloſe, before I have *well begun*, or ſpeak of ſhutting up ſo *Copious a Head* in ſo *narrow* a Compaſs, ſince a *large Volume* is ſcarce ſufficient to contain ſuch a *large Subject*, tho' done by a *Meſſenger of Heaven* inſpir'd from above? Then, Lord! what ail my *Thoughts*? What uncorrected *Paſſions* are theſe, that thus put me *out of Frame*, and diſturb my *Inward Man*? What is become of all my *former Sagacity*, and my lively *Ideas* of Things, ſince there was a time when I could *command my Self* without control, and argue with *Diſcretion*? What ſudden *Storm* is this, that hath riſen from the *Weſtern Pole*, and drove me on the *Eaſtern Shore* before I am aware, and occaſion'd all this *ruffling of Spirit*? I verily perceive, by the *preſage* of my *anxious Spirit*, that I muſt be a-

riv'd

riv'd near the *Mount of Olives*, where a *God made Man*, is all of a *Crimſon Sweat*: for (methinks) I ſee a *Miſt* be-clouding my *amazed Sight*; and am of the Opinion, that all this *Confuſion* and *Shivering* can't proceed from nothing, but that there is ſome *ſtrange Scene* or other near at hand, as evidently appears by the *gathering Clouds of Melancholy*, that ariſe from every Part of my *ſad Soul*: O when ſhall I *know the worſt*, and find out the *occaſion* of my *ſudden Pains*, and *inward Gripes*, that I may ceaſe to *perplex* my *ſelf* and *others* with ſuch ſtrange *Rovings*? For I feel my ſelf ſo *ſore oppreſt*, that unleſs I ſpeedily know the *Reaſon of this Diſorder*, or am ſupported by an *over-ruling Power*, I cannot long *Expreſs my ſelf* in Words, but muſt beg my *Reader's Pardon*, and ſit me down and *ſay no more*; for *what Advantage* will it be to any, ſuppoſing I ſhould *ſtruggle* ſo far with *Nature*, as to mutter out a few *broken Words*, and ſtammering *Speeches* in the Ears of my *beloved Friends*, as I lye *Throbbing*, *Fainting*, and *Dying*? No; all that I *could do* at ſuch a time, to make my *ſelf be underſtood*, were, to let my laſt Breath *be-miſt* the *Face* of ſome Cryſtal *Looking-Glaſs*, that thereon I might trace out my *Saviour's Paſſion* with the Tip of my Finger, whilſt ſome more *tranquil*, but *affectionate Soul* expounds my *Characters* to a ready *Scribe*, by whoſe *nimble Pen* they may be carefully *tranſmitted* to the ſucceeding *Poſterity*, that ſo every Perſon profeſſing *Chriſtianity*, may *Peruſe* and *Practiſe*, when I lie ſleeping

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in the *Tomb of Oblivion*, with this *Epitaph* on the *Marble Table*, that will then cover my *conſuming Bones*: Come all ye that would ſee a Man which ſo lov'd his *Chriſt*, as to render up the *Ghoſt*, by treating too *paſſionately* on his *bloody Sweat*; Peep down into this *Vault* where his *Aſhes* lie, and pay ſome kind of *Veneration* to his *Eternal Memory*: for this is he that not long ago *pin'd away* with *Grief*, when he ſaw *his Jeſus* ſweating huge *drops of Blood*: If your *Faith* is not ſo ſtrong as to believe *there was ſuch a Man*, turn up his *Stone*, and there you'l find *lying under his Head* a *Manuſcript* of his own *Compoſing*, written juſt before he bad a *Naughty World* adieu; you will find *pourtrayed* on the out-ſide thereof, which ſerves as a *Title*, *Chriſt ſweating Blood*: are ye Illiterate and cannot read? hand it here, and ſit ye down on his *cold Earth*, and hear it read with a *ſerious Attention*; for tho' I am *a Stone*, I'le ſeem to *ſpeak* for once, and *repeat* it over every Word for Word. Marvel not now at my *Miraculous Speech*: ſo *Important* is the *Occaſion*, and ſo *Neteſſary* the *Diſcourſe*, that even the *Pile* of *Bricks* that bears me up from the *Ground*, muſt needs be the *Interpreter* if I *remained Dumb*. Therefore hearken, for I now begin, Awake my *Fancy*, come delude no more; tell the *efficient Cauſe* of all thy *Trouble*, and this thy *ſudden Death*.

As I was walking all alone, upon a *Certain Day*, not far from the City of *Jeruſalem*, I loſt my

my *intended Way*, and travell'd towards the *Mount of Olives*, where to my aſtoniſhment I beheld the *Son of God* kneeling upon his *bended Knees*, and his Diſciples *faſt aſleep* about a Stones caſt from him; which caus'd me to *make a Stop*, and *retreat Back* to awake his *Followers*, and demand the Reaſon why the *Lord was all alone*, and their *Spirits* ſo overwhelm'd with *drowſineſs*, as to ſuffer themſelves to doze? For ſhame, ſaid I, awake and attend your *Saviour* in his *Earneſt Prayer*: but receiving no *Reply*, I fear'd ſome *Tragedy* was then acting, *or near to be perform'd*, ſo that I *took Spirit*, and advanced ſomething nearer to his *ſacred Perſon*, than before, where I thought I *beheld Him* all of a *gore Blood*; but not daring to *proceed ſo nigh* as to know the truth, I perſwaded my ſelf, that it was *only a vain Imagination*, and a *Deluſion of the Wicked One*, in order to diſcompoſe my *Inward Peace*, and put me out of a *ſuitable Frame*; nay, at laſt I was ſo *confidently aſſur'd*, that I ſaid, it is only from a few *uſurping Thoughts*, that uſually reign in a *troubled Mind*: for if it were otherwiſe, ſurely his *Apoſtles* would not be *ſlumbering* thus, but be either *waſhing* his *beſmeared Cheeks* with Rivers of *briny Tears*, or crying out with *hideous Moans*, loud *Skrieks*, and unheard of *Lamentations*.

Then I conſider'd further, and *argued* thus with my *own Soul*: Why ſtandeſt thou thus *amuſing thy ſelf* between *Hope* and *Doubt*? what ever it *coſt thee*, tho' it be *Life it ſelf*, run inſtant-

ly up to the *very place*, and ſee whether it *be ſo or not*, ſurely the *Lord* will not be angry: which accordingly *I did*, and to my great *Aſtoniſhment* I found it to be *really ſo*; at which *terrible ſight* I ſhrieked out, and ſaid, *O my Saviour* and my *God*, what aileth thee, that ſuch *dewings of Blood* drop down from thy *Sacred Forehead*; if the *ſhowers* ſhou'd continue or encreaſe, thou wilt ſoon be *moated round* with Streams of Blood? O my *Lord*, and my *Redeemer*, I know *Thou art he* that but a while ago *Reign'd* in the *Orbs* above, as an *Imperial Soveraign*, and wert equally *Concern'd* with thy *Father* in *making* Man: O then let me know the *Meaning*, why thou art thus dy'd all o're with a *Scarlet Red*, ſince I thought that the *Second Perſon* in the ever Bleſſed *Trinity* could not *have Bled*, as doth a *mortal Man*? O view thy ſelf, and ſee how thy *Veſture* is variegated with ſtreaks *of Ruddy Blood*: Certainly never *any God* but thou was thus affected with ſuch a *violent Agony*, as to open every *Vein*, and let *Blood* diſtil through all the *Parts* of thy *Skin*? But now, O my *amazed Soul*! thou may'ſt call *one thing* to mind, and know the *Firſt Cauſe* of this his *bitter Agony*; it is for the *horrid Crimes* of degenerate Man: O then what a Mighty *Condeſcenſion* is this in Thee my *Saviour*! to leave thy *Father's Houſe*, and put thy ſelf into *ſuch a Fit*, for worthleſs and polluted *Sinners*.

O my *Jeſus*, was ever *love* like to *this of thine*! if not, where will all thoſe *Offenders* one day appear,

appear, who refuſe to *Sweat* and *Bleed* with thee for all their *paſt Tranſgreſſions*, and who will not reſolve to *offend no more*, tho' tempted unto it with an *Imperial Crown*, beſtudded with *Diamonds* and other *Precious Stones*?

Lord! with thy *permiſſion*, I'le here take leave to ſpeak to ſuch, be they *who they will*; O obſtinate and perverſe Men, what do ye mean by theſe your *prepoſterous proceedings*, thus to cauſe your *Saviour to Bleed*, not only for your *Original*, but daily *actual Sins*? Be it known to you, O you *obdurate Wretches* that live in any *wilful Sin*, or in the omiſſion of any *ſingle Duty*, that thou ſhalt ere long be *corrected* for the ſame: wherefore be *well adviſed*, and learn to know, before it be *too late*, that whoſoever *continues* thus to cauſe the *Son of God* to Sweat as it were *large drops* of extravaſated *Blood*, muſt and will be flung into *hot Flames of Fire*, I mean the boyling *Furnaces* of *God's Wrath*, and bear the ſtingings of a *wounded Conſcience* to perpetuity. Therefore give ear to *inſtruction* before it be *too late*, and haſte to that *Mount* where your *bleſſed Saviour* is ſweating great *drops of Blood*: Slight not this *Invitation*, leſt Death call, and *Judgment* comes, when it will be *too late* to make a journey thither; ſeek for real *Converſion*, and pay Tribute to the *Immaculate Lamb*.

O! then *come away* without delay or vain Excuſe, and I'le learn you that *noble* and *enriching Commerce* with Heaven, of *ſerious Devotion*, and tell you, what *Godly ſincerity* means. Did you

never yet affect ſuch a *Melancholy*, as diſtracts not the *Thoughts*, but perfectly becalmes the *hurried Mind*: Speed here, and you'l ſoon become *devout as an Anchoret*, conſecrated to Heaven in a *lonely Deſart*; for the very *Sight* of *Jeſus* his *Agony* will cauſe you to *Conſider*, *Weep*, and *Moan*, whether you will or not; ſince no *Tragedy* was ever like to this: Come, tho' it be but *for a while*, and ſtrenuouſly fix *your Eyes* on the *Effects* of this his *bitter Paſſion*; and my Soul for yours, all *your Joys* will ſoon abate, and your *love to Sin* be allay'd: for never was any *tender Affection*, or any, even the *bittereſt Suffering*, like to this of your *dear Redeemer*. I have heard of a Man, that bore ſo *real an Affection* to his Friend, that when *News* was brought him that *he was loſt in a Storm*, he rav'd out as a Perſon *bereav'd of Reaſon*, and haſtily ſaid, Why ſurvive I the *Funeral* of my dear *Companion* and *truſty Brother*? O that I had *died for him*, or that we had *gone down* to the *Deep together*. But I never read of any that ſo admir'd their *Adverſaries*, as to plunge themſelves in *Miſery* for their *Redemption*: No, that as yet was never done by any *mortal Man*. But here is a *God* come down from his *everlaſting Throne*, who having laid aſide his *Scepter* of *Soveraign Power*, and covered his *Divine Form* with that of a *mortal Man*, has willingly undergone the greateſt *Sufferings* that ever *that Nature* was capable of; and all this for ſuch as are *his Foes*, bleeding in an *unheard of Manner* for *Tranſgreſſors*, and yet himſelf is

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no *Sinner*, but is *very God*, as touching his *Godhead*. O profound *Myſtery*, and unparallel'd *Zeal*, not to be Explain'd by the *Draughts* of a *Pen*, or the quaint *Expreſſions* of the moſt *Learned Tongue*. But here perhaps ſome may ſay, If ſo, why ſtay I not *my Quill*, and ceaſe to *attempt that* which can *never be accompliſh'd*. I anſwer, no: Proceed I will, tho' the *Work* be never ſo *imperfectly* done; and why, becauſe I'le ſhew the *reality* of my *good Intentions* to the World's Great Saviour: Nay, Suppoſing I knew that this *my Eſſay* would be as much *ridicul'd* by *conceited Wits*, as the poor *Peaſant's Relation* was by the great and *haughty States-Men*, when he entred his *Queen's Preſence*, to tell Her how Nobly and Valiantly *his Lord the King* fought in defence of his *Ancient Kingdoms*, and the *Liberties* of his *People*, and that he was ſo *Wounded* in the *Field* of *Battel*, that Blood ran trickling down thro' the *Latchets of his Shoes*, and yet he would not *deſiſt from Fighting*: Admit this *Meſſage* was not deliver'd in ſo *fine an Harangue*, as a *fawning Courtier*, or a *proud Prelate* might have done, yet it ſerv'd to *inform* the *Publick* of their *Emperor's* great *Exploits*, and ſhew'd the *poor Man's good Will*, as much as if he had *expreſt himſelf* with all the *Flowers of Rhetorick*, in higheſt Strains of *Eloquence*. Even ſo I, to the utmoſt of my *weak Abilities*, will ſet forth the *loving kindneſs of Chriſt*, notwithſtanding ſome *proud Phariſee*, or *Spiteful Levite* may deride me for it, and ſay, It's meanly done, and ought never to *have ſeen the Light*, unleſs mended by a *more In-*

genious Hand: I ſay, be my Style never *ſo mean*, I matter not; proceed *I muſt* and *Will*, in *Defiance* of them all: for behold *my Heart* is as it were ſtuck ſo full with *Arrows of Grief*, that each *Wound* ſeems to be mortal; but *pull them out* I will in Spite of *Pain*, and throw them *all away*, and when I have ſaid ſo much of the *Paſſions* of my *beloved Jeſus*, that I can no *longer ſpeak*, I'le ſuffer my ſelf *to dye* with a *ſingle Dart*: But till then, I'le ſtrive to *relinquiſh Sin*, and ſcorn all *vain Oppoſers*, by venting the *ſtreams of Grief* that lay floating in my *throbbing breaſt*: Nay, tho' Princes ſhould *diſſwade* me to *proceed*, yet it would not in the *leaſt avail*, for go on I muſt, or elſe my *Heart will Break*. But it may be ſome *more perverſe* than *others*, may here ſeem to *interrupt*, and ſay, I am long ere I come to begin; I ſay, *object* what they will, I'le hear *Reaſon call*, and regard them not, ſince I muſt take time to *raiſe the Sorrows* of my Heart in imitation of the *bubbling Springs*, that ſend up their *Waters* by degrees, and continue in a *ſteady Motion*, and not be as the *broken Ciſtern*, that floods it out at once, and ſo *becometh dry*: But now I'le mount the Earth's *Great Scaffold*, that every one of its *Inhabitants* may hear, and attend to this *ſad Lamentation* of mine: for behold, the *ſight of Jeſus* now diverſified with *Blood*, begins to work up *Tears* in great abundance, and all *my Joys* ſeem to ceaſe: behold *that Sun*, whoſe Face was *bright and clear*, is now ſhaded o're with a *Cloud of Blood*: O then! whither ſhall I *retreat*

till

till the day *dawns again*, if not behind the dark *Curtains* of *Diſmal Deſpair*? But why ſpeak I of *another dawn*, when my repeated *Omiſſions* have Eclips'd that *influence*, which ſhould have been as a *Lamp* in *my paſſage* to a more *happy State*: Be not deceiv'd, O then my Soul! for ſhould God *deal with thee* anſwerably to *thy Deſerts*, his *Son's Countenance* will be *ſhaded* from thee for Ever.

Then how canſt *thou hope* to find a *Luminary*, who haſt by *Iniquity* deſtroy'd thy ſelf, and occaſion'd this *Vail* to be drawn over its *ſhining Body*; wherefore *Excuſe not* thy ſelf, O my *Dove*! but acknowledge, that thou art one of thoſe *unhappy Spirits*, that aſſiſted in hiding that *ſerene Star* under *God's Diſpleaſure*, which ſhould have directed thy *wandring Bark*, now *toſſed up and down*, into the *Haven of Peace*: O then hide thy ſelf, *O my Jewel*! and mourn in that thou haſt *ſpurn'd* againſt *thy Saviour*, and ſtain'd thy ſelf *with Vice*, the malignity of which hath *thus beſmeared* thy *Jeſus* his *Face* with *Red Speckles* of Blood. Enter into *Secret*, and conſider, O my *Soul*! what *Deſtruction* thy *Sins* have brought on thy *bleſſed Redeemer*, and conſider that *Ruin* threatens, and the *World* is fill'd with *hideous Ecchoes*, occaſion'd by the *many Tranſgreſſions* that have been committed ever ſince the *Creation*, and are ſtill *Delighted* in. O my Soul! hearken: I now hear the Voice of God's *wrathful Indignation* beating with its *furious Blaſts* on the Perſon of his *only Son*, all

which plainly demonſtrates, that the *Almighty* can by no means *away with Sin*, or behold *Iniquity* with the *leaſt approbation*. Wherefore I muſt here ſeem to make a *Digreſſion*, by asking my Self and others, If it can *hail* in great abundance, which ſhews the *Power of God*, and yet the *Icy Stones* not fall down to the *Earth?* Can *Rocks* ſplit, and *Mountains* ſhake, which betokens that the *Lord Jehovah is Angry*, and yet the little Hills not ſo much *as tremble*? Can *Winds* blow, and *Clouds* gather, which foretel mighty *Rains*, and neither the *Sun*, *Moon*, or *Stars* be hid? Can it Thunder with *ratling Peals*, and Lighten with *Blazing Flaſhes*, which certainly ſhews *Heaven's Diſpleaſure*, and yet the *guilty* not be amaz'd, and the *Atheiſt* quake? Can *Nations* fall, and *Kings* dye, which make a ſad Confuſion, and yet ſhall a *Righteous Man* not be afflicted, or the *Offender* puniſh'd? Can *ſtately Palaces* be conſum'd, and *populous Cities* be ſwallow'd up quick, which is a *Judgment* to any People, and ſhall not a *Lamentation* and *Mourning* be heard amongſt its *eſcaped Inhabitants*? Can a tedious *Famine* be in a *Country*, and an outragious *Plague* in a *Kingdom*, which is a *terrible ſight* to behold, and not one be *ſtarv'd* with *Hunger*, or *Sick* unto Death? Can *Day Break*, which is foretold by the *Cock-Crow*, and accompany'd with the ſweet Singings of the Lark, and not any *Glimerings of Light* be ſeen to peep over the *Eaſtern Hills*? Can *Maſſacres* be concerted, which *endanger* many lives, and

not

not a *Villain* be concern'd in the *Combination*? Can *good Men* faint, and go down to the *Grave*, which Preſages a *ſudden Alteration*, and none lay it *to Heart*? Then ſurely no Perſon that *believes* in an *Holy God*, or bows at the Name of a *meek Jeſus*, can be ſo wean'd from *Virtue*, and intangled in *Vice*, as not to relent, and burſt forth into *Rivers of Tears*, to ſee an *Ocean of Blood* run down the Skirts of him, that came to redeem them from *eternal Death*. O then awake ye *drouzy Sinners*, and behold *Chriſt* in this his *Bloody Conflict*. Rouſe up ye *ſtupid Offenders*, and vouchſafe him your preſence with a *Tear of Blood*, ready to be diſcharg'd from *each of your Eyes*, and another from *your Heart*: For could I command my *Affections* according to my *Wiſhes*, *Rivers* of *Blood* ſhould diſtil from me inſtead of *little Pearls* of *Saltiſh Water*. Could I have my *Will* obey'd, there is not a *Leaf* hanging on *any Tree*, but ſhould open its *Veins*, and curious *Fibres*, and bleed a drop of Blood. Could I attain my *Deſire*, there is not a *Pillar* of *Marble* in any Cathedral *Church*, or *Abbey*, but ſhould *ſweat out Blood* inſtead of a *watry Dew*. Could I force all *Turks* to obey my Will, they ſhould *abjure their Mahomet*, and be *oblig'd to fall down* and *Worſhip Chriſt*, by bleeding Caldrons of *Blood* for their groſs *Infidelity*, and this his *Cruel Agony*. Could I at a beck cite the *Emperors*, *Kings*, and *Princes* of every *Nation* to obey my *Directions*; there is not one of that *Honourable Rank* now alive, but ſhould d'off their *Crowns*, throw

throw down their *Scepters*, and march as *Pilgrims* to this Mount of *Olives*, where their Lord is now *immers'd in Blood*, to wipe away the ſtain thereof from his *ſacred Brow*, and make a Vow to rule *their Subjects* in his fear. Could I gain the *Affections* of all that bear the *Image* of a *pure God*, and manage 'em as I liſt, they ſhould be as *paſſionately in Love* with this ſweet *Jeſus*, as I am now at the *Compoſing* of *this Eſſay*.

Could I guide every *Hand* that is capable of *Writing a Line* in Proſe, their Pencils ſhould run as faſt as mine in *drawing out a Volume* in memory of Chriſt's *ſweating Blood* for their flagrant ſins. Could I make *Infants* ſpeak, as ſoon as they peep out of the *dark Dungeon* of their *Mother's Womb*, they ſhould tell the *good Women* that attend at *their Birth*, that once nothing but *Blood* ſtrain'd thro' *every Pore* in the *afflicted Body* of the Son of Heaven, when on the Mount of *Olives*. Could I by a *deſpotick Power* have all the *Fathers* and *Teachers* of *Chriſt's Church* Militant here on Earth, to *Preach* as I would, this ſhould be the *main of their Diſcourſe* on the *firſt Sunday* of every *Month*, that the *Communicants* might be remembred, that *Chriſt* did not only dye on the *Curſed Tree* without the Gates of *Jeruſalem* for *their Offences*; but even before that, endur'd ſuch *greivous Pains*, as forc'd the Blood to ſpout out from *every Vein* in great abundance, when he was *kneeling alone* on the Mount of *Olives*. Could I but affect the Heart of every *hardned Sinner* in ſuch a manner that

their

their Eyes might flow down in *Rivers of briny Tears*, they ſhould even weep a *Deluge* to ſee the *Bleſſed Jeſus* bathed in a *Crimſon Sweat*. Could I by a word *dreſs all Mankind* according to my *Faſhion*, they ſhould be *vail'd in Black*, and go mourning all the *days of their Pilgrimage* about the Streets; not for the *Death* of a Poor *vaniſhing Mortal Prince*, but for *Chriſt* the *Eternal King* of Heaven, ſtaining his *white Garments* with gore Blood, for their *Fore-fathers Tranſgreſſions* and their *own Offences*. Could I be obey'd in every thing, there is not an Entry-Door into any *Church* or *Tabernacle*, but theſe Lines ſhould be pencil'd out in *Golden Characters* on the outſide thereof; *If thou art not for a Sanctified life, enter not this Holy Place, nor preſume to name Jeſus in thy Prayers, on pain of being Damn'd for Ever*. For whoſoever *will be ſav'd*, it is neceſſary before all things, that he ſhould muſe a while on the *exquiſite Pains* that *Chriſt* endured as a *Man*, when *Blood trickled down*, as it were in *great Drops*, from every *ſingle Hair* of his *ſacred Head*. Could whatever I ſay be done, *all People* throughout the *World* ſhould be oblig'd to *call* on the *moſt High*, Morning, Noon, and at Night, if not *Seven times a Day*, and uſe theſe Sentences in every Prayer. O *my Chriſt* and *dear Redeemer*, may I and all the Race of *Adam* abhor that which firſt occaſion'd thee to *leave thy Father's* Houſe, and live to outward appearance a *mean* and *contemptible Life*, who juſt before thou *waſt Betrayed*, left the *Converſati-*

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on of thy Apoſtles, and aſcended a Mount, where no *Mortal Eye* was then gazing, and cry'd out in the *Paſſion* of thy *Soul*, *Father if thou be willing remove this Cup from me: nevertheleſs, not my Will, but thine be done: For now is my Soul troubled, and what ſhall I ſay? Father ſave me from this Hour*; during which *fervent Prayer* thou wert all the while *ſweating Blood*. Then *Lord Jeſus*, what great need have I to *Bleed for Sin*, and promiſe, that if *one wound* will not cauſe me ſo to do, *another ſhall*; and why, *Bleſſed Chriſt!* becauſe thou *bled'ſt once* for me? Had I the *Power* to frame a *Law*, I would enact it for a *perpetual Statute*, That *one Day* in every *Year* ſhould be *obſerv'd* over all the World, and *ſolemnly Sanctify'd* in *commemoration* of this, that *Jeſus* was willing to *Kneel*, *Pray*, and *Bleed*, and all this in order to *make Attonement* for the Sins of Man, and ſatisfy his *Father's Juſtice*. But ſince what I would *cannot be attain'd*, I'le reſt contented to center *my Love* on my *Lord Jeſus Chriſt*, and to let my courteous *Reader* know, that I feign not theſe *Excellent Arguments*, only to ſwell up *my Volume* to its *intended Bulk*, but even to win him over to conſider, what *Chriſt did and ſuffer'd* for him, when he was bedew'd all o're with a *ſweaty Blood*.

Do any imagine I have *now done* with this Head, and am now *become Barren* for lack of *new Expreſſions* to fill up other *Sentences*? I ſcarcely know what Anſwer to return, ſince I am *empty*, and yet I am *full*; for I could *proceed*, but that

that I fear I ſhall not *improve*; I could *have done*, but that I am in hopes to *amend*, and treat in ſome higher and more *prevailing Strains*: for rather than *fail herein*, I would adventure to leave the Subject thus *indifferently done*, hopeing that the candid *Reader* will look more on my *pious Intentions*, than *mean Performances*. O! why do I thus again begin to *wander*, or why do I think of *ſhutting up* this *Chapter* ſo ſoon, ſince by no means it may be? For behold I find my Soul ſo *full of matter*, that I muſt go on, tho' I ſhould *marr that* which is already *finiſh'd*, which I fear by the *ſudden Kindlings* I find in my *Paſſions*; for my *Thoughts* are roving as in a *Deſart*, and ſeem to *range about* I know not where; ſo that I doubt I ſhall not place my *words aright*, or ſet them in their *due Order*, which is my great *Ambition*, as knowing, that if I *fail therein*, this *Tract* will not be look'd upon by the *Ingenious*, or Charm the *lewd Imbracers* out of the lap of their *laſcivious Dalila's*; not, but that I know, tho' I ſhould write *never ſo fine*, and deliver an *Allegory* at the cloſe of every Page, ſuitable to the *Doctrine* or *Subject* under conſideration, I ſhall not be able to *Perſwade* all: And why? becauſe thoſe *Arguments* which may be *convincing* to ſome, may not at all appear of *any Force* to others; eſpecially ſuch as affect a quite *different Stile*, as either not ſuiting their *Genius*, or pleaſing their *angry Spirits*: for I knew a *Clergyman* not long ſince, that was ſo full of *Envious Spite*, that as he was reading the *Works* of a

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late Author, could not forbear falling out with the *Language*, and as it were abuſing the Man for ſtriving, by *winning Perſwaſions*, to convert the *ſtubborn*, and force the *Rebellious* to be Religious, even *againſt their Wills*; but he would fain have Perſwaded him not to treat in ſo *high a Strain*: and why, becauſe it run-counter to his *dull and droniſh Style*, which God knows ſeldom *raiſes the Spirits* of the *Auditory* above the airy Phantoms of *ſenſual Pleaſures*, but rather ſerves to lull their Senſes *faſt aſleep* But to leave ſuch poor *malicious Animals*, who (I fear) Preach more for *intereſt*, than for *Chriſt*, more for their *own Eaſe*, than for the *converſion* of others; I ſhall now return to the Mount, and *weep afreſh* over the *Second Perſon* of the ever bleſſed *Trinity*, that is now performing *Wonders* for me and every *Sinner*; ſo that my Eyes ſhall become as a *running Fountain* on the top of that Mount, and pour down ſuch over-flowing *Streams* of Grief, that in ſome meaſure may *allay the Heat* of my *Saviour's Paſſion*, and aſſwage his *Pain*: for how much rather had I *Sacrifice my Life*, and all that is *precious* to me, than thus to behold the *Darling* of the World, the *Deſire of all Nations*, the *Redeemer* of Man, and the *Judge* of the whole Earth, all over of a *gore-Blood* for the *Offences* of his People: O my *Lord*, and my *Chriſt*, I am now purpoſely reſolv'd, to ſpend my Mornings in *Thoughts*, my Evenings in *Sighs*, my Nights in *Watchings*, and even to do nothing but *think of thee*, O my

bleeding

bleeding Jeſus! For how much better is it for me entirely to *wean my Affections* from the *Vanities* of a Periſhing *World*, and be rather thought *worthy* by thee to undergo *Mockings*, *Scourgings*, and *Railings*, than to be carried away by the *over-flowing Waters* of *Deiſm*, and be *unhappy* for Ever. O my *Redeemer*, and my *God*, may I for the future be ſo Enamour'd of *Thee*, and in love with *true Religion*, as joyfully to ſuffer the *flouts* of the *Lewd*, to the loſs of *my Name*, and the ſpoiling of *my Goods*; nay, may I be ſo *join'd to Thee*, in a fixt *Reſolution* of undergoing *Abſtinence*, and *Mortification*, that if thou *ſeeſt it meet* for the ſubduing of any *Corruptions* or inordinate *Affections*, I may freely endure *Want*, *Pain*, and *Contempt*, without a *ſhrinking back*, or ſaying, It is more than I am *willing to bear*, ſince it will be more to *my Gain* to *Mourn* a while, than cry for ever. O my *Meſſias*, and my *Jeſus*, I can't but *grieve* in ſecret, and *ſigh* in ſilence, when I think, what an *unhappy hour* that was, when *Sin* firſt forc'd it's *Viperous Sting* thro' the *Fancies* of a *Woman*, and gain'd admittance in the *Affections* of a *Man*, and thus cauſed *thee to bleed, as it were great Drops of Blood.* O bleſſed *they*, and all their *after-Race*, had they in that day either been *annihilated*, or *rejected* the *Tempter* with that *Magnanimity*, as it is recorded a Chriſtian *Martyr* once did, who when offer'd *Life* and *Honours*, if he would deny his *Chriſt*, and turn *Idolater*. 'Alas! (ſaid he) have you nothing more to

'*tempt*

'*tempt me* with, but a ſhort *Reprieve*, and a 'puff of empty *Vanity*? Drive on *Executioner*, 'drive on apace, I have much *nobler Offers* made 'to me by a God that cannot lie. Poſſibly you 'think *Death is a terrible thing*, and to be *flea'd* '*alive* is what I would *fain Eſcape*: I tell 'you, nay, it is neither *Ghaſtly*, nor *Amazing* 'to me; for I know I was *born a Mortal* to 'dye, and *baptiz'd a Chriſtian* to ſuffer; ſo that I 'long as much to be in *a Grave*, as any *Mariner* 'in a Storm ever deſir'd *to be at reſt*; and am 'as ambitious to *undergo* what *God calls* me to, 'as a *Vain-glorious* Spirit is for outward *applauſe*: 'and indeed it was ever *my Thought*, that I 'could not be ſufficiently *ripen'd for Heaven*, 'until I had been *try'd*, and had *overcome*. And 'to let you *my Murderer* know, that I am no '*Heretick*, or *Diſſenter* as you alledge I am, 'but a *Chriſtian* and a *Proteſtant*, you ſhall hear 'me ſing the *Praiſes of my God*, all the time you 'are *ſtripping* my *tender Skin* from off my *Fleſh* '*and Bones*: For when you have done that, I 'ſhall reſemble *my bleſſed Jeſus*, who was *Dyed* '*all o're in Blood*, on the Mount of *Olives* for 'me.

Was this the Language of a *martyr'd Saint* in his Travels to *Execution*, and was his *Conſtancy* ſo firm to the laſt, as to *draw Tears* from the *Eyes* of his *Judges*, and cauſe ſome of them to *ſuffer the ſame* with little leſs *Courage*, and *Bravery of Mind* than he did; Then henceforth I'le learn to be out of humour with *worldly Grandure*, and

and *empty Titles*, and of being a *member* of ſuch or ſuch a *Church*; but learn to be a *ſelf-denying Chriſtian*, and a *Diſciple* of *Chriſt's* Univerſal Church, by retiring to *yonder Mount*, and there *bleed* for Sin, while vain *Offenders* are falling out about *Opinions*, and basking themſelves in the *Sunſhine of Mirth*, living as if all the *Paſſions* of *Chriſt* were a meer *Fable* invented by ſome *Melancholy Author*, that delighted to defie the *World*, and retreat from *Converſation*: But may I ſpeak a word to ſuch *Licentious Wretches*, by telling them that the *Agonies* of my *bleeding Jeſus*, which they now *deſpiſe* by a *careleſs Life*, and an *unchriſtian Carriage* towards their *Proteſtant Brethren*, will be fragrant in the *Noſtrils* of the *Righteous*, when they lye *forgotten* in an heap of Clay, and *hidden* in the Womb of Oblivion. Did I haſtily ſay, they ſhould be *out of Memory*? I recall *my Words* again, and am ſorry for *what I ſaid*, ſince I know their *Crimes* will live, tho' their *Bones moulder away* to duſt, and their *Adamantine Hearts* be *diſſolv'd* to Aſhes, who *when living* would not vouchſafe to *part with one Drop* of their Blood for the ſake of a *dying Saviour*, who upon their Account had *emptied all his Veins*. But, hark! *Misfortune* rings dreadful Knells in *their Ears*, even on *this ſide* Eternity! How much *more terrible* then will be the ſound to their *Souls*, when they come to *launch out* into the *Red Sea* of bloody *Deſpair*, when the *Imps* in Hell will treat 'em, as the *worſt of Tyrants*, for ſuffering the moſt *Holy Jeſus* to lye wal-

lowing in *Puddles of Blood*, without any *remorſe* of Spirit, or *grief* of Soul! O how are all my *Paſſions rais'd* even beyond conception, to ſee ſuch Perſons *hypocritically* owning *Jeſus* to be the *Son of God*, and confeſſing, that he *roll'd in Blood* for *their Offences*, when on the Mount, and not to let *one tear fall* in reading this Melancholy *Leſſon*, which one would think ſhould affect an *hardned Turk*, and make him cry out, 'What 'alarm is this, that *beateth* in my Ears, and what 'meaneth ſuch a *Tragical Diſcourſe* of Blood? 'Sure, there is *a God* come down from above, 'and has dipt *his Spirit* in the Blood of Mortals, 'ſince all theſe *lively Repreſentations* of a *God* 'made Man, and his *ſweating Blood* for Man, can-'not be a meer *Chymera* or a *noiſy Notion*; nei-'ther could the *Author* carry his *Affections* to ſuch 'an *Extaſy* of *Grief*, as even thus to *ſwim in* 'floods of his *own Tears*, unleſs he knew the *Truth* 'of the *Relation* to be out of queſtion: But, ad-'mitting there was *no Truth* in this *Subject*, yet 'the diſcourſe is ſo *affecting*, and the Expreſſions 'ſo *pathetick*, that I can't but now and then *let fall a* 'briny *Tear*, and affect a *ſerious Deportment* of Mind. 'Were ſuch a *Relation* as this compos'd in *Memory* 'of my *Mahomet*, I ſhould ſoon bid a *farewel to* 'Joy, and aſcend that Hill where ſuch a *Tragedy* 'was perform'd, and ſhew the love I bore to ſo *kind* 'a Benefactor, and loving *Saviour*. Is it ſo, that ſome *Heathens* may be thought to have a *higher Veneration* for the *Sufferings* of *Jeſus*, only by the reading this *doleful Account*, (tho' they never re-

ceiv'd

ceiv'd him as *their Redeemer*) than many *Lukewarm Chriſtians*, who own him for *their Chriſt*? Henceforth I'le *ſtrive to weep* to ſuch a ſtrain, as to *deluge the World*, by ſending out an *overflowing Ocean* of Tears, and cry to the *Great Meſſias*, O Thou *lover of Truth* and *ſincerity*, I ſaw ſo much *Form* and ſo little *Practice* in the *Engliſh Nation*, even among the *Teachers* and *Profeſſors*, that I have fled before thoſe *ſwelling Waves* of *Practical Atheiſm* that overflow'd my *Native Soil*, as a mighty *Torrent*, to *attend thee* here in thy *bleeding Agony* on the Mount. I entreated my *loving Country-Men* to embark with me: but they feign'd *Excuſes*, and ſlighted my *Invitations*, ſo that I am *here arriv'd* alone. Lord, the intentions of my *floating hither* on this ſure Plank of *Faith*, are ſuch as were thoſe of *Mary Magdalen*, who was ſuffer'd to *waſh thy feet with Tears, and wipe 'em with the Hair of her Head*; and ſhe is recorded in the *Kalendar* of *ſacred Writ*, and mention'd in the *Annals* of everlaſting Fame. Say thou the *word*, and I'le *anoint thee* with the *precious Oyl* of true Belief, and then *my Name* ſhall be regiſtred in the *Book of Life*, and I ſhall live, when Sinners dye.

O my ever *bleſſed Jeſu!* thy *refulgent Head* is flowing down with Springs of *Crimſon Blood*. What means ſuch an *Inundation*! Is it for the *Fall* of *Adam*? O aſtoniſhing? to behold thy *ſacred Brow* bleeding in great abundance, and thoſe for *whom it bleeds*, not ſhrieking out, and ſaying, O *my Lord*, and *my God*! I'le bleed as well as Thou: O *amazing Love*! never to be ſuffi-

ciently comprehended and admired *by Angels*, nor acknowledged *by Men*, for whoſe *obſtinate Enmity* thou didſt thus ſuffer. O admirable *Condeſcenſion* in thee, never to be ſufficiently *acknowledged*! for this very *Brow of thine*, that is now incircled round with *ſtreaks of Blood*, wears at this inſtant, as to *thy Godhead* in the *Kingdom of Glory*, a ſparkling Diadem, that ever *gliſters*, and will never ceaſe to *ſhine*; not ſuch a *Crown* as *Moſes* and *Aaron* will receive in honour of their *God-like Vertues*, but ſuch an one as *Father* and *Spirit* is reigning with. Then, why is my *Soul* ſo heavy, and my *Heart* ſo ſad? Becauſe *Sin* brought down the *ſecond Perſon* in the ever-bleſſed *Trinity*, to *ſweat Blood* as to his Manhood, in as real a manner as if he was no more than *mere Man*, and not any wiſe related to the *Soveraign Creator*, as to his infinite *Power*, *Perfection*, and *Being*; for this my Soul muſt *Languiſh*, and *Mourn* without ceaſing, and ſtrive as it were by *Mortification*, and an *Auſtere life*, to ſtop the *Wounds*, from whence the *Blood Iſſues*, and heal them up with thoſe *noble Antidotes*. O my Saviour! thy Eyes are guſhing out with *Tears of Blood*, as a mighty Shower; what is the *Efficient Cauſe* of ſuch *overflowings* of Blood? Is it for the *Sins* of the World? O aſtoniſhing *Sight!* to ſee thee *crying with Tears of Blood*, as an Infant weepeth forth thoſe of *Water*! O amazing *Wonder*! not to be comprehended by *material* or *immaterial* Beings! Strange *Humility*, never to be parallel'd! For theſe *very Eyes*

of

of thine, that are now raining with *Showers of Blood*, ſparkle above the yonder *Sky*, and are peeping thro' the *Clouds* to behold the *ways of Man*; not ſuch Eyes as *Abraham* and the *Prophets* will behold the *Glorious Face* of the Almighty with at the *Great Audit*; but ſuch as the *Great Lord Jehovah*, and the *Divine Spirit*, are now viewing their *own Excellence* withall. Then what aileth thee, O my Soul! to be ſo *afflicted*, and thus *caſt down*? Is it not becauſe my *Tranſgreſſions* oblige Chriſt to leave his *Father's Houſe*, and weep Seas of *Blood* in as real a manner, as if he were *not equal* with God? Wherefore I muſt *ſigh* and *throb* even to the laſt breath of life, and ever be learning the Noble *Science* of *virtuous living*, and *holy dying*, that thereby I may *ſtanch the Blood* that trickles down from the Eyes of *Jeſus:* O my Chriſt, thy Face is beſmear'd with *bleeding Sweats*, and Eclips'd with *Clouds of Blood*. Why this on thee, O *Holy Jeſus*? Is it for the *Crimes* of the *World*? O wonderful, to view thy *Phyſiognomy* vail'd o're with a Maſque of *Blood*. A Profound *Myſtery*, not to be diſcerned by the *Eye* of *Reaſon*, or comprehended by any, tho' never ſo *refin'd*: Unheard of matter of *amazement*, never to be equaliz'd in any *Kingdom*, or *State*! And yet theſe very *Features* of thine, that are now disfigur'd with *Blood*, are at this time in the upper *Quire of Heaven* darting out their kind Influences, with *brighter Shinings*, than the dazling Rays of an *Eaſtern Sun*; not ſuch a *Light* as the *Saints of*

God will gliſter with, when the *Trumpet Blows* and calls the dead *to riſe*: but ſuch *Rays*, as God the *Father*, and God the *Holy Ghoſt*, is now inlightning the *Habitations* of *Glory* withall: Then why *Mortify* I my Members, and thus *increaſe* my Fears? Is it not becauſe the *Iniquities of many* made the *Darling of Sion* ſtep down from *Heaven*, and ſullied o're his *Lineaments* with *Blood*, in ſuch manner, as if he had not *ſate in Council* when the *Worlds* were made: Wherefore, it is expedient, that *Lamentations* and *Tears* be ſtill my daily *Repaſt*, that therewith I may in ſome meaſure *diſpel* the miſt of Blood, that thus overſhadows the *luſtre* of my *Saviour*. O thou bright *Morning Star*! thy Arms are all over of a bath, and are running down with *Floods of Blood*: Why bleedeſt thou, as *never Man bled*? Is it for the *vile Hypocriſy* of many? O admirable to *behold* thy Wriſts, as if they were *boil'd in Blood*! O Stupendious enigmatical *Event*, not to be *unravel'd* by any, tho' never ſo *divinely inſpir'd*; for theſe very *Hands* of thine that I now ſee all of a *Purple Gore*, are fill'd with *glorious Sceptres* of Majeſty: not ſuch as the *Evangeliſts*, and *Apoſtles* will ſway, when they ſhall encompaſs the *Judge* of all upon his *Azure Throne* of Judicature; but ſuch as God the *Creator*, and God the *Sanctifier*, now rules with in the *yonder Heaven*. Then why ſit I ſo *diſconſolate*, and appear ſo *Melancholy*? 'Tis becauſe the *Original Sins* of Man occaſion'd an *Eternal Being* to leave the Kingdom of *Glory*, and

dip

dip his Fingers in *Blood*, as if he had touched their *Manhood*, and to *bleed* as if he had not been an *uncreated God*. Therefore I muſt *mourn* as a *Dove*, and cry as a *Babe*, during the ſcene of life, that if by any means I *may allay* this his *violent Sweat*: O thou dear *Jeſu*, thy *Breaſt*, thy *Feet*, and thy whole *Body* is as if thou hadſt been *plung'd in Blood*, and all for the *flagrant Sins* of Man: O Aſtoniſhing, Amazing, Wonderful, and Miraculous *Condeſcenſion*! A *Myſtery* that puzzles both *Worlds* to unriddle: For *Angels* dare not Enquire into it, nor *Men* ask the *Reaſon*, why it is not *explain'd*: No, none knows it, but an *infinite God*, and he will not reveal it to *any Power*, whether in Heaven, or Earth. Have I now done with this *ſad Tragedy* of *Chriſt's ſweating Blood*, and am I going to let the *Curtain drop*, in order to *change* the *Scene*, and preſent my *Reader* with ſome *new Subject*? No; I find new *Ideas* entring my *amazed Thoughts*, and crowding in upon me, whether I will or not: But alas! they are all, as *Job's Meſſengers*, full of *evil Tidings*, and attended with nothing but Jeſus his *Kneeling*, *Praying*, *Sweating*, and *Bleeding*.

O! happy me, and all the reſt of Men, if that *Day had never dawn'd*, when *Satan* tempted *Eve*, for then the *ſacred Head* of our *Saviour* had never run down with *Crimſon Blood*; O ten thouſand times *bleſſed* all, if Man had never caſt a glance on *Womankind*, or been decoy'd with her *alluring Charms*: For if ſo, the *Son of God* would never have *deſcended* from the *bliſsful Regions*,

and have *weeped Blood* here on Earth: O that a *dark Cloud* had ſhaded that *fatal Hour*, when our *firſt Father Adam* Eſpy'd an *Apple* handed out unto him, and heard a *Female Voice* bidding him, *Take, and Eat*, then my Lord had never *ſweated Rivers* of *Blood*; O that *that Moment* had been daſh'd out of *time*, when a Male ſaw himſelf *firſt naked*, and wanted Leaves to hide his ſhame: Then I am ſure the *Word Meſſias* had never been *ſpoken of*, or mentioned in the *Prophets*, nor had the *Prince* of *Glory* been involv'd in Blood. O *Adam*, and *Eve*, how well would it have been *for you*, and all your *Poſterity*, if ye had ſate you down before the *Fall*, under ſome *ſhady Bower* in your delightful *Garden* of *Eden*, and conferr'd about the *Matter* thus together, *between your ſelves*.

Adam, *as ſpeaking to* Eve.

Eve, the Wiſdom of a *great God* has here incircled *thee and me* with varieties of *Delights*, and the whole *Creation* ſeems to conſpire together to the making us *truly happy*, if we are but willing our ſelves to be ſo. For behold the *Sun* is in its higheſt *meridian Exaltation*, ſending down its *brighter Rays* to inlighten our *goings*, and cheer our *Spirits*: the *Heavens* are *ſerene* and *clear*, and never covered over by any *hovering Clouds*, or riſing *Miſts*: the *Air* is free from *nauſeous Vapours*, and unwholſom *Foggs*; the *Trees* are tall and ſtraight, and hung ſo *thick with Fruit*,

Fruit, that they ſeem even to dance under their *ſtately Burthens*, whilſt the winged *Quiriſters* of the Air, that are *perching* amongſt the *labouring Branches*, afford the *ſprightly Muſick* to their joyful *motions*: The *Hedges* are all moſt curiouſly diverſifi'd with *gorgeous Bloſſoms*, and blowing *Budds*, the *Rivers* ebb and flow, and water the *Earth* with their *ſwelling Tides*: The *Springs* are bubbling up their *chriſtalline Humidity*, whilſt the *purling rills* are gliding down apace towards the *neighbouring Brooks*; the *Banks* are all plentifully beſet with *odoriferous Flowers*, whereon are ſcattered the *Pearly Drops* of the *refreſhing Dews*, ſparkling with a Luſter not inferior to the radiancy of *oriental Gemms*; the numerous flights of the *feather'd Inhabitants* of the Air, are delightfully warbling out their *melodious Tunes*, and chearfully ſending up their *raviſhing Notes* on high, whilſt we are all *intranc'd in Charms* by liſtening to their *Muſical Strains*; the *Winds* are ſending out their *cooling Breaths*, perfum'd with the *fragrant ſmells*, that exhale from the Clefts of the *ruddy Roſes*, as they are opening their *ſcolop't hoods*, and diſplaying their *lovely Colours*; the *Days* are long, the *Nights* ſhort, and the *Evenings* ſweet, the *Climate* temperate, the *Way* level, and the *Path* ſtraight; ſo that here is nothing wanting to *compleat* our *Joys*, and *crown* our *Wiſhes*.

Eve's

Eve's *Anſwer to* Adam.

Adam, thy lofty *ſtyle*, and eloquently fluent *Language* wings me even beyond *my ſelf*, and ſerves to *trebble* all *my Joys*. O happy we! that can entertain each other with a *familiar Converſe*, and ſpend every day in beholding, in *this our Habitation*, the *ſtupendious Works* of Providence: our *ſeat* is near the *Borders* of *Bliſs*, and we live not far from the *Confines* of *Glory*; praiſed be the name of him that *planted us here*, and allows us not only *time* and *leiſure* to *bath* our ſelves in *Fountains* of *raviſhing Pleaſures*, but to be converſant *with Heaven*, and in friendſhip *with God*. O noble *Entertainment*, and unconceivable *Satisfaction*! to contemplate a *Divine Power*, and an *infinite Being*; O happy we! that are *undefil'd*, and in *Purity* are little inferiour to the *Angels* themſelves! We ſhall either ſpend an *Eternity* here in this *little Heaven* of ours, where we ſhall reign as *petty Gods*, or after a certain *Tract of years*, be gather'd up into the vaſt *Regions of Glory*, where we ſhall have *ſparkling Diadems* to adorn our heads, and *victorious Palms* put into our hands, and where we ſhall *govern*, tho' not *rule* as Supream: So that we ſhall always be chanting forth the *Praiſes* of the *moſt high*, either in that *Quire above*, or in this *Paradiſe below*: Be forwarn'd, then, O my dear *Adam*, and abſtain from the one only *thing forbidden*; for in the *very hour* thou ſhalt infringe that *ſovereign Command* of *God*, all is *forfeited*, and we periſh:

Therefore

Therefore be advis'd, and make a *covenant with thine Eyes*, that thou *look not* near the place where *death's Apples* grow, nor fancy that they are *more mellow* to the taſt, than others *not forbidden*. Have no Jealouſy of me, my *dear Companion*, for I have this day made a *Vow*, that I'le neither *touch*, *handle*, nor *taſt*, but be for ever *delighted with Thee*, and what a wiſe God ſays, I may *lawfully enjoy* whithout a *check* from my ſelf, or a *frown* from him.

Adam's *reply to* Eve.

Eve, thy Advice is grounded on *Reaſon*, founded on *Wiſdom*, and centres in *Knowledge*, ſo that I am forcibly won over to *adhere* to thy *Inſtructions*, and liſten to thy *Counſels*, reſolving for the future, not ſo much as to *ſhake a twigg*, or go near the ſpot *where my Vertue* may meet with the *leaſt Temptation*.

Eve's *anſwer to* Adam.

O! delightful *ſtream of time*, that we are to ſpend in this little *Empire* of ours; for here we ſhall *walk* hand in hand together, thou my *Adam*, and I, and not *wrangle*, or *fall out* by the way; for to my joy be it ſpoken to thee, that here are no *fatiguing Labours* to weary our *Royal Limbs*, nor *carking Cares* to diſturb our ſecured *peace*; no *intoxicating Liquors* to rob us of our *ſolid Reaſon*, or clogging *Jellies* to ſurfeit our *temperate*

rate *Nature*; no ſwelling *Floods* to deluge our *pleaſant Land*, nor any parching *Droughts* to wither up the delightful *Greens* of Nature's *curious Carpet*: No jarring noiſe to diſturb our ſolaced *Ears*, nor any *clamorous Speeches* to ruffle our becalmed *Paſſions*; no ſteep *riſing Hills*, in travelling over which we may weary our *Sweating Limbs*, neither any lofty *Mountains* to Climb; no *mournful accents* to make our Eyes diſtill with *briny Tears*, nor *poynant griefs* to oppreſs our exalted *Spirits*; no diſmal *ſighings* to ſadden our *joyful Hearts*, or ſorrowful *moanings* to afflict our gladſome *Souls*; no Ceſſation of ſolacing *Love*, or any *abſence* of thee, the darling *Object* thereof; no *moroſe humours* to diſturb our well ſettled *peace*, nor any ill-natur'd *clamours* to croſs our regular *deſires*: No fooliſh *conceits* to unman our Princely *perſons*, nor any *peeviſh actions* to diſcompoſe our *profound reſt*: No dejected *Poor* to envy our *bleſt Eſtate*, nor any proſperous *Rich* to flatter us in our *emulated glory*: No impure *Luſt* to amuſe, or deceitful *Snares* to decoy: No reproachful *Slanderers* to defame, or calumnious *Liars* to reproach; in fine, here is the *abſence of all* that is evil, and the more immediate *preſence of all* that is good. I ſay, had *Adam* and *Eve* been ſo wiſe and ſagacious, as to have been *thus imploy'd*, inſtead of *liſtning* to the *Tempter*, and ſeeking to gratifie an *idle longing*, they had been as *happy*, as I have here repreſented, and *Chriſt* had never been

been drench'd in *Crimſon Gore*; but they unhappily *Eat that* which was deny'd, and *Abſtain'd* from that which was allow'd, for which they are *loſt*; and therefore my Soul is *griev'd*, and I am forc'd to cry out, "O my *Lord*, and my 'Jeſus, how amazing is it to behold Thee, the 'Prince of the Morning, Kneeling, Praying, 'Sweating, and Bleeding for the *fall of them*, 'who wilfully *deſtroy'd* themſelves. O aſto-'niſhing *Myſtery*! that a God ſhould be *diſtilling* 'blood for their Iniquities, *iſſuing out blood* too 'for my Vanities; *dropping blood* for their Fall, 'venting out *blood* for my Ignorance; *ſtreaming* 'out *blood* for their Tranſgreſſions, *trickling* down 'blood for my *Offences*; *drizling* out *blood* for 'their Wandrings, *ſluicing* out *blood* for my 'Negligence; *ſhouring* down *blood* for their Long-'ings, *hailing* down *blood* for my Declenſions; 'pouring out *blood* for their Pollutions, *veining* 'out *blood* for my Irregularities; *ſpending* his *pre-'cious blood* for their Malignities, *ſpouting* out 'blood for my Miſdemeanors; *ſpringing* out *blood*, 'for their yieldings to the Prince of the Power 'of the Air, *foaming* out *blood* for my original 'Crimes; *boiling* out *blood* for their Inadverten-'cies, *gliding* forth *blood* for the Surfeits of my 'Soul; falling down *drops* of *blood* for their Re-'bellion, *running* out *blood* for my Back-ſlidings; 'flooding out *blood* for their Deſertions, *ſnowing* 'down *flakes of blood* for the Inveteracies of my 'Spirit; *working* out *blood* for their Nakedneſs, 'forcing out *blood* for my being a Rebel; *bub-*

bling

'*bling* out *blood* for their Exceſſes, *exporating*
'*blood* for my hardneſs of heart; *bathing* out *blood*
'for my Unmercifulneſs, *frothing* out *blood* for
'their Intemperance; *crying* out *blood* for my
'Abuſes, *ingrain'd* in *blood* for their Darkneſs;
'*dy'd* in *blood* for my reaking Sores, *tiding* out
'of *blood* for their Giddineſs; *inſcarleted* with
'*blood* for my Imperfections, *piercing* out *blood*
'for their Treſpaſſes; *fountaining* of *blood* for my
'Luciferian Pride, *ſteep'd* in *blood* for their wi-
'therings; *roll'd* in *blood* for my Waſtings; *be-*
'*mir'd* in *blood* for the ſatisfying their Luſts,
'*involv'd* in *blood* for my Exorbitancies; *weltring*
'in *blood* for their Raſhneſs, *wading* through
'*blood* for my unruly Paſſions; *curdled* with *blood*
'for their impure Mixtures, *imbroil'd* in *blood*
'for my Provocations; *Baptized* in *blood* for their
'Apoſtaſie, *inflam'd* with *blood* for my
'Lukewarmneſs; *bluſhing* in *blood* for their
'Miſtakes, *hid* in *blood* for my Covetouſneſs;
'*darkned* with *blood* for their Errors, *bedew'd* with
'*blood* for my Unfruitfulneſs; *ſtain'd* with *blood*
'for their breach of Covenant, *deluging* out
'*blood* for my miſtruſt of Providence; *En-*
'*camp'd* in *blood* for their Vileneſs, *inthrall'd* in
'*blood* for my Triflings; *intomb'd* in *blood* for
'their Idolatry, *imbalm'd* in *blood* for my Corrup-
'tions; *eclyps'd* in *blood* for their non-performance
'of what is enjoin'd, *mantled* in *blood* to ſoften my
'ſtony Affections; *over-heated* in *blood* for their
'cold Stupidity, *bewildred* in *blood* for my lack of
'Faith; *ingrail'd* in *blood* for their not keeping

'up

'up to the Command, *enamel'd* in *blood* for my 'Cruelty; *over-whelm'd* in *blood* for their Diſho-'nourings, *over-charg'd* with *blood* for my love to 'Senſe; *impuddled* in *blood* for their being decoy'd, '*over-burden'd* with *blood* for my lack of Righte-'ouſneſs; *over-preſt* with *blood* for their ſhame-'leſneſs, *implung'd* in *blood* for my Relinquiſhings; '*beſtorm'd* with *blood* for their non-compliance, '*exuſted* in *blood* for my impenitency; *inveſted* in '*blood* for their non-abſtinence, *intoxicated* with '*blood* for my Averſion; *disfigured* with *blood* for 'their defilements, *ſwill'd* with *blood* for my Re-'bellions; *leaking* out *blood* for their loſs of friend-'ſhip, *bemoated* with *blood* for my unwatchful-'neſs; *entrench'd* in *blood* for their falling down 'to Satan, *inveſted* in *blood* for my carnal Con-'cupiſcence; *ſwimming* in *blood* for their firſt bea-'ring Sin, *fenced* in with *blood* for my retaining 'of vicious Habits; *involv'd* in *blood* for the ſa-'tisfying their ſenſual Appetites, *imbrued* in *blood* 'for my being not Regenerate.

O talk no more of *blood*, leſt I faint, fall down, and dye! for behold *I bleed*, as well as *Chriſt*, tho' not in ſuch *mighty Floods*, or to *outward appearance*; for do but take a ſurvey of what is *within me*, and you'l ſee my *Soul bleeding* for my *Jeſus*; my *Spirit* all over of *blood* for my *Redeemer*; my *heart bloody* for my Lord *Chriſt*; nay, I have ſo *real a love* for him that ſo *entirely lov'd* me, that I could freely open *every Vein* and *Pore* of my Body, that I might guſh out with *ſtreams of blood*. O commiſerate me,

ye

ye that admire a *blood-ſweating Jeſus*, for I am over-charg'd with *ſorrow*, when ever I take a proſpect of my *God's bleeding* on the Mount of *Olives*: Pity me, ye that have not *heard* of *Chriſt*, and know not his *Name*, for there is no *Agony equal* to this of mine, excepting that of the *Lamb*, which is *Sweating Blood* in the *Anxiety* of his *Care*, whereby he would *gather you*, *me*, and *all* to *his fold*: Bemoan my *ſad Eſtate*, and your own *Miſchance*, for you may ſee *my grief* is not *feign'd*, by Counterfeiting the *Paſſions* of my *Soul*, and *Expreſſions* of my *Tongue*: For do but *reaſon the caſe* with your ſelves, ye that Read *this Eſſay* of *Chriſt's Sweating blood*; If a Man can write a deſerved *Panegyrick* of a *Generous Prince*, and not hold for *Sacred* his *Memory*, or be *affected* to his *Perſon*; then certainly I can't tranſmit the *bleeding of Jeſus* to after-Ages in ſuch a *Language*, and in a much more *lively ſtrain* than ever any did, and not *own* him for my *Redeemer*, and live agreeable to what *he ſuffer'd* for me: No, I hope, none will *degenerate ſo far*, as to believe there ever *was*, *is*, or *will be* any ſuch. Can a *Turkiſh Emperor*, or *Heathen King*, behold any of their loving Subjects *engor'd with blood* for the Vindication of their *Rights*, and the Eſtabliſhment of their *Throne* in Peace, but they would *ſimpathiſe* with, and bear a *good will* to ſuch *faithful Friends*, and Loyal Perſons, if not vouchſafe to *drop a Tear* over their *bleeding Bodies*, and wipe the blood away with a *compaſſionate*

paſſionate wiſh? much leſs, then, is it reaſonable to think, that a poor *ſlave to ſin*, can behold the *Son of God* Kneeling, Praying, Sweating, and Bleeding, in order to *redeem his Soul* from Death, and not fetch a Volly of *Sighs* over his *Sacred Body*. May no *ſuch thoughts* enter the Mind of a *Chriſtian Man*, ſince I would fain be ſo Charitable, as to believe there is no *Profeſſor*, within the pale of *Chriſt's Church*, ſo ſear'd in *ſin*, and harden'd in *iniquity*, as to turn over theſe *Tragical Leaves*, that treat of *Chriſt's Sweating Blood*, and not bedew the Pages with *heat-drops* of *Penitent Tears*; if not be forc'd to cry out with me, If my Heart was a *Fountain*, and my Head a *Ciſtern* of *Blood*, I would weep them dry over this *God* that *became a Man*, and *bled* for me, and all that *bear his Image*: for my *Soul's bechill'd* to ſee the *Lamb of Glory* diving into an *Ocean of blood* for the *Miſcarriages* of my firſt Parents: O then, let me *kneel* down at the *Throne of Grace* for him, *pray* to the *Father of Mercies* for him, ſweat on the *Mount* for him, and *bleed* drops of *blood* for him, and *entreat Heaven* with all the *paſſions* of my *Soul*, that he may be no longer *wearied out* with *Kneeling*, tir'd with *Praying*, exhauſted with *Sweating*, or faint with *Bleeding*. O how do my *Affections bleed*, to ſee the Son of the Moſt High, *wallowing* in *blood* for the Offences of the *Children of Men*; and I could even ſwim through the *ſtreams* of his *bleeding*, to hale him ſafe unto the ſhore of *Sion-Hill*, where he

may *Kneel* no more for Sinners, nor *Pray* any more for me on Earth: *Sweat* no more for the lewdneſs of others, nor *bleed* any more for my Back-ſlidings: But how muſt this *great Work* be accompliſh'd, O my Soul! but by their *dying to Sin*, and my *living to Faith*; by their *Tears*, and my *Contrition*; which Heaven grant for the love of *Jeſus*. And ſo ends the Chapter of *Chriſt's Sweating Blood* on the Mount of *Olives*.

CHAP. XV.

Chriſt *Crucify'd*.

Matth. 27. 26. *Then* Pilate *releaſed* Barrabbas *unto them*: *and when he had ſcourged* Jeſus, *he deliver'd him to be crucify'd*.

WHat meaneth this *dark Cloud* of *Melancholy*, that ſtill lies hovering over my *heart*, and oppreſſing my *Spirits*! and what *noiſe* is it I hear in the *Eaſtern parts* of the World, of the *rattling together* of Staves, and the *claſhing* of Spears? Sure, the Earth is *out of Frame*, or a God is *going to ſuffer* as a Man; I'll run to ſee what all this *Tumult* means, and ask the *Pilates* of the Age, why the Heavens are ſo *lowring*,

lowring, and the *Air* fill'd with ſuch mighty *ſhoutings* of *Crucify him*, *Crucify him*? Now behold, I know the occaſion of all; for I hear they are going to ſet up a *Croſs* without the Gates of *Jeruſalem*, and the *Lord of Life* is to dye thereon for the *flagrant ſins* of Man. But what are the *Villains* the *Jews* doing yonder with *Jeſus*? Why, they are *leading him* with a Band of *Soldiers* into the *Common Hall*, to *ſtrip him* of his Rayment, and put on him a Scarlet Robe; not in *Honour* of his Name, but in *Deriſion* of his Perſon: for behold they are *plaiting a Crown of Thorns* to put on his Head, and preparing a *Reed* which they may *put in his hand*; not in token of his *ſwaying a Sceptre* over the whole Earth; but for a *Staff* to bruiſe him withal: for they *bow the knee* before him, and, mocking him, ſay, *Hail King of the Jews*, and ſpit upon him, and take the *Reed* and *ſmite him* on the head. But how are the *cruel Barbarians* now ſerving Chriſt? Why, they are taking the *Robe* from *off him*, and putting on his *own Rayment* again, in order to his *Crucifixion*; as alſo compelling a Man of *Cyrene*, *Simon* by Name, whom they ſpy'd as they were *coming out* of the Hall, to *bear his Croſs*: But what are the *barbarous Wretches* now doing with the *Meſſias* at *Golgotha*? Why, they are giving him *Vinegar* mingled with *Gall*, which he *only taſted* and would not drink. But what are the *ſtony hearts* now doing with the *Saviour of the World*, without the Gates of the City? Why, they are

crucifying him, and *caſting Lots* for his Garments: Not for the Value thereof, as not being *wrought* with the *fineſt Needles* of *Egypt*, or *embroider'd* with Gold; but becauſe *Heaven will'd* it ſo, that the *Prophecies* of the *Prophets* might be *fulfill'd*, which ſaid, that *they parted his garments amongſt them, and upon his Veſture they did caſt Lots.* But what are the *Rebels* now doing to the *Immaculate Lamb* on the *Croſs*? Why, they are ſitting down, and *watching him* as he hangs thereon, with wounds in his *feet* and *hands*, and have ſet over his head his *Accuſation written*, This is *Jeſus* the *King of the Jews*: not that they own'd him ſo to be, but that they may *vilify him*, as a Perſon *not worthy* of ſuch a Name: and to make him *more odious* in the ſight of the People, they are *Crucifying* with him two Thieves, one on the *Right Hand*, and the other on the *Left*; that they that paſs by may *revile him*, by wagging their heads, and jeaſtingly ſay, *Thou that deſtroyeſt the Temple, and buildeſt it in Three days, ſave thy ſelf, if thou be the Son of God, and come down from the Croſs.* But what are the *Prieſts*, *Scribes*, and *Elders*, now ſaying to him? Why, they are crying out with one conſent, *He ſaved others, himſelf he cannot ſave: If he be the King of Iſrael, let him now come down from the Croſs, and we'll believe him: He truſted in God, let him deliver him now, if he will have him; for he ſaid, I am the Son of God.* But what ſaid the Thieves that were *Crucified* with him? Why, they caſt the ſame in his teeth. But what now is the matter that it is ſo *gloomy*, even

even at *Noon-day?* Why, ſince the *Sixth hour* there has been *darkneſs* over the Land; and, now the *Clock* has ſtruck the *ninth hour*, Jeſus is crying with a loud voice, ſaying, *Eli, Eli, lamaſabacthani*, (i. e.) *my God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?* But what ſay his *Murderers* to this? Why, they ſay, he call'd for *Elias*, and one of them is running for a Spunge dipped in *Vinegar*, to put it on a *Reed* and to *give him to drink*; while others ſay unto him; *Let us ſee, if Elias will come to ſave him.* But what ſtrange *noiſe* is this I now hear in my Ears, as if an *Almighty Being* was fall'n a Victim to his finite Creatures? Why, 'tis *Jeſus crying* out again, and *yielding up* the Ghoſt. But what is that, that *Thunders* in ſo terrible a manner, and cauſes me thus to quiver? Why, the *Vail of the Temple is renting in twain*, from the top to the bottom, and the *Earth quakes*, and the *Rocks are rent*, and the *Graves are opening* their Cavern-doors, and *many Bodies of Saints*, that lay ſleeping therein, are *ariſing* and *coming out of their Tombs.* O *amazing* ſight, and *aſtoniſhing* to behold the ſtrange *Convulſions* of *Nature* at the *Exit* of a *Creator* made a *Redeemer*! O ſtay me not, for go I will to the Croſs of *Chriſt*, and loudly ſay, O ye *bloody Jews*, why Crucifie ye the *Lord of life?* What hath he done, that ye put him to death? O ye *perfidious Jews*, do ye know what ye have been doing? O ye *People unwiſe*! why have ye ſlain *my Jeſus* and *your God*, my *Saviour* and your *Jehovah?*

Think ye, what ye have done, O ye *giddy Tribe*, and *unruly Folk*? Why, ye have us'd the *Judge* of all the Earth with *unheard-of barbarity*; for which *inhuman Act* your City ſhall become *deſolate*, and your Temple be *deſtroy'd*, and both *ye* and your *Poſterity* ſhall wander up and down the Earth, as a People *deſerted* by the Almighty, *mark'd* by Devils, and *abhorr'd* by Men. O ye *Jews*, with adamantine Hearts! ye ſhall never *inherit*, to the end of the World, ſo much as *one Rood* of Land, or truly ſay, *this foot* or *clod of Earth* is of my own purchaſing. But why ſpend I my precious time in *curſing you*, O ye already *curſed Jews*! and not rather inſtantly aſcend the Croſs, to *imbrace* the *lifeleſs Body* of the Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*, as he hangs thereon, and ſay, "O thou *wounded* Saviour, O thou "*murder'd* Lamb, O thou *crucified* Meſſias, I "am come from far to *ingraſp* thee round within "my folded arms, and to *kiſs* thee with the ten-"der affections of my *languid Soul*, in order to "weep my *Springs* dry over thy *out-ſtretched* "Limbs. Lord, it was ſaid by ſome, that lov'd not me, that I was a perſon which bare no good will to thee, only becauſe I compos'd a *deſerv'd Harrangue* in memory of thy *Servant*, and my *Soveraign*, *William* the Third, who fought like a *Champion* and a *Chriſtian*, for thee and thy *Intereſts*, in many a bloody Rencounter, and even run the risk of *loſing his All*, to ſave thy *choſen ones* from the hands of *Roman Cruelty*, and perſecuting Spirits. Lord, they whiſper'd it forth,

forth, that I *worſhip'd* him as a God, and could not treat of *thy Life* and *Death*, in a ſtyle more full of *veneration* than I did of his: Lord, all their *Calumnies* are grounded on nothing elſe, but an *ill-will* againſt that generous Prince, and thoſe of a *tender Conſcience*; for thou knoweſt it well, that I had rather undergo the *Tortures* of *Perſecution*, or the *Cruelties* of out-ragious *Fiends*, than ſo much as either in thought, word, or deed, to compare a *mortal King* with thee the *Immortal* God: No, far be that from me, I only *admir'd him* as a Proteſtant, a Soldier, and a Deliverer, *ordain'd by thee* to reſcue my dear Religion, Laws, and Liberties, when juſt *ſnatch'd by violence* out of the hands of my *native Country*, by a *Popiſh King* and a *Jeſuit Council*, aſſiſted by the falſe Doctrine of *Non-Reſiſtance*, and *Paſſive Obedience*, and in as much as he ſtrove to be of *thy temper*, which is to love the *faithful*, be their Opinion what it will, as to ſome *indifferent* Ways, and Modes of Worſhip. But Lord, I freely forgive them their *unjuſt Charge*, and pray thee to ſign *their Pardon* with thine own hand, for ſure they'l *bluſh* and be *aſham'd*, when they come to compare this *Eſſay* of thy Life and Death with that of my late *Britiſh King*. Excuſe this Digreſſion, O my *crucifi'd Jeſus*, if thou ſayeſt it is one, and I will learn to do ſo no more, but augment my *ſorrows*, and increaſe my *grief* even beyond conception, in *beholding thee faſtned* on the Tree. O be not angry, and I will cling faſt to *thy Croſs*, and will

not let thee go, tho' ſtiff-necked *Jews*, and inveterate *Devils* ſhould ſtrive to unlooſe my hold; nay, tho' thou ſhould'ſt ſeem to *frown* for a moment, as if I *preſs thee* too hard, yet I will not unclaſp my *clutched hand*, but be carried with thy *dead Body* to the Sepulchre, where I'll lye and *bedew* thy out-ſtretched *Body* with *Sighs* and *Tears*, till the Morn of thy *Reſurrection*, when I will joyfully let thee go out of thoſe *dark Priſons*, Hell and the Grave, and contentedly ſtay me a while longer on Earth to *Contemplate thy Aſcenſion*, and Victory over the World. O my *Jeſu*, O mortified *Jeſu*, I own thee to be *God* as well as *Man*, and believe that thou art the only *Creator* of this *Univerſal All*; notwithſtanding thou art, as to thy human Nature, *nailed to a Croſs*, in ſuch manner as are the Thieves and Robbers. O my *Saviour!* O my derided *Jeſus!* my Faith is, that thou art partaker of the *God-head* of the *Father*, tho' thou endureſt a *temporal Death*, as relating to thy Manhood; for I know ſuch as the *Father is*, *thou art*, and ſuch as the *Spirit is*, ſuch *art thou*: Doth thy Head bleed with a *Crown* of *Thorns*? thy God-head bleeds not: Do thy Hands bleed, as being *bored thro' with great Nails*? yet that Arm of thine which ſtretched out the *Heavens as a Curtain*, was never pierced or diſtill'd one drop of Blood: Do thy Feet run down with a bloody gore, becauſe they are *lanced through with Spikes?* yet thoſe Feet of thine that trod down the

proud

proud Angels, are no wiſe ſtain'd with Blood. Doth thy Tongue look bemangled with the very *gnaſhing of thy Teeth*, when thou foundeſt thy ſelf *deſerted by Heaven* for a while? yet that Tongue of thine which ſpoke to *Moſes* in the Buſh, was never *bruiſed*, or was ever ſeen to be *beſmear'd* with Blood. Is thy face become *pale with Death*? yet that Countenance of thine, which *ſhin'd in Glory* from Eternity, never *changeth*, or was, or ever ſhall be, *beſmear'd* with a clammy Sweat. O my *Chriſt*! O my *bemangled Chriſt*! how unacceptable is this way of *diſcourſing* of thy *Eternity*, as a *God*, and thy *Sufferings* as a *Man*, to thoſe that *know not* thee, and *call not* upon thy Name; but how eligible is it to ſuch as are deſirous to *know thy ways*, and be inſtructed in the *ſound Principles* of true Religion. O my *Jeſu!* O my now *dead Jeſu!* O my *God*, O my now *living God*, for ever furniſh me and thy Elect with a *ſtedfaſt Belief*. O Faith, Faith; O my now *dead Saviour*! O Faith, Faith, O my now *living Father!* for without Faith there is no true *Enjoyment* of thee. O Faith, Faith, O my now *dead Chriſt*! O Faith, Faith, O my now *living Saviour*! O give me Faith, before I let thee go out of my *cloſe Embraces*: O Faith, Faith, my now *living Maker*, refuſe me not Faith; or if thou ſays me nay, I *drop* from thee, and *periſh* for ever. O thou *my God*, that now hangs upon the Croſs as a *Man*! give me Faith: O thou *Lamb of the Father*,

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that now bleedeſt on the Croſs as a Mortal! ſupply me with Faith: O thou Son of Man, that *diedſt on the Croſs* for Tranſgreſſors! enrich *my Soul* with Faith: O give me Faith, tho' it be but as a *grain of Muſtard-Seed*, and then I'll do the work of my *Salvation*: O my *Meſſias*, O my crucified *Meſſias!* give me leave to contemplate a while on the *ſtupendous Myſtery* of thy being both *God and Man:* Moſt ſtrange was it to behold thee, my *Soveraign Creator! betray'd* as a Man, by a Man; and *ſold* for thirty pieces of Silver, by one that *feign'd* himſelf a Diſciple of thine: Aſtoniſhing was it to ſee thee, *my God*, carried away to *Caiphas*, and there examin'd by *Pontius Pilate*, and the *Scribes* and *Phariſees*, as if thou wert a Murderer, or an Enemy to the Laws of *Ceſar:* Amazing was it to ſee the Learned *Rabbies* of the *Jewiſh Nation*, ſeeking falſe Witneſſes to put thee the *Lord of Life* to Death; and ſtartling to hear the *Ruffians* ſwear, That thou, the Saviour of the World, ſhould ſay, the *Temple* ſhould be *deſtroy'd*, and built again in three days: Strange it was to behold thee, the *Eternal Being*, charg'd with *Blaſphemy* in a publick Court of Judicature, and be thought *worthy of death* by a *ſinful Judge*: Wonderful! to ſee thee an *All-powerful Eſſence*, to become a *bodily Subſtance*, and that ſame Subſtance to be *buffeted*, and *ſmote* with the Palms of *thoſe Hands*, which receiv'd their *motion* from thee, and whoſe Power could have caus'd them to have *withered away.* Wonderful!

derful! to behold thee, that liv'd *from Eternity* in the lofty *Sphere* above, hearing with meekneſs a parcel of *perfidious Wretches* ſaying unto thee, *Propheſie unto us, O Chriſt, who it is that ſmote thee*; and thou not exerting thy Authority, and *ſtriking them dumb.* Miraculous was it to view thee, my Saviour, *brought bound* before a Governour of the *Jews*, and whip'd as a *ſantring Vagrant*, that uſually *loiters about* from one City to another: Aſtoniſhing to behold thee, the *Son of the Father*, put on Rayment as a Man, and ſtrip'd thereof by thoſe of thy *own Creating*, and yet the Heavens not to *ſhoot them dead* with thy terrible *Thunderbolts:* Admirable was it to ſee thee, that once *caus'd the Sun* to riſe out of the Eaſt, and ſhew its *unſpotted face* to *Adam* and *Eve*, as a Virgin chaſt and undefil'd, wearing a *Crown of Thorns* on thy brow as a Man, when thou with a call might'ſt have had a *Diademe of Glory* from above, and have ſhin'd with the *ſame glitterings* here on Earth, as thou didſt in Heaven. Wonderful to ſee thee, that haſt doubtleſs left ſuch a *deep Abyſs* under the Foundation of this *thy Univerſe*, that were a *Braſs Ball* of Ten Tun weight, or any other *ponderous Body*, to be thrown down therein, it would never come at the *Ground* or find a *Bottom*, but be ever falling *lower and lower*, with a ſwift motion, to the *longeſt Ages* of never ending *Eternity*; which in my opinion is to ſhew to Man, that thou haſt ſtill *room enough*

to

to create *Ten Thouſand* Worlds *underneath this* thou haſt already finiſh'd. I ſay admirable it is, *that thou* ſhould'ſt the very morning before thy *ſuffering in the fleſh*, permit thy ſelf to be floutingly call'd a *King*, by a *tumultuous Rabble*; as if thou wert a deformed Object, only to be *ridicul'd* for thy *preciſeneſs* and *formalities*, and not cauſe that every ſuch *vile Wretch* ſhould immediately be reduc'd to their *primitive nothing* by the breath of thy fury: Miraculous it is to behold thee, who ſtay'ſt the *mighty Fabricks* of the Worlds by thine *own hand*, and has without doubt *reſerv'd* ſuch a *Vacuum* to thy ſelf, above the *higheſt Spheres* of thoſe boundleſs *bounds of Joy*, that if a *Sky-light* could be made out of the Roof of *thy Heavens*, and a Phœnix let through one of the *Panes* thereof, which were to fly directly a Hundred *Leagues* in every hour, and renew her ſelf out of her *own Aſhes*, ſo as never to dye, or ceaſe from *ſoaring higher*, ſhe would never find a *Reſpite*, or be ſtayed in her Journey by *any Matter* or *Subſtance* whatſoever; whereby it appears, that if thou wilt, thou canſt make *Ten Hundred Thouſand Worlds* more above thoſe Heavens: I ſay, my *Jeſu*! 'tis beyond all *conceptions* to behold thee, that art ſo *wonderful in thy Works*, become a *perfect Man*, be *ſpit* upon, *beaten*, and dreſt in a *Red-robe*, that thou mighteſt be gaz'd upon, as a meer *Empiric*, *Fool*, or *Actor*, in a Common Hall: Confounding is it to view Thee the

Tranſcendent

Tranſcendent God, who incircles thy *Workmanſhip* in thine own outſtretched arms, *ſurrounding* them as it were with a Line of *circumvallation*, and without all diſpute has ſtill retain'd ſuch an *infinite empty Space* on the Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South of this thy *fixt Creation*, that if a Caſement were opened into any of thoſe *Four Regions*, and a Caſe-hardned *Dart* ſhot out of a *Steel-Bow*, and to ſeek its fortune in poſting *directly forward*, with a moſt *rapid Motion*, it would never find a *Mark* to ſtick its *keen point* in, but *ſtill* be *flying on* ſo long as the damn'd are in Hell, which will be to the *longeſt limits* of Evermore; which palpably ſhews, that it would not in the *leaſt be hard* for thee to ſay, be there *Ten hundred Thouſand Millions* of Worlds more *around this*, than I have already made: Confounding is it, I ſay, to ſee thee, who art an *Immenſe Being*, and *infinite* in all reſpects, *thirſting*, and having a *bitter draught* offered thee to drink, by thoſe who *receive their life* and *being* from thee, and yet they not *inſtantly conſum'd* with flames from above: Amazing it is, that thou the *Meſſias* ſhould be *hung on a Tree*, which thy ſelf haſt made to grow, between *Two Criminals*, with a Bill of *Crimes* over thy head, as if thou hadſt been a *Confederate* in their *Villanies*, *Robberies*, and *Rapines*, and yet thoſe vain *Mortals*, who put thoſe *Indignities* upon thee, not to be *ſwallow'd up* alive by the *gaping Earth*, and hurried down *quick* to Hell. Strange

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to view thee my God *chaſtis'd*, as a Man, *wounded* as a Sinner, and *bruiſed* as an Offender! Surprizing it is, that *thy ſtripes* ſhould heal my Soul, thine *Oppreſſions* atone for mine Iniquities, and thy *Afflictions* expiate for my Tranſgreſſions: Stupendous, that thou *my Jeſus* ſhould be *bound* as a Sheep, *ſlain* as a *Lamb*, and appear *dumb*, as one that could not utter an *articulate Sound*. Admirable it is, that thou who art *Heir apparent* to Glory, ſhould be taken from thy *Followers*, from *Priſon*, and from *Judgment*, and none to *declare* thy Generation, or *vindicate* thy Prerogative! Aſtoniſhing that thou ſhouldſt be *ſtricken* with Reeds, *bor'd thorrow* with Nails, and *cut off* from the Land of the living, and no Guard of Angels *deſcend* from above to *reſcue Thee*, as the *High Prieſt* of that Angelical Quire. Moſt unaccountable that thou, an *infinite Being*, ſhould'ſt be put to *Grief*, *Shame*, and *Contempt*, and none to offer up their Lives, as a *Sacrifice* for thee, or *draw a Weapon* in defence of thy Prerogatives; but only one of thy *Followers*, and he to *be chid*, as one that had *done amiſs*, and *infringed* thy righteous Laws: Profound Wonder, to hear thee, *my Almighty*, crying out in deſpair, *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me*? and not ſee the Heavens *bow themſelves*, and *take thee* from off the Croſs. Miraculous to ſee thee *yielding up the Ghoſt*, as a frail Man. Ineffably aſtoniſhing, to behold thee a *Tranſcendent God*, yielding

ing up the Ghoſt, as a *dying Man*! Tremendous, that the Temple ſhould *rent*, the Earth *tremble*, and the Rocks *ſplit*, the Graves *open*, the dead *ariſe*, and yet thy *Murderers* not cry out, Verily this *is God*, as well as Man. O my *Jeſu*! theſe are aſtoniſhing *Thoughts*, and ſurpriſing to *fleſh* and *blood*: Nay, even to thy *Saints* above, and will be *accounted ſo* as long as thou art *God*, and *Eternity* laſts: and yet this their *admiration* is no offence to thee, but rather ſerves to *exalt thee* more and more in thy *infinite Perfections*, and *myſterious Attributes*. But, Lord! I fear, there are ſome, that *know not* what I mean, and think that what I have *here diſcours'd* concerning thee, conduces rather to *ſtagger their Faith*, than any wiſe to augment their *Belief*: for perhaps they'll ſay, that 'tis *even impoſſible* for any to *believe*, without ſome *waverings*, that thou ſhould'ſt *ſuffer death* as the Son of a Woman, and yet be *real God*. O my crucify'd *Jeſu*! with thy *permiſſion*, I'le ſet all to rights again, and *Eſtabliſh them* more than ever in their *Chriſtian Profeſſion*, and *Orthodox Creed*, by reciting theſe *unparallel'd Sentences*: Miraculous it is to behold a God *born of a Woman*, but not ſtrange to ſee a Man-child *brought forth*: Then where is the *Myſtery*, ſince he that now hangs on the Croſs, onely *brake through* the ſtrong Barrs of a *Virgin's Womb*, as a *Male-infant*, not as an *Almighty Power*? For the one *reign'd* as Superior a-

bove,

bove, when the other *liv'd* as a little Babe here below. Then ſtill *pray without ceaſing* for a true Converſion, and a ſtedfaſt Faith, by deluging out an Ocean of *brackiſh Tears* over this *immaculate* Lamb, that is now *ſlain* for *you*, *me*, and *all*. Aſtoniſhing, to behold a God *laid in a Manger*, but not ſurprizing to ſee the Son of a Carpenter *ſleeping in a Stable*: Then where is the Miracle, when he that is now *nail'd* to the *accurſed Tree*, lodg'd there but as a *Male-Infant*, not as the *Creator* of the World? For the one *rul'd* as the *Lord Jehovah*, higher than the *yonder Skies*, when the other *lay* under the Roof of an *Hay-loft*: Continue then to *ſupplicate* for a ſincere *Repentance*, and a firm *Belief*, fetching a Volly of *ſighs* over this *Jeſus* that *dy'd* for *you*, *me*, and *all*. Amazing, to behold a God roll'd up in *ſwadling cloaths*! but not ſtartling to ſee the *Firſt born* of a Woman bound round with a *Rowler*: Where then is the Myſtery, when he that *ſuffer'd on the Croſs* was dandled in his Parents Laps as a *finite Creature*, not as an *infinite Creator*? For the one *ſhone with Glory* in the Seat of Bliſs, when the other was *eclips'd with Poverty* in a Sublunary World: Wherefore *vehemently petition* for Regeneration, and a lively Hope, mourning over this *Chriſt* that *fainted away* to ſave *you*, *me*, and *all*. Wonderful, to behold a *God circumciſed* after the manner of the *Jews*! but not amazing to ſee the *Fore-skin* of a *Male-infant* cut after the manner of that Nation: Then where

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is the Myſtery, ſince he that is now *faſtned* to the *infamous Tree*, conform'd himſelf to *their Laws*, as one that had Fleſh, Blood, and Bones, not as the *Founder* of the Univerſe? For the one was *eſſentially happy* in the Enjoyment of himſelf, when the other was *truly miſerable*: Therefore *intercede* for a true *Contrition*, and a ſtedfaſt *Faith*, crying over the *lifeleſs Body* of this Saviour, that *expir'd* to preſerve *you*, *me*, and *all*. Ineffably ſtrange to behold *Three Princes* offering to a God *Gifts*, as if he had the *Indigence* of a Man! but not ſo ſtupendous to ſee ſo many *making a Preſent*, to one that was born *King of the Jews*: Then where is the Prodigy, when he that is now *ſpik'd to the Croſs* receiv'd Gold, Frankincenſe, Myrrh, Aloes, and Caſſia, as a *created Being*, not as an *uncreated Eſſence*? For that one had liv'd *God from Eternity*, when the other had been *Man but a few years*: *Pray* therefore without ceaſing, for a ſincere *Repentance* and a firm *Belief*, exerciſing your *throbbing Breaſt* over this *Redeemer*, that *fell a Victim* to reſcue *you*, *me*, and *all*. O admirable to behold a God forc'd to *fly by Night* for fear of a Tyrant! but not ſo wonderful to ſee *an Infant* with his *Parents* baniſh'd their native ſoil: Where then is the Wonder, ſince he that is *ſtretched out* on the *fatal Tree*, retreated towards the Land of *Egypt* as an *abdicated Monarch*, not as the *King of Glory*? For, the one was an *immaterial Spirit*, when the other was a *material Subſtance*: Wherefore make inceſſant *Supplicati-*

plications for Regeneration and a lively Hope, with loud *Lamentations* over this *Immaculate Lamb*, that was ſlain to take away the ſins of the World. Miraculous it is, that *Herod* the *King* ſhould iſſue out a Declaration, in hopes to *ſlay the God* which fram'd him in the Womb! but not ſtrange that he ſhould ſeek the *life of a Man-child*, who he fancy'd might bereave him of his Crown: Then where is the Wonder, when he that is now *extended* on the *Croſs*, was purſu'd as an *Earthly Prince*, not as the *Sovereign Lord* of Heaven? For the one was *unchangeable* in all his *Attributes*, when the other was ſubject to *viciſſitudes* in every thing relating to *human Nature*: Wherefore *earneſtly petition* for Mortification and Perſeverance, by *groaning over* this crucifi'd *Jeſus*, that deliver'd *you*, *me*, and *all*. Myſterious it is to behold a God *diſputing* with the Doctors at *Jeruſalem* in a *bodily ſhape*! but not ſo ſurprizing to ſee a Youth *asking them Queſtions*: Where then is the Riddle, when he that now bleeds on the *execrable Tree* convers'd with thoſe *Rabbi's* as a *finite Creature*, not as the *Architect* of the Univerſal Frame? For the one was *ſeated upon a Throne*, where Angels ſang *Hallelujah*, *Hallelujah*, when the other ſate in the *Houſe of Prayer* amidſt the *Scholaſtick Tribe*: Humbly therefore *implore* the *Almighty Donor* of all for a fervency of *Devotion* and divine *Vigilancy*, ſtreaming out *rivers of Tears* over him that *fainted away*, to gain a Pardon for *you*, *me*, and *all*. Amazing

zing it is to behold a *God baptiz'd* by a Man! but not ſtartling to ſee a *Man* of Thirty Years old *deſcend into Water* to be waſhed: Then where is the Myſtery, ſince he that is now *fixt to the Croſs*, was *Baptized* as a Member of the *Univerſal Church* here on Earth, not as the *Builder* of the Church Triumphant in Heaven? For the one *govern'd in Glory* with an infinite Power, when the other was *ſubject to Miſery* and *Want*: Therefore defer not *to pray* for Regeneration and a lively Hope, fetching a Volly *of ſighs* over this Chriſt, that *laid down his life* to redeem *you*, *me*, and *all*. Aſtoniſhing it were to behold a God have *no where to lay his head*, when the Foxes *have holes*, and the Birds of the Air *have neſts*! but not amazing to ſee a *deſtitute Man* have *no place* of abode: Then where is the Myſtery, ſince he that is now nail'd to the *diſgraceful Tree* wandred up and down the Earth as a *perſon of no Repute*, not as one that could *ſpeak* and *have*? For the one was *guarded* by Legions of Angels in *Mount Sion*, when the other was only *attended* by a few *poor Fiſhermen* near *Bethlehem*: Deſiſt not then *from Praying* for a true Converſion and a ſtedfaſt Faith, *lamenting* over this Saviour, this Saviour that *expir'd* to eaſe *you*, *me*, and *all*. Moſt ſtrange it were to behold a *God tempted* by a Devil! but not ſo ſurpriſing to ſee a *Man aſſaulted* by Satan: Then where is the Miracle, ſince he that is *bound to the Croſs* was offered the Kingdoms of the World, as a *Crea-*

ted Being, not as an *uncreated Eſſence*? For the one inhabited beyond the *reach of Injury*, when the other was *expos'd to fury* on the pinnacle of the Temple: *Supplicate* therefore for a ſincere *Repentance* and a firm *Belief*, crying mightily over this *Redeemer*, that *fell a Victim* to reſcue *you*, *me*, and *all*. Tranſcendent wonder, to behold a *God talking* on the Mount as a Man! but not ſo ſtupendous to ſee a *Prophet in Exile*, inſtructing his Followers on a *riſing ground* near the Groves of *Olives*: Where then is the Wonder, ſince he that *ſuffer'd* on the *doleful Tree*, preach'd to his Diſciples as a *mortal Man*, not as an *Immortal Jehovah*? For the one was *incircled round* with Glory in his own Heavenly Temple, when the other was *expos'd* to all weathers, on an Earthly Mountain that he could not call his home: Wherefore *fervently petition* for Regeneration, and a lively Hope, *condoling* over the *Meſſias* that *yielded up* the Ghoſt to relieve *you*, *me*, and *all*. Aſtoniſhing to behold a God *riding on an Aſs*! but not ſtrange to ſee a Man *travelling on a Beaſt*: Then where is the Wonder, ſince he that is now *tied to the Croſs*, was thus us'd as a *Mortal*, but not as the *everliving* God? For the one was *exalted on high*, when the other was *deſpis'd below*: Then *cry without ceaſing* for a true Converſion and a ſtedfaſt Faith, pouring out *loud exclamations* over this *Immaculate Lamb*, that was *ſlain* to redeem the World. Myſterious to behold a *God anointed* by the hands of a Woman! but

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not aſtoniſhing to ſee a Woman *pouring out a precious Oyntment* on the head of a Man: Then where is the Miracle, ſince he that *bleeds on the Tree* had the Balſam beſtow'd upon him as he was a *Man*, not as he was the *Grand Compoſer* of the Univerſe? For the one was *Inviſible* to the Eyes of the Woman, when that great work was perform'd, the other *viſible* in all his parts: Then *ceaſe not* to ſeek for a *ſerious Repentance*, and a *firm aſſurance* of Mercy, ſhowring ſtreams of *penitantial Tears* over this crucifi'd *Jeſus*, that ſav'd *you*, *me*, and *all*. Amazing to behold a God *eating Bread*, and *drinking Wine*! but not ſtartling to ſee a Prieſt offering the *ſacred Viands* to thoſe that believe: Then, where is the Wonder, ſince he that *hangs on the Croſs* took and gave that Sacrament *as a Prophet*, not as the *Rector* of all? For the one was diſtributing *his Favours* to Saints, Angels, and Seraphic Spirits, when the other was *feeding* a treacherous, perfidious, and falſe-hearted *Judas*: Then, *pray*, and *faint not*, for Regeneration and a lively Hope, *deluging* out a *Sea* of *Tears* over this *Chriſt*, that *dy'd away* to redeem Man. Tremendous to behold a God *diſcovering himſelf* to a Woman of *Samaria* in the appearance of a Man! but not ſo aſtoniſhing to ſee a mortal Man *revealing himſelf* to a Woman that he lov'd: Then where is the Myſtery, ſince he that is now *affixt to the Croſs*, made himſelf *known* as one that *bare our Nature*, not as a *tranſcendent Being*? For the one

was *viſible* to all the Hoſt of Heaven, when the other *appear'd* but to a few on Earth: Vehemently therefore *petition* for a true *Converſion*, and a ſtedfaſt *Faith*, uttering *mournful accents* over the Saviour that was *Sacrific'd* for *you*, *me*, and *all*. Admirable it is to behold a God *going throughout* all *Galilee*, and teaching in the Synagogues! but not ſo ſtrange to ſee a *Biſhop taking a Progreſs* round his Dioceſs, viſiting, and confirming every Church therein; Then, where is the Myſtery, ſince he that is now *nail'd to the Croſs* went about *inſtructing*, as a *diligent Paſtor*, not as an *Immortal Jehovah*? For the one was hearing all *Praiſes warbled out* in Honour of his holy Name, by one and every one, when the other had but a few to ſing his *melancholick Hymns* in his Exile of an unfortunate life: Then implore *Divine Aid* for a ſincere Repentance, and a firm Belief, by *moans* that can't be uttered, over this *inoffenſive Lamb*, that *ſigh'd* and *dy'd* to defend *you*, *me*, and *all*. Marvellous to behold a God *paying Tribute* to an Earthly Prince! but not ſo unaccountable to ſee a Man *yielding obedience* to the Laws of the King: Then where is the Marvel, ſince he that is now *diſplay'd* on the *Croſs* gave *Cæſar* his due, as a *Subject*, not as the *high* and *lofty One* that inhabits Eternity? For the one was no wiſe *bound* thereunto, when the other was *oblig'd* as a Native: *Supplicate* then without ceaſing for Regeneration, and a lively Hope, *weeping mightily*

tily over this *Meſſias*, that gave up the Ghoſt to *ſhelter you*, *me*, and *all*. Wonderful Prodigy, to behold a *God crying*! but not for a Man to weep: Myſterious to ſee a God *laſh Offenders* with a ſcourge of ſmall Cords! but not for a Man to *beat a rude herd of ſinners* out of the Houſe of Prayer: Aſtoniſhing to behold a God *ſerve Wine* to a Virgin-Bride! but not for a Man *to wait on Gueſts*, when they are making merry, becauſe a Man has *choſen a Woman* to be his *dear delight*, 'till death them do part. Wonder not then, when he, that was *hang'd on the Croſs*, wept over *Jeruſalem* as a Man, *whipt* the Thieves and Robbers out of the Temple, *attended at the Marriage* at *Cana* as a Man; tho' as to the Miracle, *a God*; and was *dreſt* like unto us, altho' he never *died his Garments* in the poyſonous floods of ſin: Then continue to cry over this *wounded Jeſus*, for he was a Man to be ſlain, but a God to ſave: Stupendous it is to behold a *God Pray*, but not for a Man to *Petition* to an *infinite Being*, that lives for ever; to behold a *God purſu'd* as a Man, but not for Ruffians to *ſeek after* the life of a Man: Admirable to behold a God *leaving Angels* to converſe with men! but not for a Man to *make choice* of Men to do his will: Strange not then, ſince he that is now *faſtned* to the *uneaſie Tree*, *pray'd* as a Man, was ſought by the *Jews* to *be kill'd* as a Man, and named

welve Apoſtles as a Man: O then reform, and ſtream out *Rivers of Tears* over this your *bemangled Chriſt*, and with loud accents of *grief*, ſince he was a Man to *know ſorrow*, but a God to *redeem*. Amazing to ſee a God *wiping the feet* of Men, but not for one Man to *ſerve another* in that humble Office. Surpriſing to behold a God *trapan'd*, but not for a Man to be *betray'd* and ſold. Stupendous to ſee a God *ſeiz'd* as a *Tranſgreſſor*, but not for a Man to be *led* as a *Malefactor*. Then marvel not, ſince he that is now *bound* to the *bitter Croſs*, waſh'd his *Diſciples feet* as a Man: was *betray*'d as a Man, *hal'd to Priſon* as a ſurety for Man, Repent therefore, and let the World Eccho with your *grievous Sounds*, over this your *pierced Saviour*; for he was a Man to *die*, and to *intercede*, but a God to *conquer* over Death, and *prevail* in his *Interceſſion*: And now he'll be *betray'd* no more as a Man, but *rever'd* as a God; *live no more* as a Man, but *reign* as a God; be *crucifi'd* no more as a Man, but *rule in Glory* as a God, beyond the end of Time: And as he was *infinite* in his *Godhead* from Eternity, ſo henceforth he'll be *Almighty* in Power, ever, ever, ever, and for evermore, for evermore, for evermore. *Amen, Amen, Amen.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

Matth. 27. 59, 60. *And when* Joſeph *had taken the body, he wrap'd it in a clean linlen cloth, and laid it in his own new Tomb, which he had hewed out of the Rock; and he roll'd a great ſtone to the Door of the Sepulchre, and departed.*

O Thou Bleſſed *Jeſu*, who was *ſlain for me!* tho' thou *lyeſt* in *thy Grave*, as to thy Manhood, I ſtill engraſp *thy Body* within my rounding Arms, and will not *let thee go*, till I feel thee begin to *riſe* out of this thy *gloomy Sepulchre*, when I ſhall rouſe up, and ſing of thy *glorious Aſcenſion* in the higheſt ſtrains of mirth, and tell the *wretched World*, that thou art *riſen from the dead*, and become the *firſt fruits* of them that ſleep: but during the time of *thy ſleeping* here, I'll do nothing but *ſigh*, *ſob*, and *cry*, which indeed are *melancholy exerciſes*, but ſuch as my Soul *delighteth in*, ſince thou my Saviour didſt *dye for me*. O then how much *more deſirable* is it to my Soul, to *dwell* here with my *crucuſied Saviour* for three days, and two nights, and *meditate* on Man's *Mortality*, than to abide in the *Courts* of *Jollity*, and never think that I muſt e're long be wrap'd in a *mournful ſhroud*, and

and laid in Earth's *cold Tomb*. Lord thou know'ſt, if it had not been for my *attending thee* from the *Manger* to the *Sepulchre*, I had long ago been irreverſibly *confin'd* to the Habitation of the *Shades below*, for not having ſufficiently conſider'd that I was *born to die*. Let my Reader *receive* it how he will, were I to *compoſe* as many *ſcore* of Volumes, as I have already *written Tracts*, which counts four, I would annex to each of them a *ſhort Eſſay of death*, but in a diverſe manner of treating; tho' perhaps none ſo *gaining on the affections*, as this drawn over the *lifeleſs Body* of my *Crucify'd* out-ſtretched *Jeſus*, and yet from everlaſting to everlaſting *reigning God*: Attend therefore, ye that *ſeldom think* on a Grave with a *Reverend Awe*, and I'll ſhew you the *Charnel-houſe* of Death, where Men and Women lye *vail'd in darkneſs*; and forgetten, as I fear this my *very Jeſus* is by many Lukewarm *Profeſſors*, and cool *Chriſtians*. The word Sepulchre, Tomb, or Grave, ſeems but to denote, even in its *largeſt extent*, a Cave, or Vault of a few Fathom deep, Yards long, and Feet over: But, alas! this is a very *palpable error*, for its Cabbin or Chamber is of an infinitely more *vaſt extent*, and larger *Circumference*, having already received many *Generations* within its narrow Door, every one whereof has found a *Bed*, and there are yet remaining *Lodging Rooms* enough for *Ten Thouſand* times as many more within: Shall I make

out

out my *Aſſertion* plain, even to the meaneſt perſon? Why? All the Bowels of the *Earth*, and the *watry Elements* are, as it were, but *one Tomb* to lodge our *Carcaſſes* in, when our *Souls* have bid our *Bodies* good-night. This *Womb* is of ſuch an *unmeaſurable extent*, and ſwallowing nature, that it thinks it has never *Children* of *Mortality* enough tumbled into its *big Belly*, altho' it's evident, there is not a *Year* in an *Age*, or a *Month* in that *Year*, or a *Week* in that *Month*, or a *Day* in that *Week*, or an *Hour* in that *Day*, or a *Minute* in that *Hour*, or a *Moment* in that *Minute*, but ſome or other are flung into her *cold Cabbin*, and ſtill ſhe cries out, *Give me more*, for I have ſtill *ſtowage* left. Nay, even this was her *Language*, when ſhe had all that died in the ſweeping *Sickneſs* at *Paris*, the *deſtroying Plague* at *London*, and the *conſuming Peſtilence* at *Conſtantinople*; as alſo them that were ſlain at the *long Siege* of *Vienna*, the bloody *Battel* at *Celantmont*, and at the tremblings of the Mountains in *Sicily*, with them that fell as *Victims* by the hands of the *barbarous Papiſts*, in the dreadful *Iriſh* and *Pariſian Maſſacres*, and the *Sicilian Veſpers*; add to them thoſe that were *butcher'd* in Heathen Countries for the *Teſtimony of Jeſus*, after diverſe ways and ſtrange manners. I ſay, all theſe *Multitudes* of *dead Bodies* could never make, or bid death *ſtay her hand*, and ſythe down no more 'till ſhe had *gather'd theſe* into her Granary, that lay

lay on her *Meads* ready mow'd: No; ever ſince ſhe became a *ſtore-houſe* for the *Almighty's Images*, ſhe was always ready to entertain every *dead Meſſenger*, come they never ſo faſt, without having any *reſpect* of Perſons, or making *diſtinction* of Qualities: For ſhe as courteouſly receives *working Peaſants*, as *Crowned Heads*; *ſinful* Men, as *praying* Women; humble St. *Matthews*, as proud *Prelates*; Penitent *Publicans*, as haughty *Phariſees*; *lean* Skeletons, as *fat* Carkaſſes; *Crooked* Bodies, as *ſtraight* Shapes; *tawny* Complexions, as *fair* Skins; *young* Infants, as *old* Men; *illiterate* Perſons, as *learned* Scholars; *Fools*, as *Wiſe*; *Moroſe* Tempers, as *good* Natures; *Covetous* Uſurers, as *liberal Givers*; *poor* Clients, as *rich* Counſellors; *diſpirited* Priſoners, as *corrupted* Judges; *waiting* Servitors, as *attended* Maſters; *luſtful* Satyrs, as *chaſt Amianthus's*; *guilty* Judaſſes, as innocent *Nathaniels*; *drivers* of Mules, as *Riders* in Sedans; *Slaves* in Gallies, as *free-born* Denizens; *Common* Sailers, as *great* Admirals; *private* Soldiers, as *Commanding* Generals; In a word, one, and all, be the *Title*, *Age*, or *Sex*, what it will: but ere long ſhe'll *fall into travel*, and *deliver all* at a birth, ſince he that *lays her* will ſee, that there is not a *Male*, or *Female* left in any part of her *vaſt Bowels*, or corner of her *hollow Clefts*: Then every one of us all will be *new-born* either to *Eternal Joys*, or *Endleſs Pains*: For my Opinion is, that they will be *proclaim'd* by God,

and

and all the Heavenly Hoſt, *Heirs* to a *bleſt inheritance*, who dwelt in the perpetual *conſideration of Death*, and buried their *Affections* in the Tomb of *Jeſus*, while living in a *bad World*; and they ſhall be *cry'd down*, as *Shichemites* with a mighty ſhout, that thought *this Chapter*, or any other *Leſſon*, which treateth on the *fleeting Moments* of Man's life, too *melancholy* a *Subject* to be recited in their *tattering Tents* of Clay. But why appear I *ſo dull*, and raiſe not my *Muſe* to an *higher Pitch*, by breaking out into ſome more *winning Expreſſions* on the Diſſolution of Man, and his ſhort time of *ſojourning here* on Earth, even by dwelling a while on the *tranſitory Nature* of this Creation, whereon I now *Live*, *Move*, and have my *Being*; and apply it, as a *Demonſtration* of the neceſſity of my own *ſpeedy departure* hence? Is that great *Luminary*, which I now ſee *ſhining* in the yonder *Orbs above*, to be ere long *eclips'd*, and totally turn'd into a Maſs of *Darkneſs*, ſo as never to *ſhine again* on the ſurface of *this Earth*, or any other Climate whatſoever? Then what a folly may be laid to *my charge*, who am *to dye* in a while, if I neglect to ruminate on my *own Mortality*, and think not on my *laſt Exit*? No, No: what ever *ſcorn*, or *contempt* I may meet with in my *travels* to the *Grave*, I ſhall never be *ſo unwiſe*, as to be found *loytering* in a *Duty*, that even fixes a *becoming Air* of decent *gravity* in every feature, and as it were ſetts off my *Lineaments* with a lovely *Luſter* to every *gazing*

Eye,

Eye, and makes me look like *ſomething more* than a Man, nay, I had even ſaid *like an Angel* of Light, newly come down *from above*, to ſhew what *compoſure* there is in ſuch a *Spirit*. Are theſe Glorious *Stars*, that now beſpangle the *lofty Sky* with their *ſparkling Luſter*, to drop as an *haſty ſhower* of Hail, and never more to impart their *gentle Splendour* to the ſilent Nights; but to *diſſolve* into Air? Then how *imprudently* ſhall I act in the view of *God* and *good Men*, if I meditate not, that when a *few Weeks*, *Months*, or *Years* have inſenſibly glided away, this delicate *Frame*, and *Model* of the Almighty *Artificer*, I mean *my Body*, that is now all *vigour* and *life*, will lye as a *ſenſeleſs Image*, deſtitute of *Motion*, *Life*, and *Reaſon*, and even be inferior to a living *Worm* in ſtrength, policy, and ſwiftneſs; for when that *crawling Annimal* is making its approaches to my *Caſtle* the *Coffin*, it will be as a *Solomon* to me in all the *ſubtle Arts* of War; for behold he'll be *preparing* for a *Siege*, as a Cunning *Politician*, when I apprehend nothing of the *Deſign*; he'll be *marching* out of his Camp, as a Soldier *fleſh'd with Victory*, when I lye *ſhut up* in my Den, as a *Coward* that dares not ſhew his face; he'll be *marking* out his *Lines* of *Circumvallation*, as an Expert General, when I lye without all *action* or *deſign*, or any thoughts of *defence*; he'll be drawing *nearer* and *nearer*, in order to make a formal *Attacque*, as a brave *Commander*, that can look Death in the face with

with a *bold Countenance*, when I proceed not *one ſtep*, but lye *hid* in a hole, as a *Deſerter* running from his Colours; he'll be caſting up his *Trenches*, as a diligent *Workman*, that ſtrives to *ſave himſelf*, becauſe he lyes expos'd to *every Sally*, when I lye ſleeping, as if it were *my fate* to be *deſtroyed* in my *Tent*; he is making a *Breach* in the Wall, as a *skilful Engineer*, when I am *lockt up* under ground, as one that is *afraid* to *peep out*, leſt the Shell of a *Bomb* ſhould burſt, and *tear him* to pieces; he is ſcaling the Ramparts, as one of the braveſt of a *choſen Battalion*, when I look with a *Pale Face*, as one that is *ſtruck dead* with fear; he enters the *Hold*, and ſeizes on the *Stores* of Proviſion, as an *hungry Trooper*, when I lye as one that *conceals himſelf* among the *ſlain*, in hopes to be *undiſcover'd*. In fine, when he ſeizes upon *my Carkaſs*, as a Lyon on his *Prey*, I can't reſiſt or prevent his *deſtroying Jaws*, neither can I *unlooſe* his *worrying* Teeth from my Fleſh; but in ſpite of *my Power* he will gnaw and feed, fill and reſt, till *he* and his *younglings* can truly ſay, they have *devour'd a Man*. Is the *azure Firmament*, which I now ſee ſo often ſtreakt with a *Marble Colour*, to be melted with *fervent heat*, and gather'd together as a *mighty Scroll*, and ſo to leave the World, or Worlds without a *Canopy*, never to be ſpread over them again, either by *God's Decree*, or *natural Cauſes*; and ſhall not I think of *removing hence*, whoſe whole life is wrapt up in the ſmall *Boundaries* of Ninety Years,

Years, or not have *that day* in mine Eyes, when it will *be ſaid* of me, as I have *reported* of others; *He is dead*, and gone down to the *Shades below*, where they that *knew him well*, will *converſe* with him no more; becauſe he is *departed* into the Land of *Oblivion*: Then I ſhall *truly be* to this World, as if I had *never* yet been; for the Ears, that now do hear *my Voice*, will then hear me ſpeak *no more*; the Paper, whereon I *now write*, will be plowed with my *Pen*, and water'd with my *Tears* no more: Thoſe *Volumes* of other Mens labours, that I *read now*, I ſhall *turn over* their ſheets *no more*, or ſully their *Title Pages* to know the Author's Name *no more*, or ſee how many vain *empty Titles* he's pleas'd to give himſelf, to ſhew the *more Judicious*, that at the beſt he is but a *vain Man*, and fond of being *counted Great* in a little World, or *elevated* to ſomewhat an *higher Sphere*, than the *Common ſort* of Mankind. Is that *Moon* I now ſee beginning to ſhew his newly ſharpened *Horns*, which every *Month* are joyned into a perfect *Orb*, diminiſhing again in the ſame ſpace *of time*, till ſhe altogether *diſappears* in *obſcurity*; reiterating next *Month* all the former *viciſſitudes*; is this *Moon*, I ſay, to loſe ere long its *Silver Light*, which in ſome meaſure diſpels the ſilent *darkneſs* of the *Night*, where it is not excluded by intervening Objects, and for ever to *hide her face*, in like manner as a beautiful *Damſel* taken in the ſnares of *Love*, vails her *Face*, and

Dyes,

dyes, becauſe he, whom ſhe chuſes modeſtly to *ſmile upon* with many a *becoming bluſh*, is *conſuming* to nothing, and cannot be a *Subſtance* to receive her *faint glances* any more? Then ſhall *not I*, that am of a much more ſhort *duration* than that *Night-Lamp*, be taken up with this mighty *Conſideration*, That when this *Body*, I mean the *Moon*, has chang'd her dreſs, and adorn'd and un-rigg'd her ſelf for a *few times* more, I ſhall feel a *qualm* as it were *ariſing* over my Stomach, as a *Cloud* that appears in the *South*, which will gather and gather, 'till it has *darken'd* all the parts of a *lightſome Conſtitution*, and I faintingly ſay to my Friends, this *Sun* of my Life is now *going down* in a Night-Fog, lay me on *my Couch*, that I may fetch a few *reſtleſs tumbles* more before I dye; and call me hither *thoſe that I love*, and them that *hate me*, that I may ſhew how the *Servant of a Crucify'd Jeſus* ought to conclude his days. Draw near, then, and hear me my *wedded Bride*; thou art ſhe that I admir'd when a *Maid*, ſhe that I lov'd when *my Wife*, and ſhe that I'le Firſt *addreſs* my ſelf to, now that I lye *gaſping* on a *dying* Bed, and am to live no more; and in ſuch *Expreſſions*, as may in ſome meaſure anſwer to my *Affections*. You ſee now, O! thou *deſire of my Eyes*, that I am juſt entring the *dark Paſſage*, that lyes open and leads to *Eternity*. O pray that my *precious Soul* may be convey'd by Legions of *happy Spirits* into that *bleſſed State*, where God lives, and *his Chriſt* will immedi-

ately *aſcend.* Sorrow not becauſe *I weep*, but cry becauſe *you have offended*: Think not your ſelf e're the more an *unfortunate Woman*, becauſe I can't *bequeath* unto you ſtately *Piles* of *lofty Buildings*, whereby my Name might be *perpetuated*, and large tracts of *Champaign Land*, with *mounted heaps* of *white* and *yellow Droſs*, or Cabinets well ſtor'd with *glittering Jewels*, and Pale *Necklaces* of *oriental Pearls*; but rather thank *kind Heaven* that I have left you nothing to *tempt* your *Virtue*, when my Soul is ſoar'd up aloft. Be not, as *many Women* are in this *immodeſt Age*, ſo affected as to caſt a *wanton glance* thorow the thin depending Hoods of your *mourning Weeds*! let your *Dreſs* and *Heart* ſuit together, and be a *Widow indeed*; join not your ſelf to them that *greatly affect* to diſcourſe much of Love, Beauty, and Riches with ſuch *an Air*, and in *ſuch expreſſions*, as ſome *fooliſh Maids* call an *Angelick Style*: For, alas! all this is nothing elſe but *Diſſimulation*, *Cant*, and *Lies*, and only proceeds from an heart fill'd with *air*, *fumes*, and *vapours*: Believe me in all the *Obſervations* I ever made of ſuch Perſons, I never met with one, that truly anſwered *the End* of a *married State*, or acted as a *prudent Man*; nay, they are ſo full of *froth*, and *vanity*, that they are altogether uncapable of maintaining any Argument on the *Trinity*, the *Creation*, or the *Immenſity* of God; and even altogether unfit for managing the *art of Trade*: For all they have in them is either *ſtol'n* out of *vain Romances*, or learnt in *Idle Converſation*:

But

But I'le counſel you, whom you *ſhall adhere* unto, ſuch whoſe life is *blameleſs* and free from *Error*, and can talk of the accompliſhments of *Vertue*, the peace of a *good Chriſtian*, and the *Sufferings of Jeſus* in an exalted ſtrain. For the higher his *Paſſions* are rais'd that way, the more his *Soul* reſembles his *Maker*, and is wean'd from Senſe: For as a *florid Speach* in commendation of Vice, inſenſibly gains on the *Affections* of the *lewd* and *careleſs*, to delight in the *ſurfeting pleaſures* of ſin; ſo *Divine flights* rap up the *Spirits* of the *Righteous*, even beyond themſelves, and *turn their Minds* Heaven-wards. Pencil down *theſe Lines* on the Table of *your hearts*, and read them often over, ſo as to *practiſe them*, and then doubt not but if *you Marry*, your life will be a *ſtate of Peace* and *Quietneſs*, your Death in *Faith* and *Aſſurance*, and your *Being* in the next world, *Glory*, and *Bleſſedneſs*; and as we came together by joyning *Hand in Hand*, ſo let us part in *Embracing* each other *Arm in Arm*; and ſince you are the *longeſt liver*, give my cold Lips a *farewell kiſs*, and bedew my pale Cheeks with a *few drops* of pearly *Tears*, and then we'll bid each other a *long Adieu*, till we meet again on the high Plains of *Sion-Hill*, where we ſhall never part more, or bid *God b'you* again. Come now my Children, that us'd to *ſurround my Table* as ſo many new *ingrafted Plants*, and I will learn you the *noble Science* of *living well*, which you may put in Practice when my Body is *ſown in the Earth*, in order to *ſpring up* again

unto a bleſt Eternity. It is but, as it were yeſterday, that I was a *ſtripling in Years*, as you now are, and it will be but as to morrow that you muſt be *ſtruggling* with the *night agonies* of death, as I now do. O be not fond of the *World*, or enamour'd with its deceitfully *fawning Careſſes*, leſt you inſenſibly *doze to ſleep*, as it were, upon the traiterous Lap of a *treacherous Parent*, that entertains a deſign to *cut you off* before *you awake*, or can ſay, *Lord forgive me* my great miſdeeds Obey the lawful *Commands* of her that *bare you*, before you *liv'd*, and travel'd in *pains* when you were *born*: Love each other, and *fall not out* for trifles, as is the manner of ſome *formal Profeſſors* in this airy Age, who *wrangle* with their *fellow-Travellers* in Religion, for they know not what, but like ſo many *beſotted Fools* quarrel for the *Bark*, but diſpute not for the *Tree*; fight for the *Shell*, but ſtrive not for the *Kernel*; run for a *Counter*, but ſtir not for a *Crown*: but do you earneſtly *contend* for the *Truth*, and admire them moſt that *ſerve God* beſt; and wherever you find a Man that is *Orthodox* in his Doctrines, *ſanctify'd* in his Life, *awakening* in his Lectures, and *moderate* in his Spirit towards all *Opinions*, ask not, whether he is a *Divine* of the *Church of England*, a *Miniſter* of the *Presbyterians*, or a *Paſtor* of the *Independents*; but ſit under his Teaching, and imitate him in thoſe God-like Virtues: but as for ſuch Men as live the Reverſe of their Doctrine,

avoid

avoid them, never heeding the old *Proverb*, Do as they *learn* you, not as they *live*; I ſay, hear not ſuch men, ſince that will prove a means to *imbolden* them in their Vices, and *ſtrengthen* them in their Lewdneſs: For had they no *Auditors*, they could be no *Teachers*, as indeed it is fit they ſhould not: Bind theſe Precepts about your *Neck*, and write them on the *Palms* of *your hands*, that they may not ſlip out of your *Memories*, nor depart from your *Minds*; ſo that for the future you may rather chuſe to hear *ten words* concerning the *will of Jeſus*, proceed out of the *illiterate Mouth* of a poor *Country-Peaſant* that ſincerely *fears God*, than *five diſcourſes* of the Duty of Man from a *Learned*, but *Lewd Miniſter*, belong he to what *Church*, *Sect*, or *Party* ſo ever he will: (For I go not about to favour any particular *Society* more than another;) and why, becauſe the one *ſincerely believes* what he ſays to be the *Word of Truth*, and hath no other *Deſign* in it, but the *ſetting forth* the *Honour* and *Glory* of God; whereas the other only *uſes the Goſpel*, as the Gardiner does *his Spade*, to get and keep a Living, and would otherwiſe ſoon *ceaſe the work*, and ſuffer the Lords *Vineyard* to be overrun with *Brambles*, I mean, the *Vices of the Age*: neither doth in truth the *bleſſing of God* attend their Labours, ſo as to *Convert*, and make the *ſimple wiſe* unto Salvation. Be not affrighted, O ye my *little ones*! or think that this *Sentence* is *too ſevere*, ſince I have the

Almighty on *my ſide*, and his *Word* for the ſuſtaining of my *Aſſertion*, *Iſa.* 1. 13, 14, 15. *Bring no more vain Oblations; incenſe is an abomination to me; the new Moons and Sabbaths, the calling of Aſſemblies I cannot away with, it is iniquity, even the ſolemn Meetings: your new Moons and your appointed Feaſts my Soul hateth: they are a trouble to me: I am weary to bear them. And when you ſpread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when you make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood.* Write theſe Texts of Scripture on your *Study doors*, and be ſpelling them over when you *walk in the Fields*, as you *ſit at home*, when you *lye down*, and when you *riſe up*, and they will be as Honey to your *Mouth*, and Marmalade to your *Taſte*, eſpecially when you find the *ſtrong Man* begin to fail, and you are juſt going to take a ſtep out of *one World* into *another*. But now I ſee my Glaſs is *near run*, and the time of my *departure* is *at hand*; therefore ceaſe your *mourning*, and let me hear no more ſuch *ſad accents*, tolling their *afflicting knells* in my Ears; but cheer up your *drooping Spirits* with this mighty *Conſideration*, that I only enter the *ſhades* of Death to ſleep awhile, and after to awake to an *happy Reſurrection*, when I ſhall *doze* no more. Be not in *pangs* becauſe you ſee me all of a *cold Sweat*; but wipe my wet Forehead dry, and let me *depart in peace*: As you love me, reſtrain now in my preſence your *noiſie grief*, leſt

leſt I ſtart up all in amaze, and live *hours longer* in miſery, than otherwiſe I ſhould have done. Come, take my laſt *Bleſſing*, and depart the Room, leſt I hear your moanings again, and am *interrupted* in my remaining Duties: Adieu, adieu, my little *Generation*, I bid you now adieu, and leave you as Lambs among Wolves; but God *keep you* as his, and *gather you* at laſt as *good Wheat* into his Granary, and ſo my Sons and Daughters I wiſh you heartily farewel; farewel, farewel for ever. Now enter kind *Relations*, and loving *Friends*; my Houſe *is ſet in order*, and I've nothing remaining to do on *this ſide* Eternity, but to diſcourſe awhile with you, and *pray for mine Enemies*: I return you my thanks for all your *reſpect*, and *kindneſs* to me and mine, hoping, that when I am gone, you'll ſtill continue to give *good advice* to my diſconſolate Widow, and diſtreſſed Orphans; I've nothing to preſent you with, as a Pledge of my Sincerity, but my Prayers for you, that the Great *God Jehovah* would pour down the abundance of *his Bleſſings* on you here, and fit you for his *own Kingdom* in a better ſtate hereafter: I need not tell you of the *frailty* of human Nature, or the *neceſſity* of being on your guard, ſince I am as a *Monitor* to you all, my ſelf being inſtantly to *launch out* into the vaſt Ocean of *Eternity*: It was but a few days ago, I thought of *ſurviving* the term of as many Years as any of you; but now I muſt hence

in a *few hours*; ſo that none of you knows, but that e're I have lodg'd in my Tomb for ſome *few Months*, you may be beckened hence as well as I: O then think of that moſt important *Revolution*, which will moſt certainly come, whether you expect it or not. Alas! What is *my Age*, which now comes to be at a period, if compar'd with the *boundleſs Circles* of Eternity: It is not ſo much as a Nail's breadth to Ten Thouſand Leagues, or as a ſudden *flaſh of Fire* ruſhing out of the mouth of a Cannon, to the continual *burnings* of *Mount Ætna*; or, if you pleaſe to take it thus, as a Mote to the Univerſe: Then, O my Lord God, why is there ſuch amighty ſtir made for theſe *worthleſs things*, ſince all the time of Enjoyment is *as nothing*, in compariſon of the *everlaſting Ages* to ſucceed? O then cry out with the ſame *paſſion* of Soul, as a *ſinner* once did, after he had mus'd only for a ſmall time on the diſproportion there was between *his Age*, and an *Eternal Duration*: Said he to himſelf, Am I to die? Yes; In leſs than a hundred Years? Yes: Am I not ſure to live a day? No. O *infatuated me*, what an infinite hazard have I run, of being damn'd for ever, by not conſidering theſe things before now. O give me but Bread and Water, and take me altogether, ſo that I may have but *theſe thoughts* always upon my Spirits, to keep me ever in mind of *Eternity*; and then I ſhall never *wilfully offend*: Be not angry if I tell you, that if

ſuch

ſuch expreſſions as theſe do not continually cen ter in your Souls, and *affect* your life, ſo as to make you refrain from *evil Converſation*; there is a time at hand, when to your *amaze-ment* you'll think on me, and be attack'd with ſome of theſe after deſcrib'd *Convulſions*, and ſad *Agonies* of Spirit: Your Joynts will trem-ble as an Aſpen Leaf; your Cheeks turn as *pale* as an Orient Pearl; your Lips as *wan* as a Corps laid two days in the duſt; the tip of your Noſe as *cold* as the new fall'n Snow; your Hair as *wet* with a damp *clammy Sweat*, as one dipt in a running Stream; your *Breath* come as quick and ſhort, as a Man *gagg'd* by a *night Robber*; your Heart aking, as one inſtantly to be thrown into a *Lyon's Den*; your *Groans* as loud, as a Priſoner whom they are *preſſing to death* for not confeſſing in due time; your *Spirits* as low with grieving, as a Mother that hath loſt her *Sucking Babe*, and knows not what to do for it; your *Mouth* as parch'd with heat, as a Man in a *Calenture*, that loud-ly calls for *cooling Draughts* to quench his ex-ceſſive Thirſt, but can't have a drop to cool his Tongue; your *Breaſt* panting with as ſwift a motion, as the clicking of a *Watch*, when its *Maker* is ſtretching its Springs, and cauſes it to double its Alarums, by ſtriking *twice* for *once*, becauſe it went amiſs; your *Bowels* tumb-ling, as it were with a ſtrange kind of *Convulſi-on* fit, as a Man that is horridly grip'd with Eating *ſower Grapes*, and can find no eaſe tho' he

he rolls o're and o're, from one ſide of the Room to the other; your *Stomach* over-charg'd, as a *Glutton* that thought he ſhould never have ſatisfy'd his *greedy Paunch*, with that which he would now very fain *Vomit up*, but cannot; your *Blood* as chilly, as that of a *Coward* going to be ſhot to death for running from his Colours, and not *fighting* under the Banner of his General, tho' call'd to it by the *beating Drums*, and *ſounding Trumpets*; your *Pulſes* as ſlow in their motion, as a *Fool* in going to be ſlaſh'd at the Houſe of Correction, for *medling* when forewarn'd, and *loitering* when call'd to diligence; your *Fingers* catching at you know not what, as a *ſinking Man* does at a ſwimming Reed, that avails him nothing when ingraſp'd, but only ſerves to *diſappoint* him of all his hopes, and prevents him from *paddling* any more in purſuit of the *Plank* that was thrown out to *ſave* his life; your *Feet* as ſtiff with death, as the Limbs of a *wearied Beaſt*, that has travell'd thro' ſo much *dirt* and *mire*, and ſo long, that he is not able to ſtir *another ſtep*, tho' ſpurr'd and wounded with many Cuts; your *Throat* ſtop'd with as thick Cakes of *clotted Phlegm*, as he whoſe Entrails were *putrify'd* with over-ſatiating himſelf with *delicious Creams*, and *much ſleeping*; your *Teeth* ſet with a ſtrange grinning, as a *revengeful Debtor*, who eſpies his *Creditor* that is inflexibly reſolv'd to *retain him in Gaol*, till he has paid the *utmoſt farthing*; your *Paſſions* rais'd to as high a fit of *madneſs*, as

as a mad *Bedlam* overladen with *Iron Chains*, to check his Frenzy, and prevent his *ill deſigns*; your *Eyes* fountaining out Tears, as one that has loſt his *whole Adventure* in a Storm, without having one penny enſur'd for the *maintenance* of *himſelf* and *Family*; your *Hands* clutched, as a condemn'd Penitent going to ſuffer at the *Tree of Juſtice*, for many repeated Injuries done to *others*, as well as to his *own Soul*; your *Moanings* as lamentable, as the grievous accents of him that was *impal'd to death* for *murdering his* Comrade, who never did him wrong, or gave him provocation; your *craving for Mercy* at the Throne of Grace, with as little *reaſonable hope* of ſucceſs, as theirs who Petition'd for the *life of Charnock* at Great *William's Feet*, who ſaid he ſhould die for attempting to *ſtain his Soul with blood*, and vowing to ſheath his Weapon in the Blood of a King; your *Hopes* vaniſhing to air, as was the mighty expectation of the *Spaniſh King*, when News came, that Queen *Elizabeth*'s Fleet had deſtroy'd his *Invincible Armado*, and ruin'd his *Royal Army*; your *miſeries* augmenting, as *Job*'s were, when one Meſſenger told him, the *Oxen were ploughing, and the Aſſes feeding by them, and the Sabeans fell upon them and took them away*; another, that *the Chaldeans made out three bands, and fell upon the Camels and Herds, and carry'd them away, and ſlew the Servants with the Edge of the Sword:* and a third, that *his Sons*

and

and Daughters were eating, and drinking wine in their Elder Brothers houſe, and behold there came a great wind from the Wilderneſs, and ſmote the four corners of the Houſe; and it fell on the young Men, and they are dead; your *ſtrugglings* againſt the Power of Diſtempers with as little *ſucceſs*, as his Efforts who thought he *could beat* ſeven armed Men, but was *conquer'd* by one of the number; your *Strength* failing you, as that of *Seneca* the Great Philoſopher did, when blood iſſued out of his Veins in *great abundance*, and he yielded up his life with *inward faintings*; your *Reſt* broken as his, who was *prick'd with Spears*, and burnt with *Coals of Fire*, when ever he clos'd his Eyes, or lean'd to ſleep; your *Temper*, as peeviſh, as was the young *Cripple's*, who ſo fretted and chafed at the coming of *every Pain*, and the aking of his Sores, that he ſoon outſpent his Spirits, and dy'd; your *Houſe* as ruinous as his who had all his *Furniture ſeiz'd*, and himſelf going to be *turn'd out* for his Not-payment of his Ground Land-lord; your *Wife* ſobbing by the ſide of your Bed, as ſhe, who was forc'd, *againſt her will*, to ſign to the ſelling of her Jointure; your *Sons* and *Daughters* ſhrinking back with horrour from *your Preſence*, as did the Children which *Herod* ſlew, when the Murderers came cruelly to tear them from the *beloved Breaſts* of the *affectionate Mothers* that gave them ſuck: The *Standers by* ſtaring on you with as little ſupport to your

ſinking

ſinking Spirits, as they did who gaz'd on the miſerable Wretch who was *hung up* on a Tree, and Sentenc'd by a Rule of Court to be *ſtarv'd to death*; your Phyſician writing Bills, and conſulting about the means of *your Recovery* with as *little ſucceſs*, as his *Endeavours* had, who ſet his wits upon the rack to invent an Engine to preſerve *Ships from ſinking* at Sea, when a plank was torn from the bottom, but could not; your *Soul* in as great a *Conſternation* and *Horrour*, as the Emperor of *Conſtantinople* ſeem'd to be in, when he eſpy'd his Subjects coming to *ſtrangle him* for his Mis-managment of the *Government*; and the more, becauſe he had lately been *defiling* his luſtful Body with his laſcivious Concubines in his *Seraglio*; your *Minds* as repleniſhed with *Confuſion*, as his who was taken in the abominable act of *deteſtable Sodomy*, and tortur'd, till he ſurrendred his polluted Soul a Victim to his *filty Luſt*, and a perpetual warning to others; your *tormenting Conſcience*, as much awaken'd as his, who cryed out, O eaſe, eaſe me of my *inward griping*, for I endure the *pains of the damn'd* on this ſide Eternity; and your *Mind* as deplorable in its *ſplendid Eſtate*, as his who roaringly cry'd out, what a wretchedly *fooliſh Contract* have I made, to Exchange an Heaven of *everlaſting Joys*, for a few *Moments of Sinning*, which are now expir'd and gone; your *Thoughts* as amaz'd, as his who was alarm'd with the *horrible out-cryes* of a *Mid-Night-Maſſacre*, when he had but juſt left the

the honourable Bed of Marriage, and violated the *Nuptial Bonds*; and you as ſtartled at the thoughts of a ſevere *after-reckoning*, as he who felt the *foundations* of the *Earth* ſhogging under him in that inſtant, when he was pleading againſt the Power of the *All-wiſe Framer* of this Univerſal Orb; your *Sins* fluſhing in your face, as hers who was eſpy'd by her *Father* giving her *Honour* to a tawny Moor; your *Bed* ſurrounded with near as many *Infernal Devils*, as was the Room, where the bloody *Jefferys* dy'd, who *maſſacred Proteſtants* by the Command of a *Popiſh King*, whilſt ſome *counterfeited Proteſtants*, but rather to be thought *Papiſts* in Maſquerade, ſtill earneſtly wiſh'd, that hi pretended Son might ſway the Sceptre, and wear the *Imperial Crown* of theſe Three Noble Kingdoms. In fine, you'l be as ſenſibly *affected* with the *loſs of God* for ever, as a Mariner is with that of his Veſſel, when he beholds it *foundring* far from any Land. Record theſe Sentences on the *Breaſt-plate* of your *Soul*, and Read them weekly over, and my Soul for yours, they'l make you deſpiſe the *empty Vanities* of this *periſhing World*, and think much of the *intolerable Agonies* of a dying hour. So now, my Friends, ſtand ye by a while, and I'll ſpeak but a few words to thoſe, that once *ſpitefully us'd me*, when I gave 'em *no offence*, and then I'll take my *final leave* of you all together, for behold the minute of my *diſſolution* is now near at hand, and I muſt be gone. Know

you

you my *Enemies*, that your *precious Souls* are as dear to me, as thoſe of any of my near *Familiars*, and I as heartily wiſh *your welfare*, as that of mine own; and be it *whiſper'd in your ears*, that I utterly *forget all the wrongs* you e're did to me, and wiſh with great fervency that *God may do the ſame.* Did you *hate me* becauſe I ſhew'd my *moderation* towards all men? May the *Soveraign Creator* never be rigid to you for the *ſake of Jeſus*: Did you brand me with the title of an *Hypocrite*, becauſe I was *Sincere?* May Chriſt the Saviour never *mark* you out *for ſinners*: Did you *exclude me* your Society, as a Perſon void of *worldly cunning?* May Angels receive you into their Protection, and be ye all wiſe enough for Heaven: Did you *ſhut me out* of my place of Worſhip, becauſe I croſt your fancy, and would not altogether *conform* to your Cuſtoms in your *ſtately Cathedrals*, or *private Meeting* Houſes? May *Glory* open her Gates wide for you, and may you enter in with Joy: Did you *Confiſcate* my Goods, and caſt my Body into *Priſon* for the ſake of a tender-Conſcience? May he that *lives for ever* enrich you more and more with abundance of *this World's Goods*, and deliver you from entring into the *Priſon of Hell* at laſt: Did you ſlight me becauſe I was poor and meanly deſcended? May the *Great Jehovah* not reject you as *Indigent*, but account you as *Branches*

of

of his Royal Seed: Did you cruelly rob me of my *good Name* by falſe *Calumnies*, and ſly *Reproaches*? May he that faſhion'd me in the Womb, cauſe your Memory to ſend forth a ſweet *ſmelling odour*; and your Character to ſound great to the endleſs Ages of Eternity: Did you call me a *formal* and *illiterate* Fellow? May the Judge of all the Earth account you *ſerious enough* for Happineſs, and ſufficiently Learnt to Read and Practiſe *his Laws*: To end, Did you ſay all my *Devotions*, *Cries*, and *Tears*, were nothing but a *pretence* to vail o're my *couſenage*, *deceit* and *fraud* from the ſight of men? I beſeech him who is *my Record*, and at whoſe *private Bar* I muſt inſtantly appear, never to lay theſe *Falſities* at your Gates, when your *dear Souls* ſtand trembling on the *brink of Eternity*, and you would *give your all*, ſo that you had never caſt a *ſlanderous Speech* towards the *dwellings* of the Righteous, or proclaim'd it abroad, that *Religion* was only a *Trick of State*, that Knaves may Rule, and Fools Obey. Conſider ſeriouſly what has been ſaid, and *turn home* to God, that he may of his infinite Goodneſs guide *your goings* thro' the dark Deſart of this *miſ-guided Age*, where Virtue is Pictur'd out in a *ridiculous Dreſs*, while Vice is array'd in a *fine* and *ſolemn faſhion*; Religion made a *ludibrious game*, and Immorality counted *Quaintneſs of wit*: Good Men expos'd to *Contempt*, whilſt the bad are in *higeſt eſteem*:

eſteem: *Uprightneſs* is forc'd to *ſneak in Corners*, whereas *Deceit* is carry'd in *Triumph*: The *moderate* in Spirit are call'd Trimmers in Religion; while thoſe that are for *oppreſſions*, are call'd *genuine Sons* of a true Church: The *tender* in *Conſcience* are condemned as *Schiſmaticks* from Chriſt's Church, while *Ranting Tories* are counted Members of the *beſt Community*: Healers of our *Breaches* are ſtiled *Enemies to our Peace*, while thoſe that would *deſtroy our Iſrael* with Civil Wars, are cry'd up for *Defenders of our Liberties*: The *beſt Subjects* are degraded, while they that exclaim againſt the *Eſtabliſhment* are advanced: The *Act of Excluſion* is cry'd down as unjuſt, while the Bill for preventing *Occaſional Conformity* is thought neceſſary by ſome to be *paſt into a Law*: But there is a time coming, and I know it can't be long, before thoſe good *Biſhops*, *Lords*, and *Commons*, that ſettled the *Succeſſion* on the Princeſs *Sophia*, and ſhew'd ſo much of a *Chriſt-like Temper* in all their late *Counſels*, and *Debates*, will be valued and eſteemed as they really are, *Enemies* to the Intereſt of *France*, *Lovers* to their *Soveraign Lady Queen Anne*, *Preſervers* of their Country, *Friends* to the Church of *England*, and *Well-wiſhers* to all *good Chriſtians*, of what Opinion or Party ſoever, which is all over the *temper* of the *Apoſtles* and the *Primitive Chriſtians*, and abundantly ſhews, that they *belong* to God. Thus I have ſettled every Affair, which is the *bounden Duty* of every Chriſtian to do, when they

come to dye, that they which know them may ſee *what Spirit* they are of, and to whom they *do belong*. And now, my Spectators, behold with delight the *ſedateneſs* of my Mind, the *compoſure* of my Soul, and the Aſſurance I have of *Heaven*, by my ſaying to all deſpairing Thoughts, *be gone*; and with my laſt breath I bid you all an hearty *farewell*, *farewell*, *farewell*, till we meet again in the *Regions of Bliſs*. I hope this *Portraicture* I have here drawn of the *laſt Sayings* and *Exit* of a *dying Chriſtian*, will win every *Reader* over, (even whether he will or not) to *live ſo*, as to *dye ſuch*; which is the ſincere Prayer of him, that wiſhes the *ſalvation* of every Soul.

But to proceed in my firſt propoſed Method: Is the *Earth* to be *burnt up* with fervent heat, and to be reduc'd into its *primitive Aſhes*, as is the *Heifer* that is *conſum'd* with *Flames*? And ſhall not I, who peept out of my *Mother's Womb* near Seven Thouſand Years after its foundation was laid, being moulded into a Globe by the wonderful *Power* and *Wiſdom* of *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*, and am likely to crumble into duſt *ſome Ages* before its *Diſſolution*, muſe on the *Vanity* of *Life*, by fancying I hear *this Voice* tinkling out its *loud Peals* in my Ears, every ſtep I go, Every thought I think, and every breath I fetch, is part *of a Race* run towards my Journey's End, and perhaps the *next wind I draw* into my Noſtrils, by the

the heaving of my panting Breaſt, may be *my laſt*? Is every Pile of Buildings, from a Palace to a Cottage, to be *tumbled down* at one Joſtle ſo as never to be rear'd again, juſt as a *drunken Man* that of a ſudden falls down into the *cold Embraces* of Death? And ſhall not I, who can ſcarce remember the *firſt Erecting* of any one conſiderable *City*, nor am likely to ſee the *Funeral* of a thatch'd *Village*, think of the ſpeedy *demoliſhing* of this *tottering Temple* of my Body? Are all the old *ſtanding Oaks*, and every Tree, that is *now growing* on the ſurface of the whole Earth, to be *torn up* all of a ſudden by *the Roots*, and never to *ſprout*, *bud*, or *blow* any more, in like manner as a *Plant* that is *grubb'd* out of the ground, and devour'd by *wild Beaſts*? And ſhall I not be conſidering, that *this ſtalk* of *my life* will be cut down by the *keen Hatchet* of ſome *Turbulent Diſeaſe* or other; I, who lay but as a *Seed* in my Mother's Belly ſome *ſcores of years* after *many* of *theſe Trees* were forcing their paſſage thro' the *frozen Clods*, in order to out-top the lower *Shrubs*, and to all outward appearance muſt be *laid level* with the Earth, before they begin to *fade*, or ceaſe to *bear* Leaves? Are all the Rivers to be drain'd, and the Ocean left *dry*, ſo as never to ebb and flow again, as a broken Weather-glaſs, that ceaſes to *riſe* and *fall* becauſe its *Quick-ſilver* is ſpilt? Then what need have I always to dwell on this *prudent Me-*

ditation, that it can't be long before this Air of *breath*, which now cauſes my Blood to *Circulate*, my Feet to *walk*, and my Tongue to *ſpeak*, will be becalm'd by the *chilling Froſts* of death! Are *Spring*, and *Autumn* to ceaſe for ever? Then, why think I not that I was created as a Man by the *curious Finger* of God, for no other End, Deſign, or Purpoſe, but to *Glorify his Name*, till this Lamp of life be *blown out* by death, in order to be new trim'd, that it may *blaze for Ever* in a more Glorious State? Are all the *Flowers* in every Field, Garden, or Plat to *flouriſh*, *blow*, and *bloſſom* no more? Then teach me, O my God! to know that I was *ſent naked* hither to be *adorn'd with Grace* for another and better World, and to *contemplate* my latter End: And why, Lord! but that my *nobler part*, the *Soul*, may *flouriſh* to *fade* no more? Are all the *Airy Inhabitants* to clap their Wings together, and *fly no more*? Then 'tis time for me to remind my ſelf, that when I have taken a *few turns* more upon this *Stage*, and ſung an *Hymn* or *two* in the great Congregation of thy Saints here below, I muſt drop my *arms down* by my ſide, and never *tune* an Anthem more: And why? Becauſe I was only *nurs'd* in a *Woman's Arms*, to cry and whimper a while in this *imperfect State*, and then to eſcape by *winging aloft*, and to take rooſt in the *Air of Bliſs* for ever, ever, and for evermore: Are all the *Springs* in the Wilderneſs, on the Deſcent of Hills and Rocks, to

Engine

Engine up *their Streams* no more, as ſo many Pumps that have loſt their Suckers, and are emptied dry? And ſhall not I lay *this to Heart*, who was only rock'd in a *Cradle*, and fed with a *Spoon*, in order to gather a little ſtrength, that I might Toil, Sweat, and Expire? And why? Becauſe this *Body of Matter* muſt *ſleep* a while in a *Tomb*, and be *renew'd* again as an Eagle, to *enjoy its God* for ever? Are all the *haughty Swans*, that now take their daily Paſtime in *Swimming* near the Green Banks, under a *pleaſant Shore*, to be ſtrip'd of their fine white *Feathers*, and ceaſe their *Songs* for-ever? And ſhall I not ſpare a minute in every day to drop a *Tear* or *two*, and rehearſe over this ſhort Prayer?

'O thou mighty *Emperor* of the *Superior* 'Orbs! that was carving me out after thine *own* 'Image, when I lay hid even as nothing in the 'dark Work-houſe of Obſcurity; to what end 'or purpoſe was a *Soul* infus'd into this *Deli-* 'cate Fabrick of my Body? Was it with an in- 'tent that I ſhould wallow in the *muddy Pud-* 'dles of Luſt, as a Swine in a ſtie? Or boyl 'in *Seas of Paſſion*, as water in a Furnace? No: 'Was it to call *thy Being* in queſtion, as the 'Atheiſt, or to deny the *Divinity of thy Son*, as 'the Deiſt? No: O then, my *Infinite Soveraign*! 'tell me what thou *deſignedſt me* for, when 'thou firſt caſtedſt me into this *exact Mold*? 'Sure, Lord, it was to *Faſt*, *Pray*, and *Weep* for 'a while, and then fetch a ſtretch, or two,

'and dye? And what then, O my Soul! to 'warble forth *Hallelujah*, *Glory*, and *Power* for 'evermore? *Amen*, *Amen*, *Amen*.

Are all the *Fiſhes* in the Seas, Rivers, and Brooks to ſwim up and down no more? And ſhall I not fore-caſt my *Affairs* ſo, as to ask my ſelf theſe *following Queſtions* ſeven times a Week. What came I into the World *to do?* Was it to eat, drink, and laugh? No: What Errand was I ſent about, to *diſſemble*, *cheat*, and *lie?* No: To what End was then this *life of Reaſon* given me for? To be in thought of *Death*, *Judgment*, and *Eternity*. O then *fooliſh me*, that have ſpent the *beſt part* of my life in weaving out a *Web*, that has neither *warmth*, *ſtrength*, or *ſecurity* in any part of it; but may fitly be compar'd to that of a *Spider*, hung under the Roof of a Loft; come but a *blaſt of Wind*, or any other *ſmall Accident*, it falls, and entangles its *Induſtrious Weaver* in its curious *Meſhes*, where, ten to one, he is *ſlain* and *trod* to dirt, before he can cut thorow his *own twiſted* Threads, or have a *fair run* for his life. Is this a pertinent *Similitude*? why then call I my ſelf a Man, ſince my *Actions* beſpeak me more *unwiſe* than this *ſilly Animal*? And why? Becauſe I plunge my ſelf in the tempeſtuous Floods of *Trouble*, *Sorrow*, and *Miſery* by my own free conſent, and choice. But, behold I'll now learn to *be wiſe*, and inſtantly diſengage my Fancy from roving in chace of *Shadows*, and running after *empty Nothings*, by Mortification,

tification, Self-denial, and a thoughtful *Preparation* for that fatal Minute, when mine Eyes muſtbe cloſed upon all the *deſirable things* of this World, by the long laſting *Sleep of Death.* Is my Life then thus *precarious?* Why then break I not out into *loftier* ſtrains of *Language*, and *higher* flights of *Speech*, on the miſerable *Vanity of life*, and ſay, 'O my God, now I 'ſee I ſhall only ſtay to *prattle out* a few im-'pertinent Stories, and give *my Judgment* in 'matters I know but little of, and then *go down* '*to the Duſt*, and be as if I had never been? Why then do I thus trouble my ſelf with *State Affairs*, or ſeem to envy the *pompous Grandure* of the Magnificent? Is it ſo, that my life is but as a *puff of Air*, and my days as a *fleeting Shadow*; and do I not know, but that the very *next ſtep* I take may trip *me down* into the dark *Manſions* of Death? Know I not, but my next *undertaking* may be my laſt? Why then ſtand I *gazing* with ſo much *Admiration*, on the three Gaudy Pictures of *Riches*, *Honour*, and *Beauty*, which in very deed have no real Exiſtence in them, but are all as a *Shew*, and even as a *Dream* of an hour long, which when one awakes is altogether gone? And why? Becauſe a *ſtorm* of Wind, a *flame* of Fire, or a *ſhock* of the Earth, may in a moment make a wealthy Perſon a poor Man; an *Humour*, a *Frown*, or a *Word* of a Prince, may in an inſtant *degrade a Court-Favourite* from all his puft-up Vanity; a *Fit* of an *Apoplexy*, a *prick* with a *Sword*, or a *blow*

with an *Ax* may in the twinkle of an Eye turn the *Handſomneſs* of a Face into *Gaſtlineſs*. If this be true, as it really is, what is all I ſee, if *duly weighed* in the Balance of Reaſon, but a *Cheat*, a *Deceit*, and a meer piece of *empty* and *unperforming Vanity?* Why then reſolve I not, even from this point of time, *not to envy* ſuch as are fluſh'd with the *ſeeming Nothings* of an empty life, and are pleas'd with its *Phantaſtical Toys*, but even reſolve to depaint the World in its *natural Dreſs*, *Form*, and *Faſhion*, without prevarication, or partiality, that the *more Religious* may furniſh their *Studies* with ſuch curious *Draughts*? Shall I not then deſign two ſuch *Draughts*, and ask the more Ingenious in that *noble Science*, which is the moſt exactly and moſt finely done?

Firſt Then, I *delineate the World* in likeneſs of a Man preſenting us with a *theatrical Performance*, whoſe *Scenes* are pictur'd all o're with *variety of Objects*; a *Stage* crowded with a great number of *Actors* of every *Age*, *Sex*, and *Conſtitution*; ſome rigg'd in a *gaudy Attire*, others in a *plain Garb*; ſome *ſighing*, *kneeling*, *mourning*, and *crying*, without ſo much as looking on any of thoſe Figures; others *gazing*, *diſputing*, *ſtriving*, and *fighting*, for ſome *Fancy* or other they eſpy drawn out in the *Scenes*. In the midſt of all this comes a *perſon creeping* under the Stage, and unbarrs a trap-door: Immediately one drops in, as he is going to his

his *Devotion*; another *ſteps down*, as he is grappling with his Comrade about a *painted Butter-fly*; the third *falls in*, as he is reaching out his hand for a *Wafer*; a fourth *enters* the Precipice, as he is going to give an *Alms* to a poor Man; a fifth *tumbles down*, in his going to engraſp a *Shadow*, which he fancy'd to have been a *Subſtance*; a ſixth was *puſh'd down*, as he was lugging along a Bag of *yellow Duſt*; a ſeventh is *caſt in*, as he is moderating a *difference* betwixt two diſputing perſons, that fell out about a *trifle in Opinions*, but never contended for the Truth; an eighth *roll'd in*, as he was *wantoning* with an Harlot; a ninth meets with the *ſame fate*, as he is defiling himſelf with *unſeemly glances*: Thus they continu'd to *ſink in* one after another, till there was *not one left* upon the Stage. But, behold immediately it fill'd again, and *every thing* was repeated as before, with *very little* alteration or diſtinction; and ſo it was *emptied* and *fill'd* ſeveral times, till at laſt their *Mutinies* were ſo loud and daring, that the *Maſter of the Scenes* came in a rage, and *beckon'd out a few*, whom he entirely lov'd, and caſt *the others* into a Dungeon, commanding the Houſe to be ſet all over in *flames*, and the Scenes to be *burnt up*, and behold the Act is done.

Secondly, I picture out the World in *Reſemblance* to a *Prince*, that furniſhes an *Hall* with an Hundred *Repreſentations of things* of different

different Sizes, Faſhions, and Makes, and calls in a Thouſand Spectators to *ſee his Rarities*; who no ſooner enter in, but the *greateſt part* are *climbing*, and *reaching* up at the forſaid Images, 'till they are *all pull'd down*, tho' of no avail for the *real Satisfaction* of any: for they who had gain'd a prize, were in *perpetual apprehenſions* of being *attack'd* by thoſe that had not, and ſo to be *bereav'd* of their new purchas'd *Booty*; the other *tear* their Hair, *bite* their Lips, and *grind* with their Teeth, becauſe they were not ſo fortunate as to *get a part* equal with the reſt. In the interim came in a *Grim Perſon* with a flaming *Sword* in his hand, while another without any Weapon *ſits him down* at the Door, with the Key thereof *hanging by his Side*; On a ſudden a *Cry was heard*, as at *Midnight*, that a Meſſenger of the King had entered the Gates, and was *hewing down* his bidden Gueſts without *Mercy*, or *Reſpect* of Perſons, whilſt a *Porter* at the door *lets others in*; which adds to the *Confuſion*, ſince the *new Comers* begin in a while to ſcramble with the *old Standers for the* Purchaſes that the dead Perſons left; when many ſcore *thouſands* had been thus *ſlain*, and others let in, and the Heats, Feuds, and Animoſities were ſuch as to be altogether intolerable, an Order comes from Court to ſave ſome, being the *moſt wiſe* and *ſerious*, and *baniſh* the others into *Slavery*, as alſo to blow the Fabrick up, and to deſtroy the *Images*, and ſo behold all the *noi-*

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ſy Clamours were immediately huſh'd, and ſtill'd. Are theſe the true Idea's, and lively Repreſentations of a Tranſitory World, and the Generations that inhabit therein? Then ſure it is time for all profeſſing the *Knowledge* of, and *Obedience* unto a *ſacred* and *adorable Trinity*, to act the ſerious part, and be in earneſt with *Chriſt's Religion*, by bidding an *Eternal Adieu* to the *periſhing*, *empty*, and *deluding* Vanities, with the vain *Appearances* and airy *Fancies* of a momentany life, and moſt willingly rather *chuſe*, wiſely to *retire* to ſome more *private corner* of the Earth, there in earneſt to repent, grieve, and ſorrow for all the *malignant Crimes* of an Evil life, than *wilfully* to *offend* againſt the Sovereign *Commands* of a moſt *wiſe* and *bountiful* Creator. For how much more happy a Man, was that *lowly Peaſant* who liv'd in a *thatch'd Cottage*, and continually pray'd to his bountiful God; than he, that dwelt near by in a *ſtately Manſion-Houſe*, and ſcarce ever look'd up to the *ſublime Heavens* with a *ſerious Thought*, till Death came, and then cry'd in the *agony of his Soul*, O that I had liv'd but half ſo *innocently* as my poor Tenant, then I might now *have hopes* in my death. Or as another expreſt himſelf in the *paſſion* of his Soul, O that I had ever wandred in a *lonely deſart*, or liv'd in ſome *deſpicable Hut*, ſo that I had never offended *Father*, *Son*, or *Spirit*, or call'd their *Being* and *Unity* into queſtion! For now what availeth my daring *Atheiſm*, and

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ſwelling heaps of *yellow Treaſure*, ſince they cannot aſſwage a *Painful Ach*, or eaſe a *tormenting Gripe*: A whole World I'd give to live my life *over again*, yea even *my all* for a Month's Reſpite. Shall I produce one *Inſtance* more, of a Perſon whom *I viſited* in his *laſt Sickneſs?* I offend not againſt the Truth, if I ſay, he was one of the *moſt Accompliſh'd* Men then living, as to his *natural Endowments*; and who, I really believe, doubted not but that he ſhould *leave the World* with as much *Courage* and *Bravery* of Mind, as the reſt of the *Wits of the Age* think they ſhall do, who *defy God* and *Religion* to the laſt: but he found his *Miſtake*; and I think I may juſtly ſay, never Man was in greater *Conſternation* of Spirit, and *Amazement* of Soul, than He. For his *Cryes* were like the *roarings* of a Man boyling in Oyl; his *Shrieks* as a Woman enduring the *exceſſive pains* of Child-birth: for he knew not *what to do* with himſelf, or *where to turn* for Reſt; but after many cogent Arguments us'd, he grew *more Compos'd*, and brake out into a ſtream of Tears, diſcourſing ſo divinely of an *Infinite Being*, that I think I never heard the like proceding from any mouth whatſoever, and had he not *deſpair'd of Mercy*, I ſhould have thought his *Soul* in a moſt ſafe condition. And why? Becauſe his *Contrition* was ſo exceeding great, and his *promiſes of Amendment* ſeem'd to be ſo real: for ſaid he, if God *thinks fit* to reſtore ſo *vile a Sinner*,

ner, as I am, my life ſhall be as it were a *Scene of devotion*, and I'll Weekly faſt, and Monthly receive the *Supper of the Lord*. I have quoted theſe three *ſurpriſing* Inſtances, to ſee if I could by any means timouſly awaken *ſleepy Sinners* out of their *carnal Security* before it be too late, and e're they come to lye *groaning out* their laſt *Complaints* on a *dying Pillow*, when I fear it will be too late to *ſorrow*, too late to *pray*, and too late to *weep* for paſt Offences. And now, are there any who account this Subject to be *too plain* and *familiar* a Diſcourſe, to take with the more *Learned* and *Politick* ſort of Men? Let me tell them, whoever they be, that were I to come and *turn their Curtain* aſide, when they ſhall lye *ſtruggling* with the *King of Terrours*, and ſay, Sir, I am He that wrote that *practical Diſcourſe* on Mortality, which you did *ſlightingly throw* from you with a *diſdainful Scorn*, as not worthy of your peruſal; pardon me now I am at *this time* come, as an hearty Friend to your moſt *precious Soul*, to give you my *beſt Advice* in this your greateſt *Extremity*: I can't but fancy, you would then moſt *willingly accept* of my Counſel and Prayer, tho' extended to the full ſpace of an hour; and rather hear me diſcourſe of *Death*, *Eternity*, and the preſent *loving kindneſs* of our gracious Lord to *repenting* and *returning* Sinners, than dwell one Minute upon the formerly *moſt pleaſing Subjects*, or the moſt *ſublime Philoſophical* and *Learned* Controverſies: Lay up therefore

fore, theſe Conſiderations in your Minds, and remember me, that I ſay you *muſt dye*, and how ſoon, the wiſeſt of you all knows not: Then be prevail'd upon to make Death the *familiar Entertainment* of your Mind, and live in *thought of Eternity*, that when it comes you may with a *becoming* Gallantry of Spirit, and an *undaunted Bravery* of Mind ſay to God, my dear Lord, this thy moſt welcome Call is no *affrighting ſurpriſe* to me; I have impatiently *waited* for it, with longing *Expectations*, and moſt earneſt *Wiſhes*: Receive now my *expecting Soul*, as thy own; for unto thee, my God, I recommend my *exulting Spirit*, as unto the *kind Embraces* of a dear *Father*, and a loving *Redeemer*. Thou knoweſt my Faith is fixt, and my Hope is certain, that I ſhall one day *joyfully peep* out of the darkſome *Caverns* of *this deſpicable Earth*, as a gorgeous *Flower* newly-blown, and behold my *gracious Saviour* coming with ten hundred thouſand Legions of *glorify'd Saints*, all ſhining as ſo many new riſing *Morning Suns* in the bright Clouds of Heaven, when I ſhall join that *Seraphick Quire*, and ſee the Wicked *condemn'd* to endleſs pains. I hope my candid Reader will not *think it amiſs*, if I ask theſe following, tho' ſurprizing Queſtions: Can I by all my *might* and *power*, *ingenuity* and *skill*, tear the Sun out of the Firmament, or pull the Stars down to the Ground? Can I lave the *Ocean dry* with the Palm of my hand, or cauſe the *Moon* to be ever in its full?

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Can I turn *Day* into *Night*, or *Man* into a *Woman?* Can I ſay to a *Roſe*, be thou a *Nettle*, ſo that it ſhall be ſo; or to a *Lyon* be thou a *Lamb*, and it ſhall be ſo? Can I weigh the weighty Globe of the Earth between my *Fingers*, and meaſure its Circumference with my *Nails?* I know for certain *your Anſwer* will be No; and you will *think ſtrange* to hear me talk at ſuch a rate: Why? No more can a Man reaſonably expect to *win Salvation*, that forgets *death* in the time of *health*, and carries any one *Dalila* ſin in his Boſom to his *ſick Bed*, or (if you pleaſe) to the *brink* of Eternity. No: No: I am ſure, a few faint ſayings of *Lord have mercy upon me* at laſt, will not atone for a life *run out* in folly, or *open Heaven's* Gate: For, how can I be ſaid to be *born again*, or be as a perſon after *God's own heart*, who was never regenerated, or liv'd a *Chriſtian-like* life? No: Nothing will or can *cheer* a Man's *fainting Spirits*, when he is panting out his few laſt *ſhort breaths*, or wing his Soul to the *ſublime Manſions* of Glory, but an *holy life* ſucceeding a *new birth*.

But now for the *Concluſion* of this Eſſay on Mortality, I ſhall ſhew you the *Vanity* of all *Sublunary Enjoyments*, by citing theſe *two* notable Examples. 'Tis recorded of one *Richard Swiſſer*, who liv'd about three hundred years ſince, and for his *manner* of *writing* by *Demonſtrations*, was called the *Calculator*; that

that being grown old, he often wept, becauſe he was not *able to underſtand* the Books he *had written* in his *younger days*: This Perſon was of ſo profound a *Learning* and *Subtilty*, that *Scaliger* ſays of him, that his Abilities were almoſt above Human Reach: *Cardan* and he do alſo both agree in this, that he is to be ranked among the *Firſt Ten* of the greateſt Wits, that ever were. A *ſecond Inſtance*, is the renowned *Salahoddin*, who dyed *An. Dom.* 1194. before his Death he commanded the *Standard Bearer* of his Army, to walk at the Head of the *Funeral Pomp*, with a *Napkin* on the point of his *Lance*, and to ſay aloud, that *Salahoddin* out of ſo many Conquer'd *Kingdoms*, out of ſo many *Victories* gain'd by him, has carry'd along with him only a *Winding Sheet* to his Grave.

Thus it was I ſpent my *Moments* during the three days I *lay intomb'd* with Jeſus in the *Sepulchre*, waiting for his glorious *Reſurrection from the dead*, which is now accompliſh'd, and for which I will *riſe* and *ſing his Praiſes* in the moſt *lofty Style*, whilſt I treat of this his moſt *powerful* and *admirable* Reſurrection.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

1 Cor. 15. 20. *But now is* Chriſt *riſen from the dead, and become the firſt Fruits of them that ſlept.*

ARe any *penſive* and *ſad* with the melancholic *Conſiderations* of Death? Let them *approach* here, and I will cauſe *their Souls* to *rejoice*, and *ſing* with exulting voices of *divine Mirth*. And why? Becauſe the Lord of *life*, and *glory* is now *riſen*, and *aſcended* up on high: Delay not, then, ye *righteous Souls*, but gather together, and ſing *all Praiſes* to him who firſt laid the *Foundations* of the Earth, and *created a Man* out of its Duſt; and in proceſs of time became miraculouſly the *Son* of a *Woman*, that the after-Generations of that *firſt Man* might be for ever *glorify'd Saints* in the borders of *Paradiſe*. Did I formerly *ſummon all* the *Hoſts* and *Powers* of Heaven and Earth to *come* and be *aſtoniſh'd* at the *wonderful Birth* of a *God made Man?* Even ſo I call them now together again, to *declare* with a mighty *Veneration*, and moſt joyful *Acclamation*, his compleat Victory over *Death*, *Hell*, and the *Grave*. Come forth ye *numerous millions*, yea millions of millions of *happy Spirits*, that waited on the *glorious Trinity*, before it was ſaid a *Woman beguiled a Man*, and proclaim out aloud the *good* and *acceptable News* that He

who *was a God* did *become a Man*, and he that was *a Man* is now *a God*, and Reigns in Glory with Trains of *Royal Dignity*. Come forth ye innumerable Companies of *ſhining Ones*, that attend on the Gates of *Sion*, to welcome thoſe Files of Soldiers in, who with a *ſpotleſs Soul* and undaunted Courage fac'd the *Tyrant's Troops* in the *Sevennes*, and reapt them down as *Sheafs of Tares* in a naughty Soil, in defiance of ill Men, that call it *Rebellion* to fight in defence of the *Primitive Truth*; and ſound out the *glad Tidings*, that *Jeſus* is *aſcended* far beyond the Regions of the Air, to reward all faithful ones. Appear ye *glorious Cherubims*, whoſe Office it is to ſee the *beſt Crowns* placed on the Heads of thoſe who love all *ſincere Profeſſors*, belong they to what *Party* or *Community* they will: But take pleaſure to make to ceaſe the *noyſy Clamours* of thoſe, who only make their Addreſſes in a *Form* of *Devotion*; and Eccho out the *harmonious Noiſe*, that *Chriſt* has *conquer'd all*, and is now intreating his *Father* to entertain *returning Sinners*. Come forth ye *flaming Seraphims*, who officiate when the *victorious Palms* of Glory are given into the hands of thoſe, which were *lifted up* for the *pulling down* the *ſtrong holds* of Sin, and laying *ſevere Penalties* on *lewd Offenders*, but never ſign'd for the *demoliſhing* places of *Divine Worſhip*, or caſting the Diſciples of *Jeſus* into *Priſon*, becauſe they either *refus'd* to pull off a *Canonical Gown*, and ceas'd

to

to read a moſt *Excellent Form* of Prayer, or put on a *Surplice*, and left off *petitioning* to Heaven as the *Spirit indites*, and proclaim aloud the *mighty Tidings*, that the Bleſſed Jeſus has *gain'd the Victory* over the dark Territories of the Earth; and now *ſhines above* as a *blazing Luminary* of light. Appear ye *Moſes* and *Aaron*, who are ever preſent, when the white *Veſtures of Righteouſneſs* are put on the Spiritual Bodies, of thoſe that ſtand up for the *good Cauſe* of God and Religion, in the moſt *Profane* and *Licentious* Times, and reſound the *glad Tidings*, that he who was laid in a Sepulchre, is now *mounted up*, and reigns as a King on the *enamel'd Plains* of *Sion-Hill*. Come forth ye *glorify'd Patriarchs*, that joyn the Quire to bid them *welcome in*, who counted it as a *pleaſure* of *Soul* to expoſe thoſe to *ſhame*, who call all *Schiſmaticks*, that refuſe to yield *Obedience* to the Commands of Men, when *God* and their own *Conſciences* ſay, No, but *applaud* ſuch, as true Sons of the *beſt of Churches*, whoſe lives and actions bear no *Obedience* to the Precepts of *Jeſus*, and ring out the loud peals of *Mirth*, that he, who was *watch'd* by a Band of *Jewiſh Soldiers*, when he lay conceal'd in the *dark Receſſes* of Death, is now in the *upper Regions*, where all obey his Will with an *alacrity* of mind. Appear ye *Shadrach*, *Meſhach*, and *Abednego*, who were flung into the midſt of a burning *fiery Furnace*, and are now ſeated near the

Throne of *Martyrs*, and are ready to bear them Company, who *preach up* a *ſanctified life*, demeaning themſelves accordingly; and never *revile* the Perſon of any, becauſe they will not *pray* and *bow* with that reverence of Body, as ſome *Religious Votaries* do; and trumpet out the *ſound*, that he which never ſaw *Corruption*, is now floating in the *Streams* of endleſs joys. Come forth ye Armies of *bleſſed Ones*, that fell Victims to *Herod's* Cruelty, and who now attend the *beck of Jeſus*, to harp out new Tunes of *Praiſe*, when any of thoſe *dear Souls* enter in, who were made the *Scoffs* of the proud, and the *Scorns* of the baſe, becauſe they would not ſing *Te Deum* in the *Nurſeries* of Vice, when Virtue was *debaſed*, and *Wickedneſs* commended; and warble forth the *happy Tidings*, that He, of whom the *Jews* reported his Diſciples *came by Night*, when the *Soldiers ſlept*, and *ſtole* his Body away, is now *triumphing* on the Mount of Bliſs. Come forth, ye *ſacred Souls*, that attended the Saviour of the World in *his Sufferings* here on Earth, and are now ready to *imbrace* thoſe that ſtand up in the *Defence* of a Deity, and a *Second* and a *Third* Perſon in the *Bleſſed Trinity*, to the utter confounding of the *pernicious Opinions* of Atheiſm, and Deiſm; and boldly tell it every where, that he, who lay *three days* in the bowels of the Earth, is now *equal* with his Father in Power, Might, and Glory. Come forth, ye *Primitive Fathers*, that are never wanting to proclaim

proclaim it through the *Regions of Heaven*, when any one of *thoſe Spirits* enter in, who without a *repining* Murmur, or *fretful* Frown ſpend an Age in *Weeping*, *Faſting*, and *Praying* for the *black Sins* of an offending World; and never ceaſe to *declare* that he, who had a Stone roll'd *over his Tomb*, to *ſecure him* in the Regions of *oblivion*, as the *Jews* thought, is now *winging it up* higher and higher in the *firmament of Happineſs*. Come forth ye that expir'd in the *ſcarlet Bed of Flames*, and are now ſhewing the *Rivers of Pleaſures* to them that have ſwimmed thro' the *turbulent Seas* of Ignominy and Reproach, and declare it to every Nation profeſſing a *Godhead*, that he who was *interr'd*, ſoon after Crucifixion without the Gates of *Jeruſalem* between two Thieves, is now *ruling as Judge* on the *Royal Seat* of Judicature. Lord! what makes my Spirits thus to *flag*, and my Soul appear ſo *dull of Apprehenſion*, that I raiſe not up my *flights of rejoycing* to an higher rapture, and ſay with a *freedom of Mind*, May I behold that Luminary, (which I now ſee *ſhining* in the yonder Skies,) with *aſtoniſhment of Soul*, to leap out of his Orb, and *dance for Joy*; becauſe He, that *gilded* out its curious *Lineaments* in ſo beautiful a manner, is now *reviv'd* from the dead, and will dye no more. May the numerous *Hoſt of Stars* I now behold in a bright Winter Night, and thoſe I cannot yet ſee with any *new-made Inſtrument*, leap out of their Spheres, *skipping* as ſo many *nimble Roes*, on

the green Dales of a *wide Foreſt* in a clear day; becauſe He that firſt made them *ſhine out of Darkneſs*, in the Morn of his Creation, and cauſes them now to *twinkle*, is *awak'd* out of the Duſt, and will *ſleep no more*. May that *Night-Lamp* remove, which I ſo often *peep at* with amazement, and keep in his Full for a Year; becauſe He that caſt up the *Mountains of Earth* within its Borders, which are ſo viſible to every *piercing Eye*, is now *aſcended*, and will be call'd a *Carpenter's Son* no more. May the *Waters* that now lye treaſur'd up in the Air above the tops of any Hills, and cauſe me ſo much to *admire* the workings of the *moſt High*, again rain down *Manna* for once to feed the Poor, *for joy* that he who bears up the Floods with the *palm of his hand*, has *conquer'd* all, and will be wrapt in *ſwadling Cloaths* no more. May the *ſhowry Dews*, that fall early in a Summer's Morn, which are only the humid Vapours of the Air, elevated by the *Diurnal Heats* of the *glorious Lamp* of Heaven, and by the *nightly Colds* again congeal'd into drops of inſipid Water, beſpangle the Meads with *real Drops* of Gold on the *firſt day* of every Week; becauſe he who cauſes their *refreſhing drops* to deſcend, has gain'd a *Victory* over Hell, and will lodge in a *Manger* no more. May two of the *longeſt Nights*, in every Jubilee Age, be turn'd into *ſhining Days*, in that *Month* of the Year, and that *Week* in the Month, and on thoſe *Nights* in the Week, when the Lord Jeſus

Jeſus *ſlept in the Sepulchre*; becauſe he that meaſur'd out the *Diviſions of Time*, when he ſaid, *Let the Evening and the Morning be the firſt day*, is now *ſurrounded* with Guards of Angels, and will be *Circumciſed* after the manner of the *Jewiſh* Nation no more. May one *Minute* upon every *Sunday*, throughout the Ages of the World, *ſhine out* early in the Morn, as bright as any Angels Face; becauſe he that with a *Word* of his Mouth produc'd the *light*, is now mounted on the *Sphere of Happineſs*, and will be preſented no more with *Gold*, *Frankincenſe*, *Myrrh*, *Aloes*, and *Caſſia* by the three Eaſtern Kings. May the *Flakes of Snow* that fall on the *Anniverſary* of the Reſurrection, be a Soveraign Antidote to extinguiſh the *Flames of a Calenture*; becauſe he that *congeal'd* the Waters in the Air, is now *ador'd* by all the *Righteous Hoſt*, and will retreat no more by Night into the *Egyptian* Land, to ſhun the *fury* of a bloody *Herod*. May the *hoary Miſt* that freezes on the day of the *Lord's Aſcenſion*, in whatever Climate, ſerve to heal all that are afflicted with the *painful Strangury*; becauſe he that Iced over their Jewel-like *drops* with a cold Northern blaſt, is now *requiting* thoſe faithful Ones that *were ſincere* to the end of their *Chriſtian Race*, and will return no more to *Nazareth* out of a foreign Countrey, upon arrival of the News that the *Tyrant King* is dead. May every *Hill* that ſurrounds the Sepulcher where the Lord lay, *dance*

for Joy; becauſe he that bears up their maſſy weight, is *now recompenſing* thoſe that choſe rather to ſtarve than ſin, and will *diſpute no more* with the Learned Doctors in the Temple at *Jeruſalem*. May thoſe *Springs*, that are near the Field where the Son of God *lay once intomb'd*, boil up nothing but ſuch Streams as will in an inſtant allay the *torturous pangs* of a tormenting Stone; becauſe he that is the great *Engineer* to raiſe up the Waters from the *hollow Caverns* of the Earth, is now beyond the reach of *Infernal Fiends*, and will be *baptized* no more by *John the Baptiſt*. May two of every Kind of the *airy Inhabitants*, wing it away to the very place where *Mary Magdalen* peep'd in, when the Angel of God told her, *the Lord was not there, but riſen*; and ſing out theſe pretty Notes, at the *breaking* of every day, *Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah*, Chriſt is aſcended; *Hallelujah, Hallelujah*, Jeſus is gone to Glory; *Hallelujah, Hallelujah*, the Redeemer of the World is awak'd, and gone to Joy; and we'll warble out, we'll warble it out with a moſt *ſweet melodious* and *raviſhing* variety of Notes, that the *God-Man*, which was *buried here*, is now above, and will be led up *by the Spirit* into the Wilderneſs no more. May *three Lambs* in every Score, *bay* it out to the reſt of their *Flocks*, that the *Paſchal Lamb*, which was *innocent* in Life, *meek* in Suffering, and *calm* at Death is now telling all the Created Beings, in the Manſions of Bliſs, that he was *very God*,

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as well as *very Man*, and will go to *Cana* no more, to turn Water into Wine. May two *pleaſant Roes* out of every ten, aſſert it to the reſt of their *nimble Tribe*, that he who is the *efficient Cauſe* of their ſkipping on the Mountains, once himſelf *travel'd* over Hills to avoid the *fury* of enraged Men, but is now *mounting it higher* than the farthermoſt Stars, and will *ſojourn on Earth* in the form of a Servant no more. May there be delineated in ſmall Characters on the *top-Leaves* of every Tree theſe Comprehenſive Words, '*Amazing* that 'Man who bears the *reſemblance of the Deity*, 'ſhould lye groveling in the lower *Regions of* '*folly*, when his Maſter *Jeſus*, who hath ſuffer'd 'ſuch *wrongs* for him, is now gone up with the '*noiſe of Triumph*, and will never ceaſe to be 'Almighty in *Excellency*, *Wiſdom*, and *Goodneſs*. May the noble and tall *Sun Flowers*, that grow in the delightful Gardens, ſhew their *beautiful Faces* to the Moon and Stars, and not as uſually, *tye up* their ſlip'd hoods, and *veil over* their curious Lineaments, when the great *Luminary of Heaven* withdraws his Beams, hiding himſelf in the obſcurity of Night; becauſe the *Son of Righteouſneſs* that painted out their *Golden Features*, is *mounted up*, and will endure *cold* and *want* for Man no more. May the bluſhing *Pæonies* in every Soil, whoſe ruddy Leaves wear the *Crimſon Livery* of a dying Saviour, never *fade*, but *perpetually ſpring*, even then when the *chilling Winter* ſends forth his ſtormy Blaſts; becauſe

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he that dy'd their Sattins with ſuch a *lovely Scarlet* grain, is now in the *upper Regions*, and will bear no more *flouts* nor *ſcoffs* for ſinners. May every *Seed* that now lies buried in the Ground, *bring forth* a thouſand-fold encreaſe for the uſe of Man; becauſe he that gives their *ſlender Blades* ſtrength to force their way thro' the *harden'd Earth*, is now *ſeated in glory*, and will *remove* from City to City no more, to ſhun the *Slanders* and *Perſecutions* of the Prophane. May there be figur'd out on the Table of every Man's Hand theſe Lines, *be aſtoniſh'd and ſin not*; becauſe Jeſus, who ſeem'd *to be dead*, when he lodg'd in ſilence, is *now living*, and ready to entertain thoſe that conſpir'd twelve Minutes in every day to creep *into ſecret*, where none ſees but the *All-ſeeing Eye* of God, and firſt drop'd a *few Tears* for the Errors of life, and then ſaid, *flight up* my Soul on the Eagle wings of Faith, and be *rap'd up* into the higheſt *Pinacles of Joy*, for behold he that *lov'd thee* well, is now hearing many a *raviſhing Song* of praiſe in the Almighty *Jehovah*'s Tent, and will be *oppreſs'd* for *fall'n Man* no more. May there be noted at the beginning of every Title-Page, whoſe Subject owns a *Trinity*, theſe Divine Raptures of true comfort; *Be ye elevated even into an Extaſie of Mirth, O ye Daughters of* Sion, *and Sons of Men: and for ever chaunt it out in moſt melodious ſtrains, becauſe the glad tidings are tuned out thro' every Nation profeſſing holineſs, that that God which liv'd*

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for a while as a Man, has now taken away the ſting of Death, ſo that whoever practiſes Virtue, and loves Righteouſneſs, need not be abaſh'd, when their Spirits are taking an ultimate farewel of a vaniſhing and deluding World, ſince ſuch a diſſolution will be an eternal gain, and uſher them into the Preſence-Chamber of the Immortal King. May there be Printed a Volume in neat Letters of Gold, with this Title, **God is Aſcended,** full of ſuch Sentences as this following, *That God, who took upon him Human Nature, and was once laid in a Cabin under a ſheet of condenſed Earth, is now incircled in radiant glory, with a numberleſs number of Angels, Saints, and good Men made perfect.* Wherefore it is neceſſary that all that *deſign to be ſav'd*, every one in particular, cry out with me, Holy, Holy Jeſus; Holy, Holy Jeſu, to thee I'll pray; Holy, Holy God, to thee I'll *yield Obediente*; great Saviour and mghty Lord, unto thee *all Praiſe*, unto thee *all Power* ſhall for ever be attributed; every member I have ſhall publiſh forth thy *immortal Renown*: And why, Lord? Becauſe thou ſo *makeſt* my Spirit, and *cauſeſt* my Soul to ſing; *Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah*, be every day the Entertainment of my *beſt deſires*; *Hallelujah, Hallelujah*, I'll raiſe my *beſt Affections* even to this Mount of Glory; *Hallelujah, Hallelujah*, after I have hymn'd out a few more *Hallelujahs, Hallelujahs*, here on Earth, my Voice will then joyn all the *Multitude*

titude above, and I ſhall utter forth Ten Thouſand times, Ten Hundred Thouſand times over *far nobler* ſtrains, being rap'd up into higher *Extaſies* than ever, even ſuch as will cauſe the unlimited *bounds of Bliſs* to Echo in ſo melodious a manner, that were it poſſible, the living *Inhabitants* of this World, or any other Earth whatever (if any) might hear but *one ſound* of its tuneful harmony: Sure I am, the lewdeſt *luſtful Embracer* that is now breathing, would ſoon *leap out* of the Lap of his *Wanton*, and declare, that he was taken into the Enjoyment of *better pleaſures*, and cannot any more love the *ſmiles* of an *Harlot*. Again, ſure I am, the moſt *plodding Miſer* would throw his heaps of *droſſy Oar* away, and wonder what ail'd his Fancy to admire a few Wedges of *weighty Dirt*, at a time when the *Foundations of Bliſs* are pealing out their never ceaſing *Hallelujahs*, to their *new riſen* Lord. Sure I am, *Emperors*, *Kings*, *Empreſſes* and *Queens*, would lay their heavy *Scepters* down, and ſay, how jarring is the noiſe of all the *chiming Bells*, piping *Organs*, and ſounding *Harps*, that we have heard, when compar'd to the *Ringings* that are now peal'd out in the glorious *Fabrick* of God's *everlaſting Reſt*, on account of his Son's *Aſcenſion*, and that he'll be dreſt in the *faſhion of a Man* no more. Sure I am, the *Couragious Generals* of every Army, would ſoon *deſert* their *Commanding Poſt*, and be attentive to hear the *ſhoutings of Victory*, many Regions above the yonder Air,

Air: Sure I am, the *Lord Admirals* of any *Royal Navy*, would drop their *bloody Flags*, order their Helm on Port, and out on Deck to liſten to the *Heavenly Sound*. Sure I am the *poor trudging Peaſant*, would ſoon *abandon* his Labour, and ſtand as a Man *inchanted*, if not break out into words, and ſay, *Lord! what meaneth this?* Sure I am the *Atheiſt* would ſuddenly deſert his *unreaſonable Notions*, turn *Believer*, and call himſelf an unhappy Man, for not yielding his Aſſent to the *Being of a God*, until all the Powers of *his Creation* were awakned at the *Wonderful Reſurrection* of one equal with himſelf, in infinite Wrath, and Clemency. Sure I am, the *Prophane Blaſphemer*, that is uttering forth his *horrid Imprecations*, would run *for Mercy* to that *Throne*, which he before ſlighted with an Exceſs of *Contempt*. Sure I am, every *Sot* would be ſurpriſed, and throw down his *beloved Bottle*, reeling to and fro to ask he knows not what. Sure I am, every *lewd Offender* would be ſo charm'd with ſuch a *ſweet Melody*, as immediately to bid adieu to every *airy Phantom*, and even raiſe his *Contemplations* to that Heaven, where the Son of a *Pure God* is now ſitting; neither would he any more admire the *Gaudy Pageantry* of this Earth, than that Perſon did, who when ſolicited to offend his God again by Proffers of *great gain*; *Alas!* ſaid he, *the Rewards you proffer me are ſo little worth, and life it ſelf is of ſo ſhort a duration*,

tion, that they will in no wiſe anſwer my ſtooping for them, admitting God would pardon; but ſince he will in no-wiſe forgive yielding Tranſgreſſors, and I have a better Prize in ſight, which is Jeſus ſitting at the Right Hand of Majeſty, I will not give way to folly for a World, but inſtantly riſe from the death of Sin to the life of Righteouſneſs. Theſe were noble *Reſolves* indeed, and argu'd a brave Magnanimity in that *Heroick Soul*, eſpecially conſidering, that the blood *ran warm* in his Veins, and that his *Spirits were elevated* with the Proſpect of a long life, as being in perfect health, and vigour of Body. O then how *happy* ſhall I account my ſelf, if I could but by any means win my *Chriſtian Reader* to be of ſuch an excellent frame, as to bid *defiance* to every Temptation, and to ſay, when entic'd by the *Enſnarer of Souls*, I am of an higher Extraction, and better educated in the *School of Virtue*, than to reach out my hand for a *triſle*, or ſtain my Soul for I know not what: tell me of no ſuch *mean Enjoyments*, who am born an *Heir* to *Glory*, and *Co-heir* with *Chriſt*. Take the *Husks* you ſo much admir'd, and ſtrew them among *your Swine*, I mean the Children of this *World*, who aim at nothing but *periſhing Vanities* here, and will at length come to a *Dungeon of darkneſs* in a worſe ſtate hereafter; the *Rings* of *Pleaſure* you offer me, and value at ſo *high a rate*, I bid you put them into *their Noſtrils*, ſince they'l become them

them beſt: For ſure it is, an *Iron Chain* is more ornamental about the Neck of a Fool, or Slave, than a Bracelet of Pearls: Even ſo do theſe *ſhort-liv'd Delights* ſit beſt on dark-ſighted *Sinners*, who can ſee no farther than the *preſent Scene* of things, and think there is no other *Reward* than what they have already in poſſeſſion: Then it is evident, that a *Locket of Jewels* is more ſeemly on the *Breaſt* of an *Empreſs*, than a Row of *wire Pins*; ſo doth *Grace* and Heavenly *Promiſes* ſuit a *Saint of Glory* ten thouſand times better than *Pride*, and momentany *Enjoyments*: So that ſin, tho' with never ſo *ſpecious an Appearance*, ſhall never become any part of my *Garniture*, who am on my way to the Mountain of *Sion*, and the new City of *Jeruſalem*, into which *Jeſus* my Redeemer is before entred. Be gone then ye *Tempters*, ſince all your Baits ſhall ſhock my Reſolutions no more than the fall of a ſmall *Marble Stone* doth ſhake the Foundations of the *mighty Fabrick* of a Magnificent Cathedral: For behold, my *Jeſus* is *Aſcended*, and he is the Object of *my deſires*. Be gone from me, ye Fair *Bathſheba's*, ſince your *faint Smiles* no more raiſe my *Deſire* to Luſt, than a Fly doth that of an Elephant; and why? Becauſe Chriſt is *mounted up*, and he is the *Object* that I adore. Be gone you vain *enticing Honours*, that have no more Power of *winning me over* to receive your *Favours*, than an empty Cock-boat juſt ſinking can move a *careful Pilot* to leave his

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Line and Plummet, when he is in Charge of a *Veſſel of War* in an *outragious Storm*, amidſt Rocks and Sands: For behold my Redeemer is *yonder above*, and his Preſence is all the *Preferment* I am ambitious of. Be gone from me, ye *gawdy Shews*, I'll be no more ſtay'd in my paſſage to the new *Jeruſalem*, to look on your Fopperies, than a *flying Arrow* waits in its Journey towards its Mark, when it meets with a Mote in its way: And why? Becauſe the *new riſen Meſſias* is the *Real Subſtance* I am gazing at. Be gone from me, ye *fawning Careſſes*, I'll no more give ear to your *Flatteries* of deceit, than a Plenipotentiary doth to the *tatling words* of a Fool, when he is *negotiating* a Peace for his *Great Maſter* the King: For behold, the Lord of life is *gone up* on high, and they are *his Speeches* I liſten unto, and no other whatſoever. In fine, I ſay be gone every *vain Fancy*, and *idle Imagination*, for you are no more able to decoy me out of the Arms of my *new-riſen Chriſt*, than a Butter-fly can draw a *Phyſician* from his *Patient*, when he is *receiving* his Fee. No: No: my Life ſhall be as a *Scene of Virtue*, and my Death, as a *Coronation*. Which *Reſolution* ſhall ſerve to cloſe my whole Diſcourſe of the *Birth*, *Life*, *Sufferings*, *Death*, and *Reſurrection* of a *God made Man*.

I ſhall now, for the Information of my Courteous Reader, here draw and preſent the World with a little Hiſtory, or Abſtract of many of the

the Lives of the moſt conſiderable Perſons, and the moſt remarkable Occurrences that have happen'd in ſeveral Ages and Places of the World, which I doubt not, will be very acceptable to the more refin'd and ingenious; eſpecially ſuch as have neither time nor patience to run over Larger Volumes, in ſeeking out Narrations of things, expreſs'd with many ſuperfluous words, the full Sence and Meaning whereof may be as well explain'd and underſtood in a few Lines, and even more to the Profit, Benefit, and Memory of the Reader: After which, I ſhall again entertain him with what is more immediately of my own invention.

Zopyrus, one that had great skill in Phyſiognomy, was laughed at by all becauſe he ſaid according to his Rules, *Socrates* was a debauched Perſon: but *Socrates* himſelf ſaid he was in the right, and that he had very vicious inclinations, which he only ſurmounted by the help of Philoſophy.

There is a place of Mount *Taurus* near *Meſopotamia*, call'd *Zoroanda*, where the River *Tygris* runs under ground, appearing afterwards ſome Leagues from thence.

There is, a ridge of Mountains in the Southern parts of the Kingdom of *Fez* in *Africa*, nam'd *Ziz*, where amidſt Ice and Snow, the Inhabitants go bare-headed. Here there are vaſt quantities of Adders and Snakes, that come and take from the People when at Dinner, what they caſt to them, with-

out any harm, if they be not provoked to anger.

Zeno, a Philoſopher of *Elis*, a City in *Greece*, was the inventer of *Logick*; he held, There were ſeveral Worlds, and that the Soul was Mortal: he was convicted of a Conſpiracy againſt the Tyrant *Nearchus*, who put him to the Torture: in the midſt of his Torments he told the Tyrant, He would tell in his Ear his Accomplices; but inſtead of making a true diſcovery, he bit off *Nearchus*'s Ear, and ſpit his own Tongue in the Tyrant's Face, to put him out of all hopes of knowing any thing from him.

Zenobia, Queen of the *Palmyrenians*, and Wife of *Odenatus*, was a moſt couragious Lady, who often marched on Foot at the head of the Army, and made her Husband Lord of the Eaſt. After her Husband's death, ſhe conquered *Ægypt*, but was at laſt taken Priſoner by the *Roman* Emperor *Aurelian* in 273, and carried to *Rome* by him in Triumph. She was Beautiful, Chaſt and Learned, well skilled in the *Greek*, *Ægyptian*, and *Latin* Tongues. She taught her own Sons her ſelf, and wore her Armour even at her Devotions.

Van, anciently call'd *Arciſſa*, is a great Lake of *Armenia*, whoſe Waters are Salt; of which it's ſaid, That nothing ſinks in it, the heavieſt Bodies ſwimming a top.

Tullia, Daughter of *Servius Tullius*, Sixth King of the *Romans*, was Wife of *Tarquin the Proud*,

Proud, whom ſhe adviſed to kill her Father, that he might rule alone himſelf; which being performed, this wicked Princeſs, haſtening to ſalute her Husband, King, drove her Chariot over her Father's Dead Body.

Trauſes, were a People of *Thrace* near Mount *Æraus*, who wept at the Birth of their Children, and rejoyced at their Death, as is reported by Ancient Hiſtorians.

Tralles or *Trallis*, a Town of *Lydia*, the See of a Biſhop, is noted for the noble Temple of Victory, where it's ſaid a Palm-Tree was ſeen to grow very green under *Cæſar's* Statue, about the time he gained his Victory over *Pompey* at *Pharſalia*: It's now but a Village and called *Chora*. St. *Ignatius* Writ one of his Epiſtles to the Chriſtians of this Town.

Tocho, a *Goth*, was ſo expert an Archer, that he never miſs'd beating an Apple off the top of a Stick in any place within the reach of his Bow; this being told to *Harard* his King, he commanded him to ſhoot an *Apple* off his Son's Head: he obeyed, and taking three Arrows, he placed the Child where he could ſee nothing but the *Apple*, and ſhot it juſt in two: the King asking why he carried the other two Arrows, anſwered, *It was to ſhoot both at you for the Injuſtice of your command, if I had had the misfortune to hurt the Child.*

Timoclea, was a Noble *Theban* Lady, who being Raviſhed by one of *Alexander* the Great's Captains, after the taking of *Thebes*, invented means

to revenge her ſelf thus; The Captain preſſing her to diſcover where her Treaſure was, ſhe told him that ſhe had thrown it into a Well, whither he deſcended, and when ſhe found that he was at the bottom, ſhe hurled ſo many Stones upon him that ſhe kill'd him. This Action was praiſed by *Alexander*, who thereupon ordered that no ſuch Violence ſhould be offered for the future to Perſons of her Birth.

The *Tibarenians*, who according to *Strabo*, were Inhabitants near the *Black-Sea*, were ſo great obſervers of Juſtice, that they would not ſet upon their Enemies till they had told them of the Time and Place of fight. When the Women were brought to Bed, the Husbands lay in, and were ſerved by their Wives.

A *Jewiſh* Impoſtor and Magician, call'd *Theudas*, perſwaded 400 *Jews* to quit the City of *Jeruſalem*, aſſuring them, that by his Word alone he would drain *Jordan*; yet his Army were at laſt defeated, and he himſelf was beheaded.

Theophraſtus Ereſus, a *Philoſopher*, was the *Diſciple* firſt of *Lucippus*, then of *Plato*, and at laſt of *Ariſtotle*, who changed his Name of *Tyrtanus* to *Theophraſtus*, becauſe of his Divine Eloquence; he ſucceeded this *Philoſopher*, and compoſed ſeveral *Volumes*. He ſaid of an *Orator* without Judgment, That *he was a Horſe without a Bridle*. When he took notice of one that ſaid nothing; *if you are a Man of Parts*, ſaid he, *you do ill*; *if you are not*, *you are an*

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able Man. He always uſed to ſay, That *there was nothing ſo dear as time; and that they that laviſhed it away to no purpoſe, were the moſt prodigal people of all.*

Thropaſcites, Hereticks, affirm'd that the three Perſons of the *Trinity* ſuffer'd in the Paſſion of our Saviour.

Theodora, a powerful *Roman* Lady in 908, by the means of the Marquiſs of *Tuſcany*, who gave her the Command of the Caſtle of *Angelo*, created Popes after her Pleaſure: She gave *John*, one of her Gallants, the Biſhoprick of *Bolognia*, and after made him Pope, by the name of *John*. She had a Daughter called *Maroria* who was as handſome and as leud as her ſelf.

Tarta, a Lake on the *Frontiers of Capadocia*, ſi mortal to Birds that approach it, making their Wings ſo big and heavy that they cannot fly.

Taicko, who was Emperor of *Japan* in 1573. at firſt only commanded 50 men, as a Soldier of Fortune; in 3 Years time his Army ſo increaſed, that he made himſelf Emperor. He left the External Grandeur to the *Dayro*, the lawful Emperor, but kept all the Authority to himſelf; he was much hated by the Nobility, and poiſoned *Anno* 1598.

A Young Child appeared in *Tuſcany* while a Peaſant was plowing; nam'd *Tages*, who had the Face of a ſerious Man, and his Diſcourſe was as great. He taught the Art of predicting things by the inſpection of the Intrails of living Creatures, which the *Tarquins* tranſmitted to the *Romans*.

Tagat, is a Mountain near *Fez*, in *Africk*, whither every Winter ſome of the Inhabitants of *Fez* come to ſeek for Treaſure, which they ſay was hid by the *Romans*, but never find any: they will not be diſſwaded from ſeeking it, hoping the Inchantment (as they pretend) will ſoon be removed; they have been 500 Years in this Fooliſh Search.

Spurina, was the Aſtrologer's Name who warn'd *Julius Cæſar* to beware of the *Ides of March*, being the day on which he was kill'd.

Silas, the Favourite of *Agrippa*, King of the *Jews*, and his General, was ſo proud of his Honour, that he became too familiar with his Prince, who therefore baniſh'd and impriſon'd him; yet a Year after he might have had his Liberty, but he proudly refus'd it.

There is a Hill in the Iſle of *Man*, call'd *Sceafull*, from the Top of which in a clear Day, one may ſee *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*. Mr. *Sacheverell* in his late Survey of that Iſland calls it *Sneafield*.

The Name of the Devil that tempted *Eve*, according to the *Jewiſh* Cabbaliſts was *Sammael*: who is alſo call'd the Angel of Death in the *Targum* of *Jonathan*.

The *Pacifick* Sea, or the South Sea is ſo call'd, for that it is always free from Storms, and hath moſt commonly freſh Gales, inſomuch that Mariners paſs it in ten Weeks time, at the rate of 130 Miles a Day.

Oſric,

Oſric, a King of *Deira* in the North of *England*, apoſtatiz'd from the true Faith in 634, and was ſoon after kill'd, having Reign'd but one Year.

There is a fine large *Perſian* City, that ſtands on the North ſide of *Taurus*, call'd *Omoal*, which contains about 300 Houſes, in whoſe Moſques lye bury'd 300 Princes and Prophets.

Robert Olivetan, was the firſt that ſet forth a *French* Bible for the uſe of the *Vaudois*, which he effected about the Year 1553.

There is a ſtately Pile of Buildings in the Suburbs of St. *James* at *Paris*, call'd *Obſervatoire* which was erected by the preſent King *Lewis* XIV. to make Mathematical Experiments, and obſerve the Celeſtial Bodies. This Structure is 3 Stories high, containing about 80 Foot from the Ground, and is well ſtor'd with all ſorts of Aſtronomical Inſtruments.

Novatianus, being ill, became from a *Stoick* Philoſopher a Chriſtian, and was on his recovery made a Prieſt, tho' not yet Confirm'd by the Biſhop, nor qualify'd by the Eccleſiaſtical-Law. Pope *Fabian* being Dead in 247, *Cornelius* was choſen his Succeſſor; but *Novatian* by Artifice having been Ordain'd Biſhop of *Rome* by ſome *Italian* Biſhops, and aſſiſted by ſeveral Confeſſors, *&c.* whom he had drawn in, ſet up for Pope; and at laſt miſſing his aim, he advanc'd Opinions deſtructive of Charity, tho' expreſſive of Zeal; that whoever

once fell, ſhou'd not be abſolv'd, but muſt be left to God's Judgment, *&c.*

The firſt of the *Hebrew* Months, anſwering part of *March* and *April*, was called *Niſan*, in which was *Eaſter*.

In *Niſita*, a little Iſle of *Naples* 3 Miles from *Pozzuolo*, there was found in a *Roman* Tomb a Lamp burning within a Glaſs Viol, which expir'd on breaking it.

Magdalen Neveu, a *French* Lady of *Poictou*, by her Writings and Learning got a ſufficient Fame in the XVI Century, and with her Daughter, no leſs Learned, dy'd of the Plague.

About two Years after *Nero*'s Death, there aroſe an Impoſtor, who pretended to be that Emperor, being like him in Perſon and Qualifications, tho' a Slave Enfranchis'd; by this he got a ſmall Army together, took *Delos*, and had not he been fought and ſlain by *Calpurnius Aſprenas* in the beginning, he might have done more miſchif.

Nemeſius, a Converted Philoſopher, was in the IVth. or Vth. Century, Biſhop of *Emeſa*: He wrote a Book *de Natura hominis*, yet extant.

Nehemiah, was by Nation a *Jew*, who being Cup-bearer to *Artaxerxes Longimanus*, prevail'd with him for the Reſtoration of the *Jews* and Temple. Read the Book of *Nehemiah* in the Bible, and there's his Life.

A certain Old *Greek* Painter, by name *Neacles*, being unable to pleaſe himſelf with the form of

of the Horſe he had Painted, threw his Pallet and Colours all at it, which by chance did, what his endeavours failed in.

It was *Nathan*, the Prophet, who reprov'd *David*'s Adultery, foretold his Puniſhment, and wrote his Life.

Nathaniel, was an honeſt *Jew*, in whom, by our Saviour's Teſtimony, there was no guile.

Napalouſe or *Napoulouſe*, a City of *Paleſtine* at the Foot of Mount *Gerizim*, is noted for a Council held there by *Garamond*, Patriarch of *Jeruſalem*, for the Reformation of Manners in 1120.

Nain, an old *Galilean* City, where our Saviour rais'd the Widow's Son to Life, is now only a few Cottages of *Arabs*.

Nabal, that old Miſerly *Jew*, had periſh'd by the Sword of *David*, had not his Wife *Abigail* interpos'd and ſav'd him; whom, not long after, *David* marry'd.

Conradus Mutianus Rufus a Prebend of *Gotha* in *Germany*, was excellent for his Skill in the Laws in the XVI Century, and remarkable for avoiding Preferments; his Motto being *Beata Tranquillitas*.

There is a Hill in *Umbria*, call'd *Mount Æolus*, 8 miles from Eaſt to Weſt. It is hollow and full of chinks, whence iſſue impetuous Winds, which by Pipes the People convey into their Cellars to cool their Wine.

There is a very high Hill 3 Miles South of *Brecknock*, call'd *Mounch-denny*, or *Cadier Arthur*, i. e.

i. e. *Arthur's* Chair, whoſe Top being above the Clouds, blows up Hats, Cloaks, *&c.* if one be thrown from it, and will not ſuffer them to fall down.

Monima, was ſo Chaſte as to reſiſt the importunities of *Mithridates*, till ſhe had receiv'd the Habit of a Queen; but he afterwards put her to Death.

Tarquinia Molſa a Learned *Modeneze* Lady, was eſteem'd by the Learned Men of her Age, and complemented by the *Roman* Senate, with the Liberty of a Citizen of *Rome* in the XV. Century.

Mirmecides, or *Myrmecides*, was an Artiſt very exquiſite in Carving, who made a Chariot ſo ſmall, that the Wing of a Fly could cover it.

Michael, the firſt Chriſtian King of *Bulgaria* in the IX. Century, by the help of ſeveral Miſſionaries, endeavoured the Converſion of his Subjects Zealouſly.

Meyne a Mineral Spring near *Arles*, found out in 1680, is good againſt the Dropſie, Obſtructions and Impurity of the Blood.

Menelaus, King of *Mycenæ*, and Brother to *Agamemnon*, to recover his Wife *Helena*, whom *Paris* had carry'd to *Troy*, engag'd the *Grecian* Kings in a Confederate War againſt that City, which after 10 Years Siege, they took and deſtroy'd.

Maroſia, a Lewd but Beautiful and Ingenious *Roman* Lady, did a great deal of Miſchief

chief by thoſe excellent Qualifications Nature had given her, for ſhe thereby depos'd Popes, committed Murthers, Adulteries, Inceſts, *&c.*

A certain Blind Old Man of *Chalcedon*, nam'd *Maris*, had the Courage to reprove the Emperor *Julian* the Apoſtate, when he heard he was Sacrificing to the Image of Fortune at *Conſtantinople*. *Julian* gave him the hearing, only adding in raillery, *however thy* Galilean *will not reſtore thee thy Sight*, to which *Maris* reply'd, *I thank him notwithſtanding that I have no Eyes to ſee thy Impiety.*

Marcia Proba, an ancient Queen of *Britain*, before our Saviour, was very wiſe, and made ſeveral Laws call'd *Leges Marcianæ*, ſince tranſlated into Latin by *Gildas*, and into the *Saxon* Language by King *Alfred*.

Mandanis, an *Indian* Philoſopher, refus'd to come to *Alexander*'s Banquet, alledging, *That he car'd not for his Gifts, that had not wherewith to ſatisfie his own deſires.*

Macrina, a pious Virgin, Siſter of St. *Baſil* and St. *Gregory Nyſſen*, who founded a Nunnery, was very well Learn'd, and ſo far comforted St. *Gregory* for his Brother's Death, that he writ a Book wherein he ſtiled her his *Inſtructreſs*, and afterwards compiled her Life. She died in 379.

Lucretia, the Beautiful and Chaſt Wife of *Collatinus*, being raviſhed by *Sextus*, one of *Tarquin* the proud's Sons, in her Father's, Husband's and Relations preſence, ſtabb'd her

her ſelf; on which Violation *Lucius Junius Brutus* expelled the Kings, and founded the Common-wealth in *Rome*.

Chriſtopher Landani a *Florentine*, of the XVI. Century, was eſteem'd one of the fine Wits of his time. He wrote ſeveral ingenious Books.

Lais, a famous Courtezan of *Sicily*, of extraordinary Beauty, demanded 10 thouſand Drachma's of *Domeſthenes* for a Night's Lodging; whereupon he anſwer'd, *That he would not buy Repentance ſo dear.*

A certain Woman nam'd *Iphis*, as *Ovid* ſays, was on her Marriage day turn'd to a Man.

Jonadab, Son of *Rechab*, liv'd an auſtere Life, and recommended ſuch Rules to his Poſterity.

Joel, one of the XII. Minor Prophets, lived A. M. 3300.

Ida, a very high Mountain of *Phrygia* in *Leſſer-Aſia*, is famous for the Judgment of *Paris*, and for nine Rivers ſpringing out of it.

Jahel, was a Woman famous for ſtriking a Nail into the General *Siſera*'s temples while he ſlept, having fled from the *Iſraelites*.

Hylobyans, were *Indian* Philoſophers, ſo Named by the *Greeks* from their great Love for, and Practice of, Obſcure Receſſes.

Horeb, is a Mountain in *Arabia Petræa*. Near this Moſes received the Command from the Angel in the Burning Buſh; and here *Elijah* heard the *Still Small voice*. There are upon it

it ſeveral Chapels, Cells and fruitful Gardens, Poſſeſſed by *Latin* and *Greek Monks*.

Hipathia, or *Hypathia*, a Woman who lived in the 5th Century that went beyond all the great Men of her Time, in Virtue and Learning.

There was an ancient Philoſopher, nam'd *Hicetas*, who held that the Earth moved.

Hermogenes, was a Man very famous among the Ancients for Architecture. This was alſo the Name of a very great Orator in the 2d Cent. who taught Rhetorick at fifteen Years of Age, made Books at ſixteen, and forgot all at twenty four.

Hermes, a Philoſopher of *Ægypt*, called *Triſtmegiſtus*, is ſaid to have lived near the time of *Moſes*. He firſt divided the Day into Hours, and is thought alſo to have invented Hieroglyphicks, Writing and ſeveral Sciences: He is thought more-over to have firſt divided the *Zodiack* into 12 Signs.

Heraclitus, a Philoſopher, called *the Obſcure*, held that all things were made of Fire, and at laſt reſolved into it; that every thing is full of Spirits; and that whatſoever happens, is brought about by divers Changes. He always wept at the Miſeries of the World, and Follies of mortal Men: Aſſerting, *That the Pleaſures which Men enjoy, are nothing but Grief, their Knowledge Ignorance, their Grandure Meanneſs, and their ſtrength Infirmity.* He lived about 500 Years before the Birth of *Chriſt*.

There

There was alſo another *Heraclitus*, who wrote a Treatiſe of Stones.

There is a burning Mountain in *Iſeland* call'd *Hecla*.

William Hackett, an impudent Impoſtor in Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign, was born of obſcure Parents, at *Oundle* in *Northamptonſhire*. But he Prodigally waſting the ſmall Subſtance that was left to him, gave out that He was the Sovereign of all *Europe*, and the true *Meſſiah*, which together with a pretended Holineſs, deluded ſeveral Ignorant People; how-ever his Reign was but ſhort, for being ſoon after taken and convicted of his ſaid Treaſon and Blaſphemy, he moſt deſervedly ſuffer'd at *Tyburn*, An. 1591.

Godeſcalcus, a Learned *Monk* of *Germany* was condemned, impriſoned, and puniſhed for defending Predeſtination, and ſo making God the Author of Evil. He died in *Priſon* in the IXth *Cent.*

The *Geloni*, ancient *European Scythians* patient of Hunger, and Fatigue, ſupported themſelves with Milk and Blood, and made Garments of their Enemies *skins*.

Gerard Geldenhaur being Arch-Biſhop of *Uretcht*, on his Embracing *Luther's* Doctrine retreated to *Germany*; where having wrote ſome Hiſtorical Tracts, he was murder'd by Robbers.

Gideon, fifth *Judge* of *Iſrael*, was of the Tribe of *Manaſſes*, and freed his Country from the Slavery of the *Medianites*.

Geſſius

Geſſius Florus, Governour of *Judea*, under *Nero*, by his exceſſive Covetouſneſs, and unmerciful Cruelties, occaſioned the bloody War between the *Jews* and *Romans*.

Flagellantes, a Sect of Wild People in the 13 *Cen.* thought to atone for their ſins, by Diſciplining their Bodies; but at laſt falling into a Dangerous Hereſie, they kept to their Whipping, and neglected all the Offices of Chriſtianity.

Fauſtina, the Emperor *Antoninus* the Philoſopher's laſcivious Wife, who being adviſed to Divorce her, only replied, *that then he muſt return her jointure*, which was no leſs than the whole Empire.

Favorinus, a Learned Philoſopher and Eloquent Orator of *Arles*, when his Relations were in Admiration, to find him ſubmit to the Emperor *Adrian*, in the uſe of a Word wherein he had Right on his ſide, ſaid, *My dear Friends, let it not ſeem ſtrange to you, that I don't think my ſelf more Learned than* Adrian, *who has* 30 *Legions at his Command.* Several Books he is ſaid to have Written.

There is an Iſland on the Coaſt of *Northumberland* in the *German Ocean*, 2 Miles from *Bamburg* Caſtle, call'd *Farne*, where St. *Cuthbert* built him an Hermitage, in which he took care to ſee nothing but Heaven.

Fagius, a Learned *Proteſtant* Divine, a Native of *Germany*, being invited into *England* by Dr. *Cranmer*, Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury*, was

was placed by King *Edward* VI. at *Cambridge*, where he died much lamented; but in the Reign of Queen *Mary*, where Popiſh Zeal degenerated into inhumanity, his Bones were taken out of his Grave, and burnt to Aſhes for *Hereſie*.

Caius Fabricius, was a Juſt Man, and a Brave Commander, whoſe generous contempt of unjuſt Gain made him die ſo poor, that the Senate was forced to be at the Expences of Burying him.

Fabius Pictor, was the firſt *Roman* that compoſed a Hiſtory in Proſe.

Quintus, Fabius Maximus, Son of *Fabius* the *Dictator*, ſeeing his Father riding toward him, without alighting from his Horſe, ſent an Officer to him, requiring him to diſmount, which the Father did accordingly, and taking his Son into his Arms, ſaid, *I am glad to find thou knoweſt what it is to be a Roman Conſul*; ſignifying, that the Dignity of his Office muſt be preferred, before the Duty to a Father.

Euſtachius, an Heretical Fryar, condemned Marriage, and all other conditions of civil Life, excluding all marryed people from the Kingdom of Heaven; by which many Women were ſeduced to forſake their Lawful Husbands, and Slaves to deſert their Maſters.

Euripides, was a famous *Tragick* Poet, in great favour with *Archelaus* King of *Macedonia*. He wrote

wrote 75 *Tragedies*; and by ſome was call'd the *Woman Hater*, not that he had an Antipathy to the Sex, for he was twice married, but becauſe he ſhewed ſome Women on the Stage, not as they ſeem to be, but what they truly were.

In the Reign of *Eugenius* VI. the 57th King of *Scotland*, fell a violent Shower of *Blood* in that Country, which continuing ſeven Days, their Waters, Milk, Butter and Cheeſe were turned into *Blood*. He was a Prince much addicted to Reading *Divinity*, and was a good Proficient in that Study. He had many Skirmiſhes with the *Picts*, but never came to decide the Diſpute in a Pitch'd field.

A ſort of Hereticks, call'd *Eudoxians*, aſſerted that the *Father* and *Son* had two different Wills.

Eroſtratus, an *Epheſian*, burnt the Temple of *Diana*, that he might be famous; for which the very mentioning his Name was ſeverely prohibited.

A Slave of *M. Antonius*, by name *Eros*, inſtead of running his Maſter through with his Sword, as he had commanded him after his defeat at *Actium*, therewith pierc'd his own Heart, expiring at his Feet.

Erchenbald, Count *de Burban*, was a Perſon ſo rigidly Juſt, that he never pardon'd a Crime: upon his Death-bed, he order'd one of his Nephews to be executed, for offering Violence to ſome Ladies; but this being neglected, as his Nephew

came to viſit him three Days after; under ſhew of Kindneſs, he embraced his Neck, and cut his Throat.

The famous *Epicurus*, Author of the *Epicurean* Sect, was an *Athenian* Philoſopher. What his Opinion was of the *Chief Good*, is much controverted, and generally Miſtaken. But that he placed it in the *Pleaſure* that reſults from *Virtue*, is demonſtratively evident, from the temperate and Sober Lives of himſelf and his true Diſciples; and from his Opinions, That *Torments* hindred not a Wiſe-man's *Happineſs*, That *Death* was no *Evil*, nor *Health* the Greateſt *Good*; inſtead of which, he uſed in his Epiſtles to exhort thoſe he wrote to, to *Do well*. He died of the Stone in the CXXVIth. Olympiad, 271 Years before Chriſt, after he had for a fortnight, with incredible Patience, ſuffered extraordinary Pain.

It was at *Emmaus*, a Town of *Judea* two Leagues from *Jeruſalem*, where Chriſt firſt diſcovered himſelf to his Diſciples after his Reſurrection.

Elementa, the Elements, or *Phyſical* Principles, whereof all Natural Bodies are compoſed. *Pythagoras* and *Ariſtotle* allowed Four Elements, *Fire*, *Air*, *Earth* and *Water*; but *Des Cartes* allows but Three.

Druſilla, Daughter of *Agrippa*, was the moſt beautiful Creature of that Age. She forſook her Husband King *Azizes*, and married *Fælix* Governour of *Judea*. It was before the Tribunal

bunal of this *Fælix* and *Druſilla*, that St. *Paul* juſtified his turning Chriſtian.

Domitian's Daughter, nam'd *Domitilla*, was Baniſhed by her Father for turning *Chriſtian*: but returning again in the Reign of *Trajan*, after ſhe had ſhewed great Knowledge and Zeal in the Defence of perſecuted Chriſtianity, ſhe was burnt by the Command of that Cruel Tyrant.

Domitian, the 12 Emperour of *Rome*, was Son to *Veſpaſian*, and Brother to *Titus*. At his firſt coming to the Empire he ſhewed much Modeſty and Juſtice in making good Laws; but afterwards his Vanity grew ſo exceſſive, that he would be called a *God*, though unworthy the name of a *Man*; for he perſecuted the Chriſtians with ſo much Violence, that he ſhewed his deſire to extinguiſh the Chriſtian *Name* as well as *Religion*: but a man named *Stephen*, made Free by Clement the Conſul, rid the Empire and the Church of this Cruel Perſecutor. The *Senate* pulled down his Statues, and raz'd out all the Titles he had uſurp'd, and that men out of a baſe complyance had beſtowed upon him. He ſpent the day in his Cloſet *Killing Flies* with a Golden *Bodkin*; wherefore it was ſaid, he was always alone, and not ſo much as a Fly with him.

A ſort of Hereticks call'd *Docetæ*, taught that Chriſt's Sufferings were not *Real*, but only appeared ſo to others.

A certain Philoſopher of *Apollonia*, call'd *Diogenes*, who lived about the 70th *Olympiad*, believed there were more Worlds than one, and that they were produc'd by the Rarification and Condenſation of the Air; with other fanciful Notions, too long exploded to be revived here.

Digna, or *Dugna*, a Woman of great Beauty, and Courage in *Aquileia* in *Italy*, rather than loſe her Honour by compulſion to *Attila* King of the *Huns*, threw her ſelf from a high Gallery into a River, ſaying to the Tyrant, *Follow me if thou haſt a mind to enjoy me.*

Didymus of *Alexandria*, was blind at five Years of Age, and yet became ſo great a Maſter in all the Liberal Sciences, that he was accounted one of the moſt Learned of that Age. He was Tutor to St. *Nazianzen*, and died at 83 Years of Age. There was another of this Name an indefatigable Student, that *Seneca* ſays compoſed four thouſand different Treatiſes.

One *Diceneus*, an *Egyptian* Philoſopher, who taught both the *Goths* and their King the Rudiments of a Religious and Civil Life, in the Diſtribution of Juſtice, Preſervation of Peace with their Allies, and the Honour of their Gods, was therefore ſo much eſteem'd and lov'd by the People, that they rooted up their Vines, becauſe he ſaid that Wine was the certain Procurer of Diſorders in all Societies.

The

The Philoſopher *Democritus*, called *Abderites* continually Laughed at the Weakneſs and Vanity of Men, who employ'd themſelves about a thouſand ridiculous things. He believed that all things depended upon *Chance*, and a *caſual* concourſe of *Atoms*. The Inhabitants of his City attributing his laughing to Madneſs ſent for *Hippocrates* to cure him. But the Phyſician having diſcourſed him, declared that in his opinion, thoſe who fancied themſelves moſt healthy and in their Wits, were moſt diſtempered. Some ſay he put out his Eyes that he might the better ſtudy *Philoſophy*. He died in the 392d. year of *Rome*, at 109 Years of Age. He believed that *Atoms*, and a *Vacuum* were the Principles of all things.

Danae, was Daughter to *Acriſius* King of *Argos*: her Father having conſulted the Oracle, and being told that he ſhould be kill'd by her Son, ſhut her up in a Caſtle of *Braſs* to prevent it: but the Subtle *Jupiter* transforming himſelf into a *Shower of Gold*, brib'd her Keepers, and got her with Child; which being born, her Father cauſed both the Babe and the Mother to be encloſed in a Cheſt and thrown into the Sea; but fortunately being caſt a ſhoar on one of the Iſlands called *Cyclades*, the Prince of the Country married the Mother, and her Son *Perſeus* in War unwittingly ſlew his Grandfather according to the Oracle.

One *Damianus*, Captain of a Troop of *Robbers*,

reſolving to kill *Solyman* the IId. in his Tent in the middle of his Army, encamp'd on the Bank of the *Ionian* Sea, near the City *Butronto* in *Albania*, and to that end engag'd ſome Savage People in his Deſign; but being diſcovered, he was put to the Rack, and afterwards devour'd by a wild Beaſt.

Damaſippus, a Blood-thirſty *Roman* Tyrant, murder'd the Nobleſt Patriots and Citizens of *Sylla*'s Faction at their Religious Sacrifices like Beaſts; but at laſt he was requited in his kind by *Sylla*, when he prov'd the Conqueror.

The *Cyreneans*, were a Sect of Philoſophers, ſo called from their Founder *Ariſtippus* of *Cyrene*, Scholar of *Socrates*, who liv'd in the XCVIth *Olympiad*. Theſe would have two motions in the Soul, Grief and Pleaſure; they thought all Pleaſures were alike, and eſteemed Virtue no otherwiſe, than as it conduced to Senſuality.

Quintus Curtius was a *Roman* Gentleman, who lived in the 292 Year of *Rome*; of whom 'tis ſaid, that upon perceiving a great *Gulph* in the middle of the *Forum* at *Rome*, which made an Impreſſion upon the People, and ſeemed to preſage Misfortune, and underſtanding likewiſe by the *Oracle*, that this *Chaſm*, could not be filled up, unleſs the Romans, would be at the expence of throwing the moſt valuable thing they had into it, and withal concluding that his own Valour was the beſt thing in the Town

Town, he Arms himſelf as for the Field, Mounts, and clapping Spurs to his Horſe, Gallops into the *Abyſs*, upon which the ground cloſed again immediately.

There are five ſmall Iſlands, nam'd *Curſolairs*, over againſt the Mouth of the Gulph of *Lepanto*, formerly called that of *Corinth*. Near theſe ſlands the Chriſtians gained the famous Battel of *Lepanto*, againſt the *Turks*, in 1571.

Richard Cromwell, *Oliver*'s Eldeſt Son, being named by him for his Succeſſor before his Death, was by Order of the Privy-Council proclaimed *Lord Protector*. He was addreſſed by the generality of the Nation, who promiſed to ſtand by him with their Lives and Fortunes; but he had no ſooner ſolemniz'd his Father's Funeral, which coſt near 60000 *l.* but he found himſelf involved in abundance of trouble by the Officers of the *Army*, and for want of Courage to handle them roughly at firſt, as his Father uſed to do, they aſſumed the Power to *Diſcard* him, and ſo *Richard* retired into the Country to a private Life, where he has lived ever ſince.

Oliver Cromwell, was born in 1599, at *Huntingdon*, being Deſcended of a Gentle Family in that Country. He ſtudy'd ſome little time at *Cambridge*, and *Lincolns-Inn*; but without much improvement either in *Learning* or *Law*. His Youth was at firſt unmanageable, and leud; then he pretended to Reform, and ſet up for a *Puritan*. When the Rebellion broke out,

he was made a *Captain* of Horſe under the *Earl* of *Eſſex*; but run away at *Edge-Hill*, and had like to have been broke: Tho' to do him Juſtice, he afterwards appear'd a Man of *Courage*. His Zeal and Succeſſes preferr'd him to the Poſt of *Lieutenant-General* to the *Earl* of *Mancheſter*. The King being brought to his Tryal, *Cromwell* was one of the High Court of Juſtice; and after the King was *Murder'd*, was ſent *General* into *Ireland*, in 1649. Coming back to *England*, he is made *General* in the room of the *Lord Fairfax*. He turns the Parliament out of Doors, and makes himſelf *Protector*: Then by his Creatures, he ſtarted the Project of being made *King*, but durſt not venture on it. Then finding diſcontents fomented in the Army by *Lambert*'s Gang, he falls into the *Spleen* at *Hampton-Court*, and dies at *White-Hall*, Sept. 3. 1658.

A famous Phyſician, and Aſtrologer of *Marſeilles*, by name *Crinas*, or *Critias*, liv'd in *Nero*'s time, who got ſo much mony, that he allowed a Million to environ the City with a Wall, and left another conſiderable Sum to repair others.

Joſſelinde Courtenay Count of *Edeſſa*, famous for his Virtue and great Courage, being Sick and Wounded, and hearing his Son refuſe to encounter the *Souldan* of *Iconium*'s Army, made himſelf be put into a *Litter* at the Head of his Troops, and march'd directly towards the *Souldan*, who upon the News of

of his approach raiſed his Siege and retired. When theſe tidings were brought the Generous Count, he got his *Litter* reſted on the Ground in the midſt of his Army, and having *given God thanks*, he Expired, more by the exceſs of his Joy than the violence of his Pain, and was buried, with the Honours due to ſo great a man, in *Edeſſa*.

There are a ſort of Chriſtians in *Egypt*, call'd *Coptes*, who follow the Errors of *Eutyches* and *Dioſcorus*.

Coracota, a certain famous Robber of *Spain*, hearing that the Emperour *Auguſtus* had proffered 10000 Crowns to any that ſhould take him, preſented himſelf of his own accord before that Prince, who thereupon not only forgave him, but alſo gave him great Preſents.

One *Coeur-de-Roi*, that ſerved in the *Proteſtant* Army during the Civil Wars of *France*, being taken Priſoner by the *Papiſts*, and led to *Axerre*, was there torn in pieces, and his Heart being cut in ſmall bits, was ſold to the people.

The *Cobales*, were certain *Dæmons* in Human Shape, that were called *Satyrs*, and ſaid to keep *Bacchus* company. Some ſay, there are many of them at this day in *Sarmatia*, who hide themſelves in Houſes, and do any Offices for the People that entertain them, that can be expected from the beſt of Servants.

One *Cleanthus*, a *Stoick* Philoſopher, who labou-

red

red for his livelyhood while he ſtudied under *Zeno*, being convinc'd of the Immortality of the Soul, ſtarved himſelf.

Chriſtian Claes, was an Inhabitant of *Leckerkerch*, a Town of *Holland*, 8 or 10 Leagues from the *Hague*; his Wife was brought to Bed on the 21ſt of *June* 1686, of a Son, that lived almoſt two Months; 17 Hours after, ſhe was laid of a 2d Son ſtilborn; and 24 Hours after of a 3d, that lived two Hours; at the end of 24 Hours more, ſhe had another ſtilborn; but died in Labour of the 5th.

A poor old Man, call'd *Cimon*, being ſentenc'd at *Rome* for ſome Crime, to be ſtarv'd to Death, was fed by his Daughter, who came daily to the Priſon to give him ſuck: this doubly ſav'd his Life; for, the Judges being informed thereof, pardoned the Father and Daughter, and got the manner of the Action drawn, and placed the Picture in their Temple of Piety.

There is a great Town nam'd *Chucheu*, in the Province of *Chekiang* in *China*, where are (if we may believe Travellers) Trees of that vaſt bulk, that 80 men can hardly embrace them; and whoſe hollow Bodies are ſo capacious, that 40 perſons may with eaſe ſit or ſtand in them.

The name *Chriſtians*, was given to the Faithful at *Antioch*, who before were called *Diſciples*. The Heathens hated them, and tortur'd them with all imaginable Cruelty; but their *Blood* was a Principle

Principle of Life to the Church, and caus'd it to multiply in a ſurprizing manner.

Chimera, was a Mountain of *Lycia*, that caſt out Flame and Smoak in the Night; which gave Poets occaſion to feign a Monſter, that was kill'd by *Bellerophon*.

Charon, was look'd upon by ancient *Pagans* to be a *Ferry-man*, to whom Souls were obliged to pay a certain piece of Mony, for their paſſage over the River *Styx* to Hell. And this, undoubtedly, was the Reaſon ſome people put a piece of Coin into their Friends Mouths when dead, that they might have wherewith to pay this imaginary Debt.

A Taylor's Wife of *Sens* in *Burgundy*, by name *Chatri*, for about 20 Years after ſhe was married, had all the ſigns of being with Child, yet could by no means be laid of her burthen, but was forced to keep her Bed 3 Years; at the end of which her pains ceaſed, her Belly remaining big and heavy, as formerly, to her Death, which happen'd about 24 Years after in the 68th year of her Age. Her Husband got her opened, and found, to all peoples admiration, a *Girl* quite *formed*, but *putrified*. *Alebour* Phyſician in the Town writ a learned Diſſertation upon this Subject.

Richard II. King of *England* being ſhot with an Arrow, at the Siege of *Chalus*, or *Chalſus*, a Borough of *France*, in *Limoſin*, died of the Wound; and yet forgave him that did it when his Life was in his power.

Caſſelius,

Caſſelius, a great Lawyer, one time ſpeaking ſomewhat freely of *Cæſar*, was deſired by his Friends to be more cautious; to whom he anſwer'd, *There are two things unwelcome to moſt men, that now make me dare ſay what I pleaſe*; which *are, I am old, and have no Children.*

Celtæ, an ancient People, that came to inhabit in *Europe* after the Deluge; which ſome derive from *Celtes* IX. King of the ancient *Gauls.*

Celſus, a Philoſopher of the *Epicurean* Sect, lived in the 2d Century, in the Reign of *Adrian*, and writ a Work againſt the Chriſtians, under the Title of *A true Diſcourſe*; which was anſwered by *Origen.*

Catherine, a Virgin Saint of *Alexandria*, is ſaid to have been ſo learned, that at the Age of 18 Years ſhe diſputed againſt, and got the better of 50 *Philoſophers*, and ſuffer'd Martyrdom at laſt in the Year 307, under the Reign of the Tyrant *Maximus.*

There were Burying-places in *Caves* near *Rome*, call'd *Catacombs*, where the Primitive Chriſtians buried their *Martyrs*, and ſometimes abſconded to avoid the Perſecutions of the *Roman* Emperors. Some learned Men are of opinion, that theſe *Catacombs* were publick burying places for *Slaves*, poor People, and Malefactors, and made by the Heathens.

Anne Caſtro, a *Spaniſh* Lady, famous in the Writings of *Lopez de Vega*, had a great

great deal of Wit, and wrote ſome things very ingeniouſly.

John Caſe Arch-Biſhop of *Beneventum* lived in the 16 Cen. under the Pontificate of Pope *Paul* III. *Marcellus* II. and *Paul* IV. He had much Learning, and a great deal of Life and Elegancy in all his Writings.

Bernardin Carrouages, a Clock-maker in *Pavia*, made *Alciat* a Clock, which when the Hammer ſtruck the Bell, it likewiſe ſtruck Fire out of a Flint, which lighted a Match firſt, and afterwards a Lamp; ſo that the ſame Movement ſhew'd both the time of the Night, and furniſh'd him with a Light to riſe by.

Carmides, a *Grecian*, was of ſuch a prodigious Memory, that he could ſay any Book by Heart, which he had read but once over.

Cannibals, or *Carribes*, a People that inhabited the *Antille* Iſlands, us'd to eat the Priſoners they took in War, after they had made them faſt 3 days.

Calvary, is a Mountain near *Jeruſalem*, whereon our Saviour ſuffer'd, and where it is believed by many of the *Greek* and *Latin* Fathers that *Adam* was buried.

The *Calingians*, were ancient People of the *Indies* towards the Sea, whoſe Women bore Children at 5 Years of Age, and hardly outlived 8, if we may believe *Pliny*.

Calanus, an *Indian* Philoſopher, that follow-

ed

ed *Alexander* the Great in his Expedition into the *Indies*, having lived 83 Years without the leaſt Sickneſs, and then being pain'd with the Griping of the Bowels, deſir'd to be burnt alive; and having his deſire, ſuffer'd it with admirable Patience.

Caiaphas, the High Prieſt of the *Jews*, who condemned our Saviour *Chriſt* to death, being put out of his Office by the Emperour *Vitellius*, after he had enjoy'd it ſeventeen Years, was ſo ſenſibly afflicted with the Diſgrace, that he laid violent Hands upon himſelf, through Deſpair.

There is an Abby of the Dioceſs of *Sarlat* in *Perigord*, nam'd *Cadovin*, where the pretended Winding Sheet of Jeſus Chriſt is kept; and is never the worſe for wearing, if you can think it the ſame.

Peter Bruys, who was a Native of the Mountains of *Dauphine* or *Provence*, in the XIIth Century, was burn'd alive at St. *Gille*'s for an Heretick; having, at *Tholouſe*, for 10 Years, preached againſt the Popiſh Maſs, and other Errors of that Church.

The *Browniſts*, are Hereticks deriving their Name from one *Robert Brown* of *Northampton*, formerly a School-maſter in *Southwark*, then Ring-leader of this Sect, which denies all Forms of Prayer, and all Orders in the Church, both Epiſcopal and Presbyterian; affirms Marriage to be a civil Contract, and

the

the Benediction of the Prieſt ſuperſtitious; declaiming violently againſt Bells as Idolatrous, *&c.*

There is An Iſland on the Coaſt of *New Guinea*, noted for a burning Mountain like that of *Ætna* or *Veſuvius*.

Edmund Bourgoin, a factious Prior of the Pariſian *Jacobins*, taken at the Siege of *Paris*, and ſent to *Tours*, was try'd for praiſing and comparing *Clement* the Fryar that ſtab'd *Henry* III, to *Judith*, and after condemned and torn by four Horſes.

Iſhmael Boulliaud, born at *Loudun* in 1605, was an Aſtronomer of great Name in the XVIIth Century, and wrote ſeveral Mathematical Treatiſes.

James Boufflers Lord of *Boufflers*, *Noele*, &c. who was born in 1436, cou'd never drink out of a Glaſs without Pain, or his Lips ſwelling.

Borreliſtes, the Followers of *Adam Borreel* of *Zeland*, tho'they are of moral Lives, and charitable in Act, yet deny all Churches, Sacraments, Prayers, and external Worſhip; and affirm, that ſince the Apoſtles all Churches are ſunk from their Purity, by ſuffering fallible Men to put on us their Expoſitions, *&c.* as if they were infallible.

One *Borges*, was ſo faithful to his Truſt in the Government of *Zion*, given him by the *Perſian* King, that he choſe rather to be burnt in the City, than yield it to the *Grecians*.

'Tis

'Tis reported of a certain Village call'd *Boncourt*, on the River *Eure* in *Normandy*, that for the ſpace of 4 Years ſucceſſively from 1666, a blewiſh Fire, like an *Ignis Fatuus*, ſet on Fire now one Houſe, and then another, till of eighty Houſes, only two remain'd; of which the Intendant of the Province, publiſh'd a Narrative, that was atteſted by the Oaths of Perſons of undoubted Reputation.

In *Auvergne*, is a Town call'd *Beſſum* remarkable for its Neighbourhood to the Golden Mountain; whereon is a large Lake into which a Stone thrown, cauſes Thunder, Lightning and Rain, *&c.* if my Author may be believed.

Upon *Beniguazebal*, a Mountain of *Feſſe* in *Africk* there ſtand about 100 Villages, with a populous City; and from the Top whereof there ariſe a great many ſulphureous Steams and Flames.

There is a marvellous Fountain in *France*, call'd *Beleſta*, which is ſaid to ebb and flow all Hours of the Day, from the end of *July* to the beginning of *January*. 'Tis in the Dioceſs of *Mirepoix*, in the County of *Foix*.

There is a remarkable Cave in the Country of *Regenſtein* in the *Lower Germany* call'd *Bauman*, the Entrance of which is ſo round and narrow, that few can get in together. 'Tis very deep and ſo long that ſome have gone 4 *German* Miles forward in it, towards the Town of *Goſlar*.

Goſlar. Near the Entrance is a Spring of clear Water, which has no Sediment at all, and never corrupts, if kept in a Glaſs. 'Tis good againſt the Stone or Gravel. The Drops that fall from the Vault freeze as they fall, and form pretty Figures. Theſe ſmall petrifi'd Drops, called *Lapides Salactites*, crumble into Powder when broke, which is ſaid to be good for drying up of Wounds. Many Bones are found in this Cave, ſome of a Man's Body of a prodigious bigneſs; and Teeth have been dug out of the bottom of it thrice as big as Horſe-teeth. There are alſo Bodies of Men of an ordinary ſize, thought to have gone ſo far in this Cave as not to find the way out again.

There were certain Hereticks call'd *Barules*, who held that the Son of God had not a real Body; and that Mens Souls were all created before the World.

Joſeph Barnabas, was an early Convert to Chriſtianity: He ſold all that he had, which was conſiderable, and brought it to the Apoſtles. Some have affirmed that he planted the Goſpel firſt at *Milan*, and that the Epiſtle to the *Hebrews* was wrote by him. 'Tis ſaid he ſuffer'd Martyrdom in the Iſle of *Cyprus*, *An.* 61.

Benajah, was one of King *David*'s Valiant Captains, and afterwards *Solomon's* General of his Army.

There was one *Bamba*, an Ancient King of the *Viſigoths* in *Spain*, who retiring at laſt into a Convent, died *An.* 689.

There is an Iſland on the Coaſt of *Java* in the *Eaſt Indies*, call'd *Bali*, which is very fruitful, and ſo populous, that 'tis thought to contain 600000 Souls, altho' it be not above forty Leagues in compaſs. Its Inhabitants are groſs Idolaters, and Trade but little with other Nations.

The *Balance*, in Latin call'd *Libra*, is one of the twelve Signs of the *Zodiack*, into which the Sun enters in *September*, the *Autumnal Equinox*: This Sign conſiſts of eight Stars in the form of a Balance.

William Baillon, a moſt celebrated *French* Phyſician, was born *An.* 1538. He became ſo famous a Diſputant in the Schools, that he was uſually call'd *The Batchelor's Scourge*. He wrote ſeveral learned Treatiſes, but refus'd all Court Preferment.

One *Bailli*, an Attorney's Widow in *Paris*, who died *An.* 1514. when She was 88 Years old, had 288 Children and Grand-Children living at the ſame time.

There grows a luminous Plant on the *Syrian* Mountains call'd *Baaras*, that ſhines in the Night like a Torch, becauſe of the bituminous Vapours that exhale thereabouts, and which ſuffocate any that go to pluck up the Plant.

Babel, built in the Plains of *Meſopotamia* by all Mankind, before their Separation after the

the Flood, and fam'd for the confounding of Languages, is ſuppos'd to be begun by the Order of *Nimrod*, to avoid a ſecond Flood; but all the Accounts of it are abſurd to a great degree.

Averno, a Lake in *Terra di Lavero* in *Italy*, which the Poets call the Mouth or Deſcent into Hell, was by the Ancients thought bottomleſs, but is ſince found to be two hundred thirty eight Foot deep: Weſt of it is a Cave, once *Pluto*'s Temple, where Sacrifice was offer'd to the Infernal Deities.

Atlas, *Prometheus*'s Brother, King of *Mauritania*, was a great Aſtronomer, and therefore fabled to be turn'd into a Mountain, and to ſupport the Heavens: He firſt invented the uſe of the Globe, and was Contemporary with *Moſes*.

There is mention'd by *Pliny*, a running Footman, call'd *Atas*, or *Athas*, that ran ſixty Miles in ſix Hours.

Aſphaltites, or the *Dead Sea*, is five hundred and eighty Furlongs long, and one hundred and fifty broad; into it falls the River *Jordan*. 'Tis ſurrounded by Hills, and was the place where *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* ſtood, great bituminous Springs perpetually boil up therein, nor can any Fiſh live in it, or Fowl fly over it.

One *Aſcletarion*, an Aſtrologer, foretold *Domitian*'s Death, and being brought

before him for it, *Domitian* asked him, if he knew his own Death? He replied, That he ſhould that Day be tore to pieces by Dogs. The Emperour reſolving to diſappoint the Event foretold, commanded him to be immediately burnt: but great Rains falling, extinguiſh'd the Fire, and the Dogs tore his Body to pieces, which gave *Domitian* no little Cauſe of fear of his ſucceeding Fate.

There is a Spring near *Tyanæa* in *Cappadocia*, call'd *Asbamea*, which is cold at the Head, and afterwards boiling hot: it is Salutiferous to the Virtuous, but deſtructive to the Wicked that drink of it.

Arthemius, a *Roman* General, was put to Death by *Julian*, Emperor, for defending the Innocence of the *Chriſtians*.

Arnold de Breſcia, deny'd that the Clergy ſhould have any Lands or Eſtates, and preach'd up the ſetting *Rome* at Liberty, by the Expulſion of the Pope and Cardinals: but finding too few to undertake ſo generous a Deſign, he was taken and executed in 1155.

Ardaleon, an *Alexandrian* Comedian, had long ridicul'd Chriſtianity upon the Stage, and yet at laſt he himſelf became a Martyr for it.

Arch-Prieſt, was an Obſolete Eccleſiaſtical Dignity, much of the ſame Nature among Prieſts, as that of the Arch-Deacons was among Deacons.

Certain

Certain Hereticks call'd *Archonticks*, attributed the Creation of the World to Archangels, denied the Reſurrection, and had an odd Notion of Redemption. They had alſo other Extravagant Tenets, all which they defended by ſeveral Books.

The Philoſopher, *Archelaus*, was Maſter to *Socrates* and *Anaxagoras*. He firſt brought Phyſick to *Athens*, and held that the Voice was only Air modifi'd; that the World was Eternal, and Cuſtom the ſole Rule of good or bad Actions. He liv'd in the 84th *Olympiad*.

Ararat, is a Mountain in *Armenia*, where the *Ark* reſted after the Deluge, of which a *Dutch* Traveller ſays, he was ſeven Days going up it at five Leagues a day. He ſays it is higher than either *Caucaſus* or *Taurus*. Every Night he came to a Hermit's Cell, who always directed him in his Journey. The uppermoſt Hermit told him many incredible things, which he had not Faith to believe,

Apollos, who was a *Jew* of *Alexandria*, becoming a Chriſtian Convert, did the Church great Service at *Epheſus* in the year 51. by his admirable Eloquence and Knowledge in the Old Teſtament.

Appiarius, a *Numidian* Prieſt, was the firſt that appeal'd to *Rome*, being condemn'd for Crimes by the Biſhops of that Province.

There was an Orator, call'd *Marcus Antonius*, that never forgot any thing, and ſpoke Extemporary to all Cauſes, as *Tully* ſays.

Anti-Trinitarians, are thoſe that deny the *Trinity*, who are alſo call'd *Unitarians*.

The *Antipodes*, is a Name given to thoſe that live in the ſame *Meridian*, on the other ſide of the Globe oppoſite to us. It's deriv'd from ἀντὶ, againſt, and ποδὲς, Feet; *quaſi*, feet to feet,

The *Antinomians*, are Hereticks that hold the *Law* uſeleſs under the *Goſpel*, and that all Works are alike to the Godly, who cannot ſin, becauſe Chriſt only works in them; being once certain of Salvation they never doubt: Alſo they ſay that none are to be exhorted to *Chriſtian* Duty; that Holineſs makes not God love us; that Sanctification is no ſign of Juſtification, *&c.* *John Agricola*, was Author of them.

A famous Architect, Statuary, and Mathematician call'd *Anthemius*, frighted *Zeno* the Rhetorician, who liv'd next to him, out of his Houſe by his imitation of Thunder, Lightning, and Eathquakes.

Anteius Publius, being accus'd of conſpiring *Nero's* Death, he firſt took Poyſon, and then cut his Veins to haſten Death.

There is a River of *Elis* in *Peloponneſus*, call'd *Anigrus*, or *Anicre*, whoſe Waters became Bitter and Muddy by the *Centaurs* waſhing their Wounds

Wounds therein, after their Combat with *Hercules*.

The *Angelici*, Hereticks that were for Worſhip of Angels, are ſuppos'd to have begun in the Apoſtles time; but they ſpread moſt about the year 180.

A certain *Roman* Slave, nam'd *Androdus*, being expoſed to a Lion for running away from his Maſter, was fawn'd on by the Beaſt, in Return of his having formerly pull'd a Thorn out of his Foot; and thus ſav'd he was made the Lion's Keeper.

The *Mileſian* Pholoſopher, *Anaximenes*, was the firſt Inventer of the Quadrant; he held the Air to be the Mother of all things.

Pope *Anaſtaſius* I. ordain'd ſtanding at the *Goſpel*, and that none Lame or Infirm ſhould be admitted to Orders. He died in the year 438.

Anacreon, Born in *Teos*, a City of *Ionia*, an Eminent *Greek* Lyrick Poet, about the 60th Olympiad, having got three thouſand Crowns in a Preſent from *Piſiſtratus*, reſted not till 'twas ſpent, and died choak'd with a Grape-Stone.

There was one *Amphiſtides*, that could never count more than five, tho' ſtudious of Arithmetick. Hence Dunces in that Art are call'd *Amphiſtides*.

There is a River in the Foreſt of *Maurita-*

tania, nam'd *Amilo* where Elephants are ſaid to bath themſelves, on firſt ſight of the Moon and after to adore that Planet.

One *Alphonſus Zamora*, a *Spaniſh Jew*, turn'd Chriſtian in 1506. He was Learned in the *Hebrew*, and was employ'd by Cardinal *Ximines*, in the Edition of the *Complutenſian Bible*. He likewiſe wrote a *Hebrew Grammar* and *Lexicon*.

Allelujah, an Abby in *Æthiopia*, was ſo call'd by the firſt *Abbot* and *Founder*, becauſe he was told by an *Hermit*, that being in an Extaſie, he had ſeen, and heard thouſands of Angels ſinging *Hallelujah* inceſſantly.

Alladius, a King of the *Latins*, named by ſome *Almureus*, and by others *Romulus*, was ſo proud that he equal'd himſelf with *Jupiter*, and would imitate his *Thunder*; but he was at laſt himſelf ſtruck with real *Thunder*, A. M. 3197.

There were a ſort of Hereticks in the 8th Age, call'd *Albanois*, who renew'd moſt of the *Manichean* Errors. They held two *Gods*; the one *Good*, and the Father of *Jeſus Chriſt*; the other *Bad*, the *God* of the *Patriarchs*, and the Author of the *Old Teſtament*.

Ahijah, a Prophet of *Shilo*, meeting *Jeroboam*, rent his Raiment in twelve pieces, and gave him ten back again, to ſhew him that *God* had deſign'd him to be King of the ten Tribes of *Iſrael*.

Aglaonice,

Aglaonice, the Daughter of *Hegemon*, a famous She-Aſtronomer, when ſhe foreſaw an Eclipſe of the Moon, us'd to brag, That ſhe had ordered that Planet to keep out of the way; but her vanity being found out, ſhe was but laught at for her pains.

The *Ages of the World*, are certain Limits or Periods of Time, diſtinguiſh'd by the moſt memorable Accidents and Revolutious in the World, for the convenience of Chronology and Hiſtory. Of theſe, the generality of Chronologers make ſeven.

	Years.
The 1ſt from the Creation of the World to *Noah*'s Flood, which laſted	1656
The 2d from the Flood to the Birth of *Abraham*, laſted	382
The 3d from the Birth of *Abraham*, to the Departure of *Moſes* out of *Egypt*, laſted	505
The 4th from *Moſes*'s Departure out of *Egypt*, to the Building of the Temple of *Solomon*	479
The 5th from the Foundation of the Temple, to the Reign of *Cyrus* in *Babylon*	493
The 6th from *Cyrus*'s Reign, to the coming of the *Meſſiah*	538
The 7th from the Birth of Chriſt, to this preſent year 1703.	1703

Which

Which in all makes, from the Creation of the World, to this preſent year 1703. —— 5756

The Chronologers for the moſt part agree as to the Diviſion of Time into ſeven Ages, yet there are above thirty different Opinions as to the number of years, which every Age contains, as the Reader may ſee in *Chevreau*'s Hiſtory of the World.

The Prophet *Agabus* foretold a Famine which came to paſs in the Reign of *Claudius Cæſar*.

Ætna, now *Mongibello*, the greateſt Mountain in *Sicily*, is eight Miles high, and ſixty in compaſs; it continually vomits up Fire and Smoak, and often throws up calcin'd Flints and burning Cinders. On the tops of this Mountain, Snow and Fire are to be ſeen at the ſame time, while the ſides are covered with pleaſant Woods and Vineyards.

Ægis, was a Monſter which vomited Fire, wherewith all the Foreſts of *Phrygia* were conſum'd. *Minerva* having kill'd this Monſter, cover'd her Buckler with its Skin, as a Mark of her Victory.

There is a Fountain nigh *Miletum*, call'd *Achillea*, whoſe Waters are brackiſh in the Spring, and ſweet in the Stream: It has its Name from *Achilles*, who bath'd himſelf in it.

Aceldama, i. e. *Field of Blood*, ſo call'd becauſe bought with the thirty pieces which

Judas

Judas receiv'd to betray our Saviour, was a place near *Tophet*, which is in the Valley of *Jehoſaphat*, where ſuch Strangers as died at *Jeruſalem*, were buried. It was alſo called the *Potter's* Field.

Acacius, a famous Biſhop of *Berea* in *Paleſtine*, aſſiſted at the general Council of *Conſtantinople*, in 381. where he fell out with St. *Chryſoſtom*, which was the chief Cauſe of his Baniſhment. He died, being about 110 Years old.

Abraham, firſt called *Abram*, one of the Patriarchs, Son of *Terah*, was Born in *Ur* of the *Chaldees*, 425 Years before *Moſes*, and died in the 165th year of his Age.

Abiſhag, was a beautiful Virgin who cheriſh'd *David* in his old Age.

Abgarus, or *Agbarus*, the King of *Edeſſa*, was Contemporary with *CHRIST*; who having heard the great Miracles he perform'd, invited him to *Edeſſa* by a Letter, to which our Saviour is ſaid to have ſent an Anſwer, with his Picture. Some, both Catholicks and Proteſtants affirm theſe Letters to be true, but the generality hold them fabulous. As for the Picture, St. *John of Damaſcus*, *Evagrius*, and others mention it, and the *Greeks* keep a Feſtival call'd the *Tranſlation of the Picture*.

Abiram, Son of *Eliab*, was ſwallow'd up by the Earth, with *Korah* and *Dathan*, for Conſpiring againſt *Moſes* and *Aaron*.

Abel-ſhittim,

Abel-ſhittim, was a City on the Plains of *Moab*, where the *Iſraelites* began to commit Whoredom.

Abel, the ſecond Son of *Adam* and *Eve*, was murther'd by his Brother *Cain*, *Ann. Mundi* 130.

Abdon, and *Sennen*, were two *Perſian* Princes that turned Chriſtians, and were put in Priſon by the Emperor *Decius*, for burying certain Martyrs. After this, *Decius* carried them to *Rome*, in 254, and put them to Death for refuſing to ſacrifice to his Idols.

Abdon, Son of *Hillel*, was the 12th Judge of *Iſrael*, and govern'd eight years. He had forty Sons, and thirty Nephews.

Abdas, was a *Perſian* Biſhop (in the Reign of *Theodoſius* the Younger) who out of a Chriſtian, but indiſcreet Zeal, having deſtroy'd their *Veſtal* or deify'd Fire, was by the King order'd to be put to Death, and all the *Chriſtian* Churches to be pull'd down.

George Abbot a very grave pious and learned Divine, was born at *Guilford* in *Surrey*, and bred at *Oxford*, where he became Maſter of *Univerſity-College*, in 1597. In 1599 he was made Dean of *Wincheſter*; in 1609 Dean of *Gloceſter*, and ſoon after Biſhop of *Litchfield*: in 1610 Biſhop of *London*, and the ſame year Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury* by King *James* I. and continued ſo, till ſuſpended by King *Charles* I. either for being unactive in promoting

ting the Loan, according to *Ruſhworth*; or according to others, upon the account of his Remiſsneſs in ſome of the Functions of his Government. He died at the Caſtle of *Croyden* in 1633, having built an Hoſpital at *Guilford*.

At *Tipaſa*, an old Town of *Mauritania Ceſarienſis*, which was then the See of a Biſhop, but is now only a Village call'd *Saca*, near *Alger*, a famous Miracle hapned in the year 484. *Cyrola* Patriarch of the *Arians* was at this time Biſhop, under *Hunnerick* King of the *Vandals*; this Tyrant being enraged againſt the *Orthodox*, ſent his Officers with expreſs Orders to cut out all their Tongues who would not turn *Arians*: this cruel Order was put in Execution, and the Inhabitants came in great numbers to profeſs the true Religion; and after their Tongues were cut out, they cry'd with a louder and ſtronger Voice than ever, *That Jeſus Chriſt was true God*; and that which made this look ſtrange was, that a young Man born Dumb began then to ſpeak like the reſt. This cannot be call'd an imaginary Miracle, there are ſo many Witneſſes that atteſt it, as not only having heard but alſo ſeen it themſelves. *Victor Uticenſis* then in the place ſaid, If any body doubted the truth of it, he might come to *Conſtantinople*, where, amongſt ſeveral others, he ſhould ſee the Deacon *Reparatus*, who ſpoke very well without a Tongue, and was therefore in great eſteem

eſteem in *Zenoes* Court. The Hiſtorian *Procopius*, who ſerv'd in the Army under the Emperor *Juſtinian*, and was a Perſon of great eſteem, writes, That in his time there were ſeveral of theſe Perſons at *Conſtantinople*, who ſpoke with eaſe without Tongues. *Æneas Gazeus*, a Platonick Philoſopher, had a mind to be ſatisfied of the truth of this thing, and after having examined the Mouths of ſeveral of theſe Venerable Perſons, found their Tongues cut out by the Roots.

About the year 1284, there aroſe one *Tilon Colup*, a great Impoſtor, who call'd himſelf *Frederic* II. He had much reſemblance of that Emperor, and could give an account of his Life, Wars and Adventures to the minuteſt Circumſtances, having been one of his Court: he appear'd in *Germany thirty four* Years after *Frederick* the IId's Death, and impoſed upon many by telling his Tale thus; That finding after all his Misfortunes they had a deſign to Poyſon him, he reſolv'd to retire from the World to a Monaſtery; and that feigning to paſs into *Sicily* on this deſign, he entered *Apulia* and went to a Caſtle called *Forentine*, where he pretended to be ſick; that having truſted the Secret to a Lord who had a little before left his Service, he by his means procured a Body of a Man who died the Day before, which he in the Night time drew up into his Chamber by the Window, and put in his

his Bed, and went out at the Window himſelf; and that it was this Body which his Son *Manfred* buried at *Palermo* inſtead of his: that for himſelf he arrived at the Charter-Houſe of *Squillace* in *Calabria* in a Diſguiſe, where he was received; and the Lord that accompanied him, having a Brother there, took the Habit alſo; that after *Charles* of *Anjou* had cut off his Granchild *Conradin*'s Head in 1268, he came to another Charter-Houſe in *Campaigne* near *Langres*, call'd *Luny*, whence afterwards he came into *Germany*. And thus either by his Cunning or Witchcraft, he drew not only the meaner People, but ſome Princes to his Party, and amongſt others the Marquis of *Miſnia* and *Thuringia*; and being received by thoſe at *Nuiz*, he had the impudence to write to the Emperor *Rodolphus* I. to leave the Empire, who under a pretext of complying, made uſe of all means to ſeize his Perſon, and having gain'd the Inhabitants of *Wetzlar*, in the County of *Heſſe*, he cauſed him to be brought back again to *Nuiz*. Others ſay this Impoſtor being beſieged in the Town of *Nuiz*, the Inhabitants delivered him to the Emperor, who Condemned him to be Burnt as a Magician.

One *Thamus* an *Ægyptian*, Maſter of a Ship, as he ſailed to *Italy* with a fair Gale of Wind, when he came over againſt the *Echinades*, now called

called *Le Curſolari*, his Ship was becalm'd, and was forced by the ſtrong Current of the Tide near to the Iſland *Paxos*, where the greateſt part of the Crew being awake in the Night, a Voice was plainly heard from the Iſland calling to *Thamus*, to which he making no Anſwer, neither the firſt nor the ſecond time, the Voice grew ſtronger, and ſignify'd to him, That *as ſoon as he ſhould arrive at* Palodes, *he ſhould publiſh that the great* Pan *was dead*. This he performed; and immediately upon declaring his Meſſage, he heard great Groanings and Lamentings; this was preſently divulg'd at *Rome*, and thereupon the Emperor *Tiberius* ſent for *Thamus*, who confirmed the Truth of it; upon which the Learned being conſulted, gave Opinion, that this *Pan* was the Son of *Mercury* and *Penelope*. Some *Chriſtians* believe that the Death of our Saviour happening about that time, was ſignified by this extraordinary Voice.

Socrates, the Philoſopher, was Son of an *Athenian* Stone-Cutter. He ſtudy'd under *Anaxagoras* and *Archelaus*, and gave likewiſe Proofs of his Valour in Defence of his Country. He delighted chiefly in Moral Philoſophy, and was a Perſon of irreſiſtible Eloquence and accompliſh'd Virtue. He ſaid he only knew, that he knew nothing. He held Reſt to be the choiceſt poſſeſſion; and that Riches and Honour have nothing of true worth, but are the Source of various Evils and Miſchiefs. A Phyſiognomiſt

Phyſiognomiſt having judg'd *Socrates* to be Brutiſh, Luſtful, and a Drunkard; he own'd he was ſo naturally, but that Reaſon had corrected thoſe vicious Inclinations. He derided the plurality of the Heathen Gods, and on that Account was Indicted of Impiety, and condemn'd to drink the Juice of Hemlock, wherewith he Died in the 95*th Olympiad.* Aged 70 Years.

CHAP. XVIII.

INTRODUCTION.

DOubtleſs it would be thought by ſome, that I had abandon'd my ſelf to an overgrieving of Soul, if I ſhould throw open my Study Door but for one day, and let all comers-by look in, to ſee the Tears, and hear the repeated Sighs, Sobs, and Moans, that proceed from the ſincerity of my Spirit, for the flagrant ſins of poor *England*: But ſure I am alſo, that many would conclude I acted the Hypocrite, if I ſhould without reſerve declare the great burden of concern that lies upon my Mind, on account of the two great Nurſeries of Vice in this our Metropolitan City, I mean the Play-Houſes. Indeed I often cheer'd my ſelf with hopes, that the Auſpicious Reign of Great *William* the III. would have laid their

Foundations level with the Ground, before he ſhould by the Ordination of Heaven yield up his lateſt Breath, and ſo have aboliſh'd thoſe Seminaries of Atheiſm and Blaſphemy: but to my grief they are ſtill kept up, and I have nothing now left to buoy up my ſinking hopes withal, that I ſhall ever ſee my Wiſhes accompliſh'd, but the prudent Proceedings of my dread Sovereign Queen *Ann*, or the pious Direction of our City Lord-Mayors, together with the Juſtices of the City, and Liberties of *Weſtminſter*, for the preventing their Poſting up, and delivery of thoſe miſchievous Bills, which have already ſerv'd to gather many Thouſands of our younger and unſteadier ſort of People to their pernicious Shows, even to the utter ruin of Soul and Body; beſides the many of our Noble and Great Men that have fallen by bloody Duels, in, or on account of thoſe Houſes: and 'till this be done, or their Plays are Regulated, I dare poſitively aſſert it for a Truth, that we ſhall never be a Reformed People. God is my Record, that gain'd I Ten Thouſand Pound *per Annum* by thoſe Nurſeries of Debauchery, if it lay in my power to ſilence, or rectifie them, I would with Joy relinquiſh the Income, altho' thereby I ſhould be neceſſitated to crave my Bread at the Doors of thoſe that hate me, or otherwiſe I ſhould conclude my ſelf to be eternally damn'd without Mercy. But methinks I hear ſome one making theſe following Objections. 1. It may be alledg'd, That

That ſhou'd there come an Order from Court for the ſuppreſſing of theſe Houſes, the Nobility and Gentry would be diſguſted, as not knowing how to paſs away the tedious Winter Evenings. 2. It will be ſaid, That to alter the ſtile and ſtrain of their Diſcourſes, would make them ſo dull, flat, and melancholy, as not in the leaſt to divert them; ſo that the Government is neceſſitated to continue them as they now are without change or alteration. I reply to the firſt. It is pity that a ſhort; momentany life ſhould be thought too long to make Proviſion for an endleſs Eternity, whereas it ſhould rather be thought too ſhort; and yet I have ſtill ſo great a Charity left for our Noble-Men and others, that I can't but fancy moſt of them would not be in the leaſt offended thereat. But ſuppoſing they were, their Anger would be but as that of a Man in a paſſion for a while, which ſoon ceaſes; and poſſibly alſo they would turn their Reſentment againſt their own haſty Indiſcretion: And why? Becauſe ſure none can be enrag'd at any Perſon, for performing a good act, eſpecially their Governours and Superiors, and when they conſider it is for the Honour of God, the Proſperity of their Country, and the endleſs well-being of their own Souls. As to the ſecond Objection, I anſwer, That if all the Speeches, that were to be deliver'd upon the Stage were to be as divinely compos'd, as any Lectures deliver'd from the Pulpit, they would much better ſuit the Ge-

nius of our Great Ones, than that petty crude Nonſenſe which is now generally rabbl'd out on the Engliſh Stage. If any are faithleſs, and will not aſſent to the truth of this my Aſſertion, but think it proceeds from a Prejudice I have againſt the Poets, and the Actors; let any Ingenious and Impartial Perſon whatſoever but read their Printed Plays, which doubtleſs have receiv'd their Authors finiſhing ſtroke, they'l find ſo much Impertinency, and ſo little Ingenuity contain'd therein, that they muſt needs own, that none but unſolid and flaſhy Wits could be the Authors, which, ſure I am, were never accounted among the more refin'd to be Men of any deep underſtanding; neither indeed can any Perſon, tho' never ſo cunning, make ſenſe of Blaſphemy, and I know not what idle Expreſſions of Love, Prophaneſs, and Drollery: but were the Subject on which they are founded ſolid and reaſonable, were they exquiſitely written, and were the Performance done to the life, I can't but perſwade my ſelf, that inſtead of having two Houſes we might have ſix, and fill'd with the better ſort: and why, becauſe there would then be a ſuitable Entertainment for ſuch as underſtood themſelves, but no fit Accommodations for brutiſh Men, and lewd Women, who now reſort thither to debauch their Minds, and meet their Aſſociates in wickedneſs. But why ſpend I my breath, and thus trifle away my precious time! ſince I may as well think

think to pull the Firmament on my Head, and draw down the Clouds about my Ears, as to bring any Arguments to perſuade people, all whoſe delight is in what ſuits the vicious bent of their Inclinations, from repairing to theſe Houſes, notwithſtanding they are ſo corrupted: However I have, at the Requeſt of ſome Excellent Chriſtians, drawn a Rough Draught of a Dramatick Performance, that for the future, if poſſible, I might excite all the Writers to the Play-Houſes, to be as much for the ſuppreſſing of Vice, and the encouraging of Virtue, as I have been in the Idea I have here fram'd to my ſelf: but in much more refin'd Language; ſince I own my inſufficiency of performing any thing Praiſe-worthy, in this Ingenious and Learned Age; but more eſpecially in any ſuch matter as this, becauſe I was never bred to it: ſo that I hope the Courteous Reader will look more on my good Intentions, in preparing a Model according to which may be reformed the Abuſes of the Atheiſtical Stage, than to the weakneſs and meanneſs of this preſent rude Eſſay, or think I am any wiſe qualify'd to Compoſe what may be able to ſtand the Cenſures of a critical Genius. No: I'll leave that to be done by the more curious Pens, and finer hands. And that none may be big with Expectation of ſome weighty matter, I aſſure them, that I ſhall not take ſo much pains, as to borrow any Line or Thought from any Per-

ſon whatſoever, but only make uſe of mine own plain Expreſſions, and mean Notions. The names I ſhall borrow for the carrying on of this Work, are as follows.

Truth.	*Oppoſer.*
King *William* III.	*Lewis* XIV.
Pilgrim.	*Careleſs.*
Chriſtian.	*Libertine.*
Formaliſt.	*Informer.*

With ſeveral other of their Attendants.

Vice *detected, or* Judgment *ſpeedily Executed.*

Appear Truth, *and* Oppoſer *following at a diſtance.*

Truth. METhinks I ſee a glimmering light, gently diffuſing its early Beams beyond the further Hills: O may it be the day dawning, when every *Oppoſer* to Virtue ſhall be veil'd over with a thick Curtain of darkneſs, and ſit down in an Everlaſting Night of Oblivion.

Oppoſer. What ſtrange voice is this I hear, of one that talks ſo loud of he knows not what! Certainly it is a *Bedlam*-Perſon, that has broke his Chains, deſerted his Keeper, and run unadviſedly hither, ſince there are none in their true Senſes, that dare to prognoſticate my Ruin ſo near my habitation: for have not I reign'd

as

as uncontrolable Soveraign even from the beginning? And I never yet have met with any, that had either Strength, Reſolution, or Inclination to attack me in my Lines and deep Entrenchments, or ſo much as cauſe my Throne to ſhake, or Crown to totter.

Truth. I ſpeak not behind the Curtain, or ſneak me out of ſight, but appear on the publick Stage, and in the view of all Spectators; and hereon, in ſpite of all thy Threats and vain Bravado's, I tell thee plain, I am purpoſely reſolv'd to encounter thy Greatneſs, and I will down with thy Power. It is not thy fancying, that I am one intoxicated with the fumes of madneſs, that ſhall ſerve thy turn, neither art thou e're the ſecurer, becauſe thou haſt ruled long as invincible: No: I'll trip thee down, and turn thee topſy turvy.

Oppoſer. Appear ſome of the Yeomen of my Guards, and hew this my Enemy down at one ſingle blow, ſo as he never may riſe again; that he may experience my Power, and taſt of my Wrath: For if I ſuffer him thus quietly to go on, he'll grow mighty in Spirit, and make an Inſurrection in my Territories, amongſt my People, and diſturb them in the quiet Enjoyment of the Liberties I have fix'd them in, even by an abſolute Law.

Truth. If thou could'ſt have had thy Will obey'd, I know I had long er'e now fall'n an Inglorious Victim at thy Tyrannical feet:

but alas! thou with all thy body of Reſerve, art ſo impotent, and thy weapons ſo dull, that they cannot wound, or cauſe me to retreat: Thou ſay'ſt my intention is to invade thy Land, and diſturb thy Subjects: True it is, and I doubt not but to accompliſh my intended deſign, by awakening them out of the deep ſleep of carnal ſecurity, and lead them to their primitive obedience. Hark! Hark! already the Heavens begin to roar, and the Foundations of the Earth to ſhake, and by and by you'll all be in a panick Fear, and tremble at the Wrath and Fury of an incenſed God.

Oppoſer. Now I ſee thou art the Father of Lies, and I fear thee not; for behold the Firmament is clear and bright, the Sun ſhines in its meridian luſter, the Wind is calm, the Earth ſtill, and every thing tends to my Health, Peace, and Proſperity, and I am gently gliding down the delightful Streams of Pleaſure, and ſhall thus ſwim along for many years, in ſpite of thee and Fate.

Truth. I ſay, thou ſhalt dye before the tinkling Clock ſtrikes another hour; yea or ere its leſſer Wheels are gone twice about, thy head will begin to ake, thy knees to tremble, and thy blood to chill: view thy ſelf in yonder Glaſs, and thou wilt ſee thy Face turning pale, thy Lips wan, and thine Eyes heavy.

Oppoſer.

Oppoſer. True it is: O gaſtly ſight to me! I apprehended no more of this ſudden change a few minutes ago, than I dreaded Judgment was near, which I deem'd was a-far off; neither imagin'd I that thou didſt mean the Fabrick of my Body, when I revil'd thee as a forger of Falſities. O Pardon! I now own and lament my Indiſcretion; and ſhew Pity on me, becauſe my Pains are very great, even more than I am well able to bear: Neither be cruel, but commiſerate a Soul undone for ever, and call me here the College of Phyſicians, (I know they are ready in waiting for any beck,) that I may ſee if they can reſtore a Man in my ſad Eſtate.

Truth. Thou had'ſt better call on God for his Grace in this thy bitter Agony, ſince the Diſeaſes of thy Mind far exceed the Diſtempers of thy Body; ſo that they can no more reſtore thee to Health, or prevent thee from going quick into Hell, than an Infant can weigh the Cable of a Ship of War, when it lyes at an Anchor, and turn it a-drift; or a Boy of ten years old puli down the lofty *Cupola* of St. *Peters* at *Rome* with his little hand, and the ſtrength of a ſingle hair ty'd thereunto, to hale by: but nevertheleſs in Anſwer to thy deſire, I'll ſend them in. [*Appear Phyſicians.*]

Phyſicians. Why ſo diſpirited, our open handed Patient, ſince all the Ails that we perceive is only a ſlight Indiſpoſition of Body, occaſioned by ſome ill-digeſted Meats, or making merry

merry with thy Friends over full Rummers of delicious draughts: for ſhame diſpel thy Fears, and take of our well-prepared Elixirs; ſince we doubt not, but at our next viſit to find thee on the amending hand, if not as well as ever.

Oppoſer. I fear you are all Empiricks, and of no value, and that I ſhall find that your bitter draughts will be to as little purpoſe for quenching my turbulent diſtemper, and for ſaving my life, as thoſe Buckets of water, which were flung on the new kindled Fire, *September* the 2d, in the year 1666. when the City of *London* was almoſt totally deſtroy'd by thoſe increaſing Flames: and as for your Aſſurances you give me of a ſpeedy Recovery, I have as little Reaſon to rely upon them, as *James* II. had on the many Addreſſes of Loyalty, preſented unto him from all parts and Parties: for *Truth* ſays, I muſt dye; and he cannot err.

Phyſicians. Many thou knoweſt we have rais'd, whoſe Caſe has been more deſperate than this of thine; and why not thee, as well as them? Think on the ſtanding Proverb, *While there is Breath, there is Hope.* Come lay thee down on the Couch prepar'd, and ſtrive to doze to ſleep, and who knows but ſick Nature may find Relief.

Oppoſer. Tell not a Man of reſting, who is inſtantly going down to Eternal Ruin: know ye not, that I am he that made a mock of *Truth*;

Truth, and took a ſecret delight to make him odious, in the Eyes of my lewd Aſſociates? O then miſerable and unhappy me, who muſt now for ever lay me down in the diſmal ſhades of fearful horror! Hark, Hark, methinks I hear the voice of many *Devils*, ſaying, Come, let us go; *Oppoſer* to *Truth* is full ripe for our Harveſt. O come, come, let us go and reap him down. Hold me faſt, they are juſt coming in. [*Appear Devils.*]

Devils. Come thou true and truſty Drudge; as thou haſt been a faithful Slave to our Grand Tyrant *Lucifer*, we will not fail to ſee that thou art made as miſerable as any of us: therefore delay not, but undreſs and dye, ſince we cannot ſtay, becauſe we have many more of thy Brethren to gather in, in ſome part of the World or other, before to morrow Morning.

Oppoſer. Joyful is that News to me: pray then be ſo kind as to take them Firſt, and I ſhall ever remember it as a ſingular favour: And why? Becauſe I would fain lodge me here another night, notwithſtanding I am gript with Ten thouſand Pains: Be ſo compaſſionate, as to conſider it will be amazing enough to my poor Soul, to think of my going along with you a night or two hence.

Devils. Diſpute not with us, ſince we are but Meſſengers, and muſt obſerve Orders: if thou miſtruſteſt we are come to fetch thee before thy appointed time, here read over

our

our black Liſt, and thou wilt find that thou art the firſt nam'd therein, and therefore thou muſt go in Courſe: Then feign no more vain and frivolous Excuſes, or we'll drag thee away by violent Hands againſt thine Inclinations.

Oppoſer. Muſt I go, whether I will or not? O then undon me, whom no Warnings would reclaim, no Threats affright, no Council adviſe, or Judgment deterre. Lord, what would I give for life! had I as many loads of Pearls, as the brave *Ormond* ſeiz'd grains of Silver at the late Expedition on the *Spaniſh* Territories, and ten hundred thouſand times as many ſparkling Crowns, as *Alexander* the Great Conquer'd Roods of Land, when he could truly ſay, I have won a World; they ſhould all be parted with, and I would be content to wander as a Pilgrim in a Deſart, ſo that I might but by any means be redeem'd from this Deſtruction, tho' but for the term of a few years: but too late, too late! for now the cruel Imps are all at work to rend my Spirit from my Body of Fleſh; ſo that now it muſt ſtraggle I know not where, with millions of millions of infernal Fiends, miſerable Creatures loſt for aye.

Appear

Appear William *the* IIId, *and* Lewis *the* XIVth.

William. THo' I am dead, my Works yet ſpeak as if living; ſince it is well known to all, that I had never ſtept out of my Principality of *Orange* for a Golden Crown lin'd with Cares, or croſt the Ocean for a gilded Scepter loaded with croſs Vexations, but that I receiv'd a Commiſſion from a God, whom I could not ſay nay: As alſo was ſolicited by the repeated Petitions of the People of three Proteſtant Nations, whoſe Religion, Laws, and Liberties lay bleeding under great Oppreſſion, and in Jeopardy every hour, of falling a Victim to *Popiſh* Cruelty, ſo as never to revive again, whilſt the Sun ſhould ſhine by day or the Moon by night.

Lewis. O thou bitter Enemy to me, and my Glorious way of Worſhip! ſince great had been my Name, and mighty my Power, if thou hadſt not ſtop'd my Progreſs, and broke my well-laid Meaſures. Reaſon have I to curſe the Morn when thou firſt breathedſt; and wiſh the day had periſh'd, when it was ſaid, that thou *William* of *Naſſau* landed with thy Toops on the *Engliſh Weſtern* Shore: for he that then Reign'd was my very good Ally, and faithful Friend; and thoſe three Kingdoms had been my own long e're now, and the Eſtabliſh'd

bliſh'd Church of *England*, with the whole Proteſtant Intereſt had utterly been extinguiſh'd, and its Profeſſors had either ceas'd to have been a People, or fall'n down and worſhip'd me and my graven Images.

William. Doſt thou lament my Acceſſion to the *Britiſh* Throne, and grieve becauſe I blew up thy Hell-laid Deſigns, cunning Stratagems, and bloody Intrigues? Then what cauſe have I to repine at my ſad Misfortune, and ill Succeſs, who ventur'd my All to reſcue a Nation from thy wounding Cruelties, and yet many of its Inhabitants, profeſſing the name of Proteſtants, like a venomous brood of Vipers, have endeavour'd to betray my well-caſt intentions, to make them and their Poſterity truly happy: for it is known to thee, and all, that if it had not been for them, I had wounded thy Hand, and clipt thy Tongue ſo as thou would'ſt never have been able to have forg'd a falſe Will, or Proclaim'd thy Grandſon King of *Spain*; nor ever ſo much as have been able to have carried on another War after my Deceaſe, during the term of thy life.

Lewis. How canſt thou blame men for their Loialty to their Lawful Soveraign, and adhering to that new and Excellent Doctrine of Non-Reſiſtance, and Paſſive-Obedience, which hold, that whoſoever reſiſteth the Authority of their Superiors on whatever account (meaning my Brother *James*) tho' a profeſt *Romaniſt*, and an inveterate Enemy to the Hereticks, ſhould be damn'd

damn'd for ever? For they prove from ſacred Writ, that all Power was from above, and that there is no Power but of God.

William. Thou know'ſt that the deſign of theſe men was only levell'd at thy Intereſt, and the Deſtruction of poor *England*; ſince they knew that theſe portions of Scripture recorded in *Romans* 13. only related to ſuch as were Nurſing-Fathers to their People, and Defenders of their Liberties, not to thoſe who bought and ſold their Kingdoms, and broke their Coronation Oaths: for in that *Chapter* from whence they borrowed thoſe words to veil over their damnable deſigns, *Rulers are* (ſaith that Apoſtle) *not a terror to good Works, but to the Evil*; ſo that from thence it moſt evidently appears, that a wicked Monarch or Ruler is no more Commiſſionated from above, or ought to be obey'd, than one that comes to ſpill their Blood, or rob them of their Poſſeſſions. All which more fully appears from the ſame Apoſtle in the *4th verſe*, when ſpeaking of Governours, for *he is the Miniſter of God to them for good*, for *he beareth not the Sword in vain, for he is the Miniſter of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon them that do evil*: And in the *6th verſe*, ſaith St. *Paul*, *They are God's Miniſters, attending continually upon this very thing*; (i. e.) to Rule as Heaven Commands, and their Oath binds: Then ſure it is, that whenever any Prince breaks through thoſe faſt Tyes, and ſtrong Obligations, they forfeit their Crown and Dignity,

gnity, as much as a Man does his Bond by Non-payment, or an Embaſſador does his poſt of Honour, when he breaks his Prince's Orders, or joins his Enemies.

Lewis. Be the interpretation and meaning what it will, I'm ſure that the Doctrine of Paſſive Obedience and Non-Reſiſtance, was very neceſſary for the ſerving of my turn, and the anſwering my ends: for had that kind of Preaching gone on but ſome few years longer, the People of *England* might have been Conquer'd without a Standing Army, or ſo much as a drawn Sword; and any King might have taken away this People's Religion, Laws, and Liberties, and have given their Country to me, or the Grand *Turk*, without ſo much as ever receiving a Petition out of any County to have ask'd the Reaſon why they did ſo: and if a Stranger had in the interim come, and demanded the Reaſon, why they reſcu'd not their Country; their Anſwer would have been, It is the Advice of our Popiſh Council, and the Order of a *Romiſh* King, and we muſt obey it, becauſe our Teachers tell us, unleſs we do comply we ſhall be damn'd.

William. Miſchievous have been the Methods of proceeding of thoſe Vermin to me, and my good Subjects in particular, and to the whole Proteſtant Intereſt throughout all the World in general; and that which ſtill remains as a grief on my Spirits, I fear there are yet remaining ſome in my Territories, that ſtill whiſper

whiſper thoſe poyſonous Notions into my Peoples Ears, by ſaying, That neither I, nor my Succeſſor *Anne* are lawful Heirs to the Crown of Great *Britain*; and that the *Welch* Prince of thy Nurſing is the only lawful Succeſſor: but I hope ſhe will deſtroy thoſe Caterpillars from off the Land, ſince they are only *Devils* incarnate, and no more for God and true Piety, than they that believe there is no ſuch Being, or Practice in the World.

Lewis. I ſay, long may they live, and proſperous may they be, in their carrying on of my Intrigues, and deſtroying thoſe of mine Enemies: for ſhould they conſider their Country's intereſt, and ceaſe to be my Agents, farewel for ever to all my Pretenſions to Queen *Anne's* Imperial Crown, whom I have caſt ſo many envious Glances at: For I own, that could it be truly ſaid, that all the people of *Britain* and *Ireland* were joyn'd together as one Man, in Love to their God, Loyalty to their Soveraign, and Unity one towards another, all *Europe's* Strength, united to that of mine, could never be able to paſs her liquid Walls, ſo as to gain one Foot of her Rich Land: for are not her Territories bemoated round with mighty Floods and Streams of over-ſwelling Waters? But this Harmony will never be ſung forth in her's, or any other Reign: for behold many of her Natives have already turn'd their Religion into Noiſe, Form,

and Intereſt; ſo that whilſt I have Gold to bribe, they'll have a Conſcience to betray Fleets, Armies, and Kingdoms too, when ever it lies in their Power.

William. No more of them, whom my Soul abhors, and whom ſpeedy Vengeance will fall upon in an exemplary manner, either in this mortal State, or in the Dungeon of Hell, into which thou thy ſelf wilt be flung ere long, O thou blood thirſty Tyrant! for ſeeking my life by Conſpiracy, before I arriv'd to the Age of twenty two years.

Lewis. I never counted it at all unlawful or criminal, to ſlay thee an Heretick Prince; for could I but have found a Man in all the Troops of Guards, which the *Dutch* appointed for the preſervation of thy Perſon, the ſtroak ſhould have been then ſtruck, for thy attempting to grapple with me and my Forces, in thy younger days; as witneſs the driving of mine Army back with great loſs, when I commanded them to beat thee from thy Poſt at *Niencop*.

William. Talk no more of Wars and thy bloody Villany, but bethink thy ſelf of trouble and death: for I ſay unto thee, the time is near at hand, when thou wilt be forc'd to cry out as an Uſurper once did, 'I was fi-'niſh'd a Man by the curious Workings of 'the Almighty, Proclaim'd a King by the 'conſent of my People, and took a Solemn 'Oath to maintain their Rights, Liberties, and

'and Privileges; but behold my Pride has made 'me to rebel againſt my God, my Ambition hath 'undone me, and my Perjury hath made me 'a *Devil*, for which lewd Abominations, I am 'now abhorr'd by *Heaven*, abominated by my 'Nobles, and to be utterly damn'd without 'Mercy.

Lewis. Torment me not with ſuch ſerious Conſiderations as theſe, ſince my thoughts are already ſufficiently confus'd, being ſeiz'd with an horrible fit of Conſternation. And why? Becauſe many of my Allies begin to deſert me, my Coffers are even empty, and my Throne is tottering: but that which redoubles my *Agonies*, and recoils upon me with a mortal Throb, is the finding of my vigorous Nature deſerting me apace, and preparing to ſend me naked into another World, as ſoon as ever the *Lamp* of my Regal Glory ſhall all at once expire into a ſtinking Snuff, when I ſhall bloom and bloſſom in Victory no more.

William. I know thy Days have fleeted away, without any real Enjoyment of ſolid Pleaſure; and I now ſee that a courſe of many years have drawn the Furrows of Old Age upon thee, and thy few remains of Life will be ſpun out in Scenes of Miſery, and waſted by Expreſſes of bad Tidings; for thy Fame is already Eclips'd with Clouds of Infamy, and thy Cruelties, Lies, and Oppreſſions begin to fly in thy guilty Face, as ſo many hiſſing Ser-

pents to plague thee here, and to the longeſt Ages of Eternity hereafter

Lewis. I own that Honourable had been my hoary-head, if I had adorn'd it with Mercy and Clemency toward my Proteſtant Subjects, and ſtudied as much to make my People happy, as I did to make my Name famous; and now to recal my bloody Edicts, would appear as if I repented, which can by no means be, tho' I Cry, Weep, and Moan. And why? Becauſe the blood of the Saints whom I ſlew at the *Altar*, have ingrain'd my Soul with the malignant Spots of Sin, whereby I am become an Heir of God's diſpleaſure: therefore I entreat thee, O Great and Renowned *William*! to return to thy mournful *Tomb* of Reſt, that I may hide my ſelf in ſecret, and wait there, till the *Devils* come to puſh me down to *Hell*; which I Daily and Hourly expect, with horrible Gripes and dreadful Fears. And ſo Farewel, thou deceaſed Prince, and happy Soul! who wilt eternally Reign in Bliſs, when I am crowded down into the Gulph of Eternal Horror.

Appear Pilgrim, *and* Chriſtian, *and* Careleſs, *and* Libertine *at a Diſtance.*

Pilgrim. I Joy that I ſounded a Retreat from all the noyſie buſtle of a Licentious World, before Men grew ſo bad: for behold,

hold, ſince I took my progreſs *Sion*-wards, which is ſcarce forty five years ago, Great *Britain*, the Land of my Nativity, is become a *Sodom* in Vice, and a *Gomorrha* in all manner of filthy Communications: O aſtoniſhing is it and amazing to my Soul, to ſee ſo ſtrange an alteration in all our Dreſſes, Faſhions, and Modes! for her Iniquities are ſo great, and her Crimes ſo black, that even the very Blood chills in my *Veins*, leſt at this inſtant I ſhould hear the *Heavens* to roar with terrible Thunder-Claps of Vengeance, proceeding from the Wrath and Fury of an incenſed *God*, that can't ſuffer ſin with Approbation, and ſee Judgment come tumbling down, as a mighty Shower from the Throne of *Chriſt* the angry Judge, that can't retain his Fury, or ſtay his Diſpleaſure, when the Good are grown Bad, and the Righteous become Wicked; as is now too ſadly Experienced: for according to the antient Prophecies of the Son of God, the time is near at hand, and can't be far off, when the deſtroying Vials of the unmixt wrath of the great God, ſhall be pour'd out upon the Ungodly; ſince all appear to be full ripe for the Almighty's deſtroying *Sickle*. Therefore go I will, and ask them what they mean, and why they thus ſleep on in Sin, as a Man in a *Lethargy*, and ſtrive not to rouſe from the ſleep of Carnal Security: for ſure loud Cries, kind Intreaties, and cogent Arguments, will incite them to riſe up, as one did, and

ſay, 'Undone, undone for ever! My Soul is 'loſt, and what ſhall I do! O mercy, mercy, 'mercy Lord, without delay! for the Lightnings 'of the damn'd begin to flaſh about me, like 'floods breaking in on every ſide! O whither 'ſhall I go, I am all in a Maze.

Chriſtian. Can'ſt thou turn the Spring into Autumn, and the Autumn into Spring? Can'ſt thou cauſe the Corn to Ear in the middle of *December*, and make all the Fruits of the Earth to be full Ripe, before the Sun is in *Aries*? Can'ſt thou guide a Ship to *India* without an Helm, or pilot a Veſſel ſafe to Shore without a Bottom? Even no more can'ſt thou expect to wean the wanton out of their lewd and luſtful Embraces, or prevail with the wicked to reform, and Pray in the demonſtration of the Spirit: No, no; thou'lt ſee they will ſcorn, and turn thee off with a Laugh and a Frown, if not ſay, Be gone, thou moping Fool, are we not much wiſer than thy ſelf, and know our time to amend better than thou?

Pilgrim. Surpriſing Prodigy, and aſtoniſhing Wonder, not to be accounted for! Believe they in that God whom now I perfectly ſee in all his tranſcendent Glories, by the Proſpect of a true Faith? Own they not that *Jeſus*, who was Born of a Virgin in *Bethlehem*, Condemn'd at *Capernaum*, and Crucifi'd without the Gates of *Jeruſalem* on Mount *Calvary*, on the *6th* day of the *Jewiſh* Week? Own they not the third and laſt Perſon in the ever glo-

rious

rious Trinity to be their Leader into all manner of Truth, Integrity, and Holineſs of Life?

Chriſtian. All this in words they aſſent to, and much more: behold they will read, hear, and pray, but their Hearts are as far from God, as the Sun is from the fixed Stars: For their Youth is vain, their middle Age proud, and their old Age covetous: They luſt after that which cannot ſatisfie, ſeek for Enjoyment where none is to be found, and run in chaſe of Pleaſure where it is not to be attain'd: And why? Becauſe they never take a proſpect beyond Senſe, or deſire to know what is laid up for the Virtuous in another World. No: all that they hone after, is Periſhing, Fleeting, and Tranſitory; yea the whole terreſtrial Round cannot fill the triangular Heart of Man, or repleniſh with Peace an immortal Spirit.

Pilgrim. O that my Heart were a Fountain, and mine Eyes a Spring of Tears; I would ſit me down and cry, till upon this Wave of my life, my Soul were wafted over to the *Canaan*-ſhore of Bliſs, to think that vain Man, which came into the World but a while ago with a cry and a whimper, and muſt return out of it again, as it were to morrow, with a pant from his Breaſt, and a Tear in his Eye, ſhould yet live, as if his Breath were not precarious, and his Life a Dream! O my God! may not the youngeſt, healthieſt, and ſtrongeſt amidſt us all, lean back and dye, before

three minutes paſs over, or a Man can count twelve ſcore?

Chriſtian. Such thoughts as theſe have often made me ſtand abaſh'd, to ſee the Mucklings loading up heap upon heap, and adding Houſe to Houſe, as if they were to ſurvive the duration of many Thouſands of Years; or as if it had never yet been ſounded forth, that any one ſince Chriſt ſuffer'd in the fleſh, went in at the narrow Door of Death, to lay their lifeleſs Corps to ſleep in the boſom of the conſuming Duſt. Lord! is not Man's days as a Morning quickly gone, and an Evening ſoon ſpent?

Careleſs. What melancholy Abby Chimes are theſe, that ſound ſo mournful in our Ears! Surely this is the voice of ſome weeping Widow, or ſorrowful Virgin, that have loſt their dearly beloved, and deſign themſelves to toll their laſt knell. O may they ceaſe their mournful ſounds, and cry no more, that *Libertine* and I may chant out ſome new Songs of mirth in the Lap of a ſtrange Woman, or amidſt our jovial Companions: for are not ſuch Evening Entertainments much more refreſhing to our Spirit, than the Groans of the Mourners in ſecret? If ſo, let thoſe ſorrow, that think they ſhall dye before it be long; we will ſport it away, becauſe we expect to live very long.

Libertine. Sure, *Careleſs*, thou and I have loſt our way, and are fallen into a Charnel-Houſe, where

where ſome ſorrowful Souls bewail the too haſty Fate of their Friends, among Heaps of dead Mens bones, that ought to be forgot as well as hid, ſince I never in my life before heard ſo much talk of Death and the Grave in theſe parts of the World, in ſo much that it even bereaves me of all my Joys, and makes me very ſad. What malignant Planet led us here, and why came we by this way to night! I fear we ſhall not find the beaten track, that leads to the Courts of Jollity, till the early Morn begins to dawn, and ſends us forth its Orient Beams of Light. But cheer up, to morrow is a new day, and we'll then make amends for all, and redeem our loſt hours, by laughing away the drouzy thoughts of a dying night, and the heavy conſiderations of an accounting hour.

Pilgrim. O you fooliſh ones, whither ſo faſt? Stay, let's reaſon the caſe a while together. Come be perſwaded, diveſt your ſelves of theſe gaudy Plumes of Pride, and go on Pilgrimaging along with *Chriſtian* and me: for behold, our Road is the way to Rivers of Pleaſures, and our Paths lead to Eternal Joys. And why? Becauſe our Converſe is amongſt the Saints, and our Study is on the Statutes of the moſt High, whence Peace and Aſſurance for ever. Then be adviſ'd, and learn to be diſcreet, affable, and good; modeſt, patient, and obliging, during the continuance of a ſhort life; ſince happy are they that adorn their Souls in all things

like

like unto God their Maker; it will be their own e're long.

Careleſs. Go your ways, ye impertinent Fools, and think not to decoy *Libertine* and me out of the cooling Bowers of ſenſual Enjoyments: ſee ye not that we are in the full vigour of Youth, and bloom as ſo many Bloſſoms newly blown; behold, we are beautiful, luſty, and ſtrong, and well furniſh'd with heaps of Gold to ſupport us in a Life of pleaſure, and make us merry all our days: Then ceaſe your pratling Tongues, or we'll hiſs you off the Stage of the World's great Theatre, and call for the ſounding Trumpets, and ſinging Maids, to joyn their melodious Voices together in conſort: For what harmony is there like to that?

Pilgrim. There will be no ſuch ſounds of Mirth to divert your fancy with, when you come to lye roaring on the Bed of God's Wrath, in the lower Abyſs, to the Ages of the longeſt Eternity, whither you muſt retreat within a while, unleſs you repent, and go along with us. Think ye it is a fine thing to ſit in the Pit, and hear many idle Songs proceeding from Hearts canker'd by the malignity of Vice? Alas! they are all jarring Noiſes to a Righteous Mind, and would appear quickly ſo to you, if you would be ſo wiſe as to go along with us, and hear thoſe ſweeter Lays that are warbled forth, as we travel homeward, by whole flights of the Airy Inhabitants, betimes

times in every Morn, and when it draws near to Night, whilſt we are walking o're the flowery Meads, ſtately Foreſts, and delightful Greens; beſides the abundance of comfortable Notes, and Raviſhing Melody, proceeding from the Applauſe of a Conſcience charm'd into a calm, by the raviſhing ſounds of a *Well done Servant.*

Libertine. If ſo very pleaſing, pray, why ſtay you here, and proceed not in your Travels thither, and let us alone to our ſelves, ſince we are purpoſely reſolv'd to continue in the Metropolitan City, and to glut our Senſes with Court-Diverſions, and Evening Balls. O ſweet is it to us, to run the round of worldly Delights, and ſeek for ſome further and yet undiſcover'd Happineſs; for it is time enough to be ſerious, when we have ſpent forty or fifty Years in an uninterrupted courſe of Pleaſure; and when our five Senſes begin to fail us; then, and not before, we'll faſhion our ſelves to you, and ſay over a few Prayers, and ſo dye in the Winter of old Age, and take a flight to Glory, and be no leſs eternally happy than you: for according to the Scriptures, Whenſoever a ſinner Repents and Believes, he ſhall be ſaved; as witneſs the Thief on the Croſs. So that we are much wiſer than you, in firſt freely enjoying all the good things of this life; and when theſe can yield us no further Pleaſure, we will then make ſure of thoſe of the Life to come.

Chriſtian.

Chriſtian. Shall I tell you my laſt night's Dream? Who knows but that it relates to you? I fancy'd I ſaw two *Beaus* of the Town leading along a pair of painted *Jezabels*, and behold two Youths, much like your ſelves, met 'em, and demanded their Ladies; on which words aroſe, and Swords were drawn on both ſides, and the two Women-Robbers receiv'd their Death's Wound. Take care to prevent any danger, retreat, and go to the *Houſe of Prayer* with us, and then our Souls for yours, no evil ſhall betide you, or come near your dwelling.

Careleſs. A dreaming ſtory indeed, and ſcarce worth our harkning unto. But admit we ſhould attempt ſuch an Enterpriſe, no Evil could befal us, or indanger our lives: And why? Becauſe we have learnt the Noble Science of Fencing, and are ſo capable of defending our own Perſons, that nothing could be more deſirable to us, than to meet with ſuch an Enterpriſe; for we'd ſoon bereave the Sparks of their Miſſes and Honour: and on a ſecond thought, ſome part of your Dream is true; for we were the other night on our Patroul, in chaſe of ſuch a Prize, but could not light on any to pleaſe our Novel Humours.

Chriſtian. We pity your egregious folly, and weep to ſee your fond Conceit, and hear your Brags; we fear ere long you'l be oblig'd to diſcourſe

diſcourſe at another rate, and call out for *Pilgrim* and me to Pray for you. But we tell you, it will then be too late, and our Petitions will avail you nothing; ſince you'l fall into horrid fits of deſpair, and dye before the next *Morning* breaks. O now the Tragedy is near, and nothing can prevent, unleſs you betake your ſelves to flight, or learn to be Civil in your behaviour: For behold the *Ruffians*, whom I but now ſpoke of, are juſt by; ſee! they are coming in.

Careleſs. Why ſo ſurpris'd, let them once tread the Stage, and then we'll Execute our deſign, and bereave 'em of their charming *Dalila's*, and drive them off at once. Come here they are, we'll bid em deliver their Charge to our wanton Care.

Pilgrim. There; now the Swords are drawn, and already ſheath'd in your Bowels; for the blood guſheth out of your open wounds in great abundance, and ye'll ſoon expire: tell me now, how much better it would have been for you to have taken warning in time, and have gone with *Chriſtian* and me to the Houſe of Devotion, and have prevented all this Miſchief? Now you cry, when we cannot help; and mourn, when the day of Grace is over, and the Sun of your life is juſt a ſetting.

Libertine. O that we had been counſelled by you, or at leaſt not ſeen this melancholick

lick Hour; why ended not we our life in our Mother's Womb, or gave up our Breath before we ſinn'd? Then we had not ſeen the opening of this bloody day, or lain weltring in this miſerable ſtate! Is there no hiding our Souls from the all-ſeeing Eye of Heaven, or ſhutting them up in a Tabernacle of Oblivion, ſo as never to be thought on more by *God*, *Men*, or *Devils*?

Chriſtian. No, that can't be; they muſt now roll for ever on the Couch of Pain, and be preſt down with Divine Vengeance into the Almighty's Priſon, where *Lucifer* Reigns, and his Imps are ever plaguing; where the fewel of the Fire is never exhauſted, and the tormenting Flames are never extinguiſh'd.

Libertine. Strive to ſtop our bleeding wounds, tho' it be but for a while, that we may linger out ſome Moments longer, to recite our Follies, and warn others to flee youthful Luſts, that ſo vigilantly war againſt the Soul: for now we are convinc'd, that the Almighty fram'd us not after ſo curious a manner, only to pick up Harlots, Wanton, and dye; but to live as you *Pilgrim* and *Chriſtian* do, who have doubtleſs made a Covenant with your Eyes to abſtain from vain Glances, and unchaſt Thoughts; from looſe Embraces, and tempting Amours; from idle Company, and alluring Objects; to retreat, Cry, and Pray; to Hide, Sigh, and Moan: to Repent, Faſt, and Sorrow, and even ſometimes refrain from refreſh-

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ing Pleaſures, lawful Recreations, and rational Sports; to be chearful and not merry; to ſmile, but not laugh; to ſpeak divinely, but not prophanely; to be converſant, but not too much; often in Secret, but not in Publick; fervent in Prayer, and frequent in Devotion.

Chriſtian. How raviſhing would theſe your Diſcourſes have been to your ſelves and us, if ye had ſounded a Retreat from worldly Luſts, and ſet out for Heaven when we entreated you, for the ſake of *Chriſt*, and the love of your own Souls: But now we take all your Diſcourſes of an Holy Life, to be only extorted from you by the near approach of ſudden Death, and the Pangs of a Spirit going to be undone for ever. True: you ſay, *God* breath'd not into Man his own Breath, and lent him the Organs of life to Riot, Dance, and Play; but to open the Window that looks into the other World, and take a fair Proſpect, by the Eye of Faith, of Heaven and Hell, to ſee which is the moſt deſirable Place, for the Image of an Infinite Being to Centre in, whiles living here, and for ever hereafter, when time is done. We ſay, had you thus taken a view by the Eye of a lively Belief, and caſt ſome wiſhful glances upon the lofty Habitation of Bliſs, you would have ſeen ſuch Joys in the higher Sphere of God's Reſt, and ſuch Horror in the lower Regions of Pain, that would have been ſufficiently efficacious

efficacious, to have baffled and confronted a Thouſand ſuch Temptations as theſe, if not occaſion'd you to have cry'd out, as one did, 'What are all theſe varniſh'd Objects, to thoſe 'I have eſpy'd above the yonder ſhining 'Sky? Are they not a Shadow, and leſs than 'nothing, when compar'd together? If ye had thus ſaid, and done, ye had never ſeen this bloody and fatal day, or dy'd with ſuch Convictions and convulſive Pangs of Conſcience.

Careleſs. Haſt, and ſhade us, ye hov'ring Clouds, and hide us, as in a dark Night, from the enraged Anger of an incenſed Power, ſo as we may never be ſeen amidſt the Curſed, or endure their Anguiſh: For how can we think to live in Pain for ten thouſand of millions of Ages, who thought it an hard matter to be confin'd for a few days by a ſlight Indiſpoſition of Body, tho' in a painted Room of State, attended with many Waiters, and a Crowd of viſiting Friends? Is the day of Accounts come, and will no Groans atone, no Cryes be heard, or no Tears entreat a Pardon for the baſe Crimes of a vicious life?

Pilgrim. The time of God's being found is over, and no Complaint will now avail; ſo that you muſt be loſt without reprieve, ſince all that I can do for either of you is, to mourn, when I hear your ſad Accents; grieve, when you Weep; and lament, that you

you would not be advis'd, when intreated. Alas! I can now no more aſſiſt, help, or aid your inthralled Souls in this your bitter Extremity, than an Infant of a ſpan long, or a Babe that is but five days old, who underſtands and knows nothing of your Grief, and is altogether unacquainted with your inward bleedings: for what can be ſaid, or done for a Man, that has given the chief of his ſtrength to an Harlot, and the flower of his Life to *Satan's* will; and then, when the vigour of Luſt is allay'd, and he can be ſerviceable to *Hell* no longer, out of fear of ſpeedy Puniſhment, he brings to the Almighty a rotten and putrify'd Carcaſe, and a Spirit all-over vitiated with ſin; which indeed is all ſuch a Man then hath, and which is a Sacrifice *God* abhors.

Libertine. True, but terrible is your Meſſage: Right, but amazing is your Language: Real, but aſtoniſhing are your words: And why? Becauſe every Sentence you utter, is as a thouſand Arrows wounding our Hearts, and piercing our Conſciences. O fools we, to give the firſt and beſt of our Deſires to Strumpets, and other fading Vanities of life, whoſe Souls were too great to be fill'd with this World, or ſatisfied with any of its Enjoyments. O then open ye wide Caverns of the Earth, and ye Heavens, that are beneath the Earth, and let us drop throrow your Bowels, into that Vacuum beneath your Foundation, and under your vaſt Round, ſo that we may be for-ever falling down

lower and lower into thoſe ſtrange Regions, where nothing dwells, or any thing lives; and then ſhut up your open doors, and skreen us from the Torments of the damn'd, and the noiſe of their Howlings.

Chriſtian. Your Sorrows, Convulſions, and Lamentations, even make my Heart to break, my Soul to moan, my Eyes to weep, and my Bowels to earn; but I can't ſpeak peace to your Souls, or direct you whither to flee out of ſight: for ſhould I convey you into a loneſome Deſart, and cover you there all over with green Leaves, *God* would hear your breath: ſhould I lay you in my Father's Tomb, and roll a Stone over you, the penetrating Eye of Infinity would ſee you plain; or ſhould I hide you in an *Hermit*'s Cave, and pen you up with a Wall of Rocks, *Devils* would creep in at ſome Chink or other, and wait for the ſeparation of your Souls from your Bodies, and hurry them away to the Priſons of darkneſs, whether I wou'd or not: what then would you have me to do for you, or whither ſhall I go to bring you Hopes?

Careleſs. Is it ſo, that we muſt roll down into a Lake of Flames; let it be into that of a Material Fire, that we may be waſted and conſum'd therein: but that we fear will not be granted; for we ſhall be thrown into a Furnace of Horror and Deſpair, where our Souls and Bodies will never decay, or diminiſh, but ever remain overwhelm'd with Confuſion and

and in tortures of Conſcience, where *God* will forget to be gracious, and undon Spirits remember to torment us. O now, now, even now we faint, the laſt drops of our Blood are juſt a trickling out of our fatal Wounds, and our Souls are on their flight *Hell*-wards, ſo that now we bid Adieu to a damning World, and an hearty Farewel to travelling *Pilgrim*, and praying *Chriſtian*, whoſe Faces we ſhall ſee no more, unleſs it be when they ſtand amidſt the Aſſembly of bleſſed ones, to aſſent to our juſt Puniſhment, and doom us down to darkneſs; when we poor unhappy wretches muſt ſtand ſneaking behind curſed Fiends, and forlorn Nights. Behold, this is the Tragical End of *Careleſs*, and *Libertine*, and ſuch will be the Cataſtrophe of every impenitent ſinner.

Pilgrim. My fleſh trembles, my Joints ſhake, and I am altogether ſurrounded with horrible dread, for the unhappineſs of thoſe two poor ones: but ſurely their Fall will arouſe others out of the ſleepy dreams of Folly, and cauſe them to purchaſe Heaven at any rate: for had I as many Kingdoms as I have lived Moments, as many glittering Crowns as there are Stars in Heaven, and as many Golden Scepter's as there are Atoms in the Sun, I would freely relinquiſh all, and embrace the moſt inferior condition, rather than run the hazard of committing any one wilful or premeditated ſin, or breaking thro' any of *Heaven's* poſitive Commands.

Chriſtian. I'm ſo over oppreſt with Sorrow, and overcharg'd with Grief, that I could even deluge the World once again with my penitential Tears, for fear leſt I ſhould miſcarry, after all my Fighting, Striving, and Praying, Cries, Intreaties and Longings for, and in purſuit of Glory, ſince it is recorded in the ſacred Volume of God's Decree, that the Righteous ſhall ſcarcely be ſav'd.

Pilgrim. All that is requir'd of you, me, or any other, is to redouble our Diligence, to amend our Pace, and to be always on our Watch-Tower; that is ready to cry out for aid, mercy, and relief, on the firſt approach of any Temptation towards the Fortreſs of our Souls, either relating to Thought, Word, or Action.

Chriſtian. O but much better would it be, if Death ſhould come, and take us into its cold embraces, now we are prepar'd and full ripe for Joys; and not let us run the riſque, of being any more Enchanted with the Enticements of ſin: For is not Fleſh and Blood weak and liable to offend ſeven times, if not ſeventy times ſeven in a day? Then we might ſay with joy, O happy ſeaſon and bleſſed opportunity, when we have won *Heaven*, tho' it be by ſacred Violence, and entred its Gates, tho by a violent Storm, and the force of Faith; for a good thing it is to be above the reach of deluding Snares, and out of the fear of impending Dangers, in a Manſion where there will be no Trembling, no Dread, no Terrors to affright, or painful Aches

Aches to torment, and where we ſhall have Royal Crowns fixt on our Conquering Heads, and Noble Scepters put into our vanquiſhing Hands; ſo as the one will never thenceforth be in Pain, or the other ſhake with a paralytick fit any more.

Pilgrim. Thy diſcourſes on Glory have ſo charm'd my Heart, and raviſh'd my Soul into ſuch a divine Extaſie, and rapturous Tranſport, that I could even be content to Hunger, Thirſt, and Want; to Run, Sweat, and Toil; to undergo trials of Mockings, Scourgings, and Impriſonments; to retreat into Caverns, Dens, and Deſarts; to hide in Caves, Holes, and Huts; to Sigh, Weep, and Languiſh; to Grieve, Cry, and Pine; to be hung on Gibbets, whipt on Poſts, and burnt at Stakes; to be impal'd on Spikes, broken on Wheels, and bruis'd in Mortars; to be lanc'd with Spears, boil'd in Oyl, and roll'd in Flames; for as many years, as there are Moments in an hour, ſo that I could be ſure of ſeeing my ſweet Jeſus with comfort at laſt.

Chriſtian. None ſo happy, as they who are call'd out to ſuffer, and can bear all Pains with a bravery of Mind and a conſtancy of Spirit, and ſay, as one did: *Slaſh on, my Barbarous Enemies; the more ſtrokes you give me, the patienter I'll bear them; the harder you ſtrike on my bare Back, ſo much the louder ſhall be my Hymns of Praiſe; and the more melted pitch you drop into my gaping Wounds, the oftner I'll cry out, Halte-*

lelujah pour in, Hallelujah ſpare not, Hallelujah, it is all as precious Oyntment to cure a Soul that has ſinn'd.

Pilgrim. Strange is the courage and conſtancy of Soul, that many Chriſtians have ſhewn in the midſt of unexpreſſible Tortures, and cruel Sufferings! and what ſhould be the Efficient Cauſe of ſo much meekneſs, calmneſs, and conſtancy of Spirit, but a ſtedfaſt Faith, and a promis'd Reward; without which they could never have ſail'd, as it were, through deep Seas of blood, as if it had been only over a ſtill Stream, or a pleaſant Brook?

Chriſtian. I hope it will not be lookt on as a ſtrange kind of Doctrine, if I give it in, as my Opinion, That many of thoſe Noble Martyrs, who dy'd for a Righteous Cauſe, felt no more Pain, when they were bruis'd and wounded, than I do at this inſtant of time: As witneſs *Shadrach*, *Meſhach*, and *Abednego*; *Laynam* the Martyr, Biſhop *Ferrara*, and *John Jones*, with many others, whoſe names ſtand recorded in Sacred Writ and the Book of Martyrs; ſo that I look upon ſuch Men to have endur'd no more Pain, than if they only had ſuffer'd *in Effigie:* why then ſhould any *Chriſtian*, who is on his march to Glory, and deſigns to win *Chriſt*, coſt him what ever it will, dread, when the wicked threaten, faint, when Sentence is paſs'd, and recant, when they ſee the Fire kindled; ſince they know not, but that Hour may be the moſt pleaſant part of their whole

whole Life, if not exceed that of an Earthly Prince's Coronation-day?

Pilgrim. Where all is right within, there can be no flinching backwards without; ſince a good Man always keeps on his way, let what will come, and travels through all the Defiles, Dangers, and Difficulties: Not but that his Face may turn pale, his Heart ake, and his Body ſhrink back for a while; but he fails not to gain courage, and goes into the Furnace, that he may be try'd as Gold when it is refin'd: ſo that I only compare ſuch Recoylings, when Death-Tortures, and their Murderers look 'em in the Countenance, to what is done by a Man that is reſolv'd to leap over a Trench, Ditch, or Brook; he makes ſome Motions backwards and forwards, before he takes his laſt Run and final Leap, which carries him to the other ſide.

Pilgrim. Hark, hark! I hear *Formaliſt* and *Informer* whiſpering privately together; I fear there is ſome deſign of Perſecution in hand againſt tender Conſciences: O that there may be nothing in it! Not that I dread what Men or *Devils* can do to me; for ſhould they riffle me of my goods to day, God will give me Patience or ſend me more to Morrow; ſince he has ſaid, *I will never leave thee, nor forſake thee, nor ſhall thy Seed ever beg their Bread:* But my great concern is for the Peace, and Tranquillity of my Native Country, which I love as a Man loves his own Soul; and the

black Apprehenſions I have, that many Profeſſors will chuſe rather to act againſt Conſcience, than to be plunder'd of their Houſes, and Lands; which by no means ſhould be done, even tho' by ſo doing they deny not the Faith.

Chriſtian. What Frenzy is this that makes thee talk at ſuch a Rate, and what means thy running into this ſtrange kind of Suſpicions? For is not all quiet and ſtill? The Eſtabliſht Church of *England* is fixt upon ſuch firm Foundations, that even the malice of Hell, and wicked Doers, cannot batter it down, or make it totter. The *Queen* has ſign'd to maintain the Presbyterial Government of the Kingdom of *Scotland*, and gven her Princely Promiſe to allow Liberty of Conſcience at home: and as for the Princeſs *Sophia*, and all her Heirs, which are to mount the Throne after her Majeſty's Deceaſe, they are Princes of healing Spirits, lovers of Unity, and Concord among Proteſtants of every Perſwaſion. The greateſt part of the Biſhops and Clergy, with above two Thirds of their Auditors, are known to be Perſons of the ſame Divine Temper of Mind and Will, as to their Moderation towards their Diſſenting Brethren: ſo then what Diſaſter can betide us? Come, be perſuaded, and reſume thy former Reaſon, and talk no more of any Deſigns to interrupt our Liberties, or diſturb the tranquillity of Chriſt's Flock.

Pilgrim. Be not ſo dark-ſighted, but ſee the gathering

gathering Clouds, that wicked Men are raiſing over our heads: I tell thee my talk is not idle Chat, or as a ſleepy Dream, but real and true, as will abundantly appear anon: For it is well-known by many, that there have been Deſigns of Perſecution on the Anvil ever ſince Great *William* dy'd. Stay but a while, and you'l ſee the Perſons, whom I but now nam'd mount the Stage, appearing in all their natutural Colours, and declaring the real Intentions of their Minds.

Chriſtian. I hope there are now no ſuch inveterate Spirits, and Ruiners of themſelves and others: if there be, I wiſh they were baniſh'd their native Soil, ſo as they never might return; ſince it is evident, that they have been the ſcource of all our Wars, Ruins, and Miſeries; and if infinite Goodneſs had not ſtept in and ſav'd us, they had long ere now imbroil'd us in Civil Wars, involving us in Blood-ſhed and ſad Diſtractions; and we had been cutting each others Throats, while the French Tyrant's Troops had entred our wide Breaches, and cut us off Root and Branch; for that, and none other, was and is the deſign of ſuch Men, be their Pretenſions what they will: I except neither Parties, but ſay, that they were as vile Villains, and of no Religion, that took away the Church Lands, murdred ſome of our Biſhops, flung many of our Clergy into Goals, and riffled abundance of our Commonalty of moſt or all their Poſſeſſions; as they, who

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in the late Perſecution of King *Charles* the Second's Reign, run poor diſſenting Miniſters into Priſon, ſhut up their places of Divine Worſhip, and robb'd their Auditors of their Inheritance.

Chriſtian. But till I hear and ſee them, of whom you are now afraid, I'll be no leſs incredulous than *Thomas* the Diſciple, and will not believe that there are any ſuch Caterpillars now living on God's Earth, unleſs they are ſome Monks and Fryars dreſt up in Maſquerade; for ſure I am, true Proteſtants they are none. Should I be ſo Curious, as to take one hundred of theſe Perſons, that perſecuted the Proteſtant Diſſenters in King *Charles* the 2*d*'s Reign, and the like number of them, which Perſecuted the People of the Eſtabliſh'd Church of *England* in *Oliver*'s time, and examine them thoroughly; not one of either Party would appear worth the name of a Chriſtian, or the one e're a whit better than the other: But as they were Devils, and Enemies to God and Goodneſs in their outward Actions, even ſo they would be found alſo in the inward Man. Were I admitted freely to deliver my Sentiments on this Head, this I would ſay, That I had, and ever ſhall have, more Charity for Murderers, Calumniators, Robbers, Adulterers, Swearers, and Revilers, than for the Perſecutors of any Sect, or Party whatſoever; eſpecially if they are ſuch as own the ſound Doctrine and Diſcipline of the Church of *England*,

land, or are for Presbytery, or are Independants: And why? Becauſe they are Murderers of the Soul, as well as of the Body; Soul-accuſers, as well as Body-accuſers; Soul-robbers, as well as Bodily-robbers; Soul-drinkers, as well as Bodily-drinkers; Soul-adulterers, as well as Bodily-adulterers; Soul-ſwearers, as well as Bodily-ſwearers; Soul-revilers, as well as Bodily-revilers.

Pilgrim. Shall I call them in?

Chriſtian. Yes; I ſhould be willing to ſee their Phyſiognomy, that I may ſhun their Converſation, and expoſe 'em to Shame and Contempt, by marking their Fore-heads, and regiſtring their Names in the black Calendar of Ignominy and Reproach.

Appear Formaliſt, *and* Informer.

Formaliſt. BLow the Trumpet, ſound the Organ, and tune the Harp, for *William* the Treacherous, *William* the Uſurper, *William* the Tyrant is dead, and gone down to the Chambers of Death. O then come, and let us ſing with a merry Noiſe, and drink our full Bowls of cheering Wine, becauſe he that Dethron'd our Dread Soveraign *James*, the Son of a Martyr, is laid in the Bed of Oblivion, and ſhall never more be remember'd amongſt the living. Therefore ſing aloud for joy, becauſe now is the time to pull down all the Phanatick Tribes of Schiſmaticks from the eminent

nent Poſts, to which, through the Indulgence of the former Uſurpation, they were advanc'd, and to ſet up our Companions in their ſtead, that we may revenge our former Wrongs, by turning the face of Publick Affairs topſie turvy.

Informer. Sure I am, unhappy day was that to me, and all others of my Occupation, when *William Henry* of *Naſſau*, the Uſurper, aſcended the Throne, and Proclaim'd his Will of Indulgence to all Sectariſts, Parties, and Opinions in Religion: ſince that time we have all lain under the ſcandal of Ignominy, Shame, and Diſgrace, and been reduc'd to many Straits, Wants, and Neceſſities: ſeeing to Work was a thing no wiſe ſuiting our Genius; to Steal was liable to Puniſhments, which alſo we could not with patience endure; and to Beg was a degree below our Honour, which we could not away with: for no Art, Calling, or Employ, fitted our humours, tempers, and perſons better, than informing againſt Profeſſors, with a Commiſſion from Court, Prince, and Council, to protect us in our Informations, Rifflings, and Robberies, of all that refuſe to run into the ſame exceſs of Villany, Perjury, and Falſhood, with our ſelves.

Formaliſt. Chear up; it can't be long e're you and your followers will be re-inſtall'd and flouriſh in that Poſt, when you may at your will hale the Whiggiſh Tribe away to Priſon, demoliſh their Meeting-Places, and diſperſe

ſperſe their Conventicles, and enjoy their Eſtates; for behold their Poſſeſſions are very great.

Informer. Could we but come into Repute once more, we would make ſuch good uſe of our time, as to purchaſe more in one Year, than we formerly did in three or four: for we would be ſo induſtrious in our Calling, ſo laborious and vigilant in our Buſineſs, that if any of the wealthieſt of them did but attempt to paſs by the door of their Sanctuaries, or offer to peep in thereat, we would prove upon Oath, that they were at a Meeting on ſuch a day, hour and minute, and ſo increaſe our Revenues ſo much the more: we would alſo add to their number, thoſe that we call Trimmers and moderate Church-men, and be rather more ſevere towards them, than the former; ſince if it had not been for ſuch Moderators in Religion as they, we had been call'd to our work of Perſecution long ere now.

Pilgrim. I hear you, O ye curſed Imps, ye Vipers in Devil's ſhapes, and ye greater ſinners, than thoſe on whom the Tower of *Siloam* fell. Tremble and fear ye wicked ones, leſt the Earth open her Mouth, and ſwallow you all down quick into her hollow Caverns: Be amaz'd, I ſay, and wonder, that ye are not ſtruck down dead, and damn'd: For behold, ye are Rebels to the moſt high God, Traitors to the Prince that was ſent to ſave you, and Promoters of Popery,

pery, Slavery, and an Arbitrary Power. I ask you not what Party, Sect, or Body of Chriſtians ye pretend to be joyn'd unto, ſince ye are only a ſcandal to any Religious Society whatſoever: For let me tell you, a *Turk*, a *Jew*, or a *Heathen*, has more Morality, and is more obedient to the Dictates of Juſtice and Equity, implanted in their Minds by the light of Nature, than any of you. O ye Spawn of the Devil, ye abhor'd of the Almighty, and ye Companions of Hell! For are not you as it were moulded and made up of Hypocriſie, and dreſt in the looſe Garments of Forms, Ceremonies, and vile Abominations? I had almoſt ſaid, that even the fall'n Angels, which are now accompanying and aſſiſting the Grand Tyrant *Lucifer* in the Lower Regions of Perſecution, and have ſo done for many Thouſands of Years, have more humanity, mercy, and goodneſs for their Brethren the damn'd, than any of you have for good and Righteous Men. And why? Becauſe your aim, deſign, and intention, is at the Dethroning your Right and Lawful Soveraign *Anne*, the Subverſion of our Settlement, and the ſetting up of a *Popiſh Baſtard* upon the Imperial Throne of *Britain*; nay, ye are all ſo egregiouſly vile, barbarous, and cruel, that could you but execute your Spleen, Malice, and Revenge againſt the poor Proteſtant Diſſenters, ye car'd not if the Streets of our Cities, Towns, and Villages, run down with

with Seas, Rivers, and Brooks of Blood; and this cry were heard from the good Wives of every Houſe; *My Princeſs, my Liberty, and my Country are deſtroy'd; my Husband, my Father, and my Son are Slain; my Daughter is raviſh'd, my Neighbour is ruin'd, and I am undone*: Nay, your paſſions are ſo violently hot, and flamingly outragious againſt every tender Conſcience, that your Blood even boils with Revenge, your Reaſon is overcome with Barbarity, and your Tongues are hiſſing with Spleen, as ſo many venomous Serpents, becauſe your ſtings are taken away.

Chriſtian. Now I ſee what they have cloſely aim'd at; and behold, what a ſtate of Confuſion we had all been in ere this day, if they had not been twice baffled by the defeat of two of their principal Deſigns; once by her Majeſty's granting a Liberty to every Profeſſor, to ſerve the Father of Mercies, as their Conſcience directs: and a ſecond time by the Lords and Commons, their throwing out the Bill for preventing Occaſional Conformity.

Pilgrim. Had that paſt the Royal Aſſent, it would have run them into ſuch an extaſie of Rejoicing, or rather Madneſs, that they would have been for drawing up, and preſenting another, of much worſe Conſequence, and which, I fear, would have made it an eaſie matter to have introduc'd *Lewis* the XIV*th.* with his trump'd up Prince, without any great charge, coſt, or pains, to have invaded our Kingdoms,

maſſacred

maſſacred our Perſons, and ſet up his Idolatrous Worſhip, ſince we ſhould have done, among our ſelves, the greateſt part of the work ready to his hands, by our falling out into inteſtine Broils, and deſtroying each other, as the *Jewiſh* Nation did in the days of *Titus Veſpaſian.*

Formaliſt. I ſpeak not to thee, *Pilgrim*, but to thee, *Chriſtian*, to anſwer me theſe two pertinent Queſtions, and then I'll refute you by your own Writings, Words, and Expreſſions. The firſt is, What Community you are a Member of? The ſecond, What is your Faith concerning the Holy Trinity?

Chriſtian. As to your firſt Queſtion, I anſwer, That I am a genuine Son of one of the beſt Eſtabliſh'd, Govern'd, and Diſciplin'd Churches in the whole World, which is that of *England*, as it is now Eſtabliſh'd by good and wholſome Laws: And as to the ſecond, I reply, My Faith is comprehended in the firſt Article of that moſt holy, pure, and unſpotted Church, which is to confeſs, that *There is but One living and true God everlaſting, without body, parts, or paſſions; of infinite Power, Wiſdom, and Goodneſs; the Maker and Preſerver of all things, both viſible and inviſible; and in Unity of this God-head there be three Perſons of one Subſtance, Power, and Eternity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt.*

Formaliſt. Now I have you under the Hatches, and will expoſe all ſuch pretenders to that Church,

Church as you are, to Scorn, Hatred, and Contempt, even from *Dan* to *Beerſheba*; ſince it is now proved and atteſted, even by all, that you are the Author of that Book, Entituled, *Meditations of a Divine Soul*: wherein are contain'd many Heads unbecoming a Member of that ſpotleſs Communion of Chriſtians: for therein you ſtrenuouſly maintain, that he is not a Schiſmatick that deſerts its Communion, and pays not Obedience to its Laws, Rules and Conſtitutions: In a word, it is a Work wherein are contain'd ſuch pernicious Notions, as are able, if reduc'd to practice, even to overthrow the Government of any Eſtabliſh'd Church or People whatſoever, and ſet up Faction in every Kingdom, Nation, and Country: And for the making out of this my Aſſertion, I ſhall here take leave to prove it from the Writings of ſeveral Divines of that Church, That whoſoever Diſſents, Abſconds, or Refuſes to enter her Doors, hear her Word, or receive her Sacraments, is guilty of Schiſm, and that Schiſm is a damnable ſin.

Chriſtian. I own my ſelf the Pen-Man of that Divine Tract, and bleſs the day when I thought of Compoſing a Diſcourſe, that might allay our Heats, Differences, and Diſſentions, and make us all a people of Love, Peace, and Unity; and indeed, here I have again in this Volume ſtrove to redouble my Diligence for the finiſhing of ſo great a Work, as that of Unity. Therefore be not deluded, I fear not thy

Charge, Threats, or Cenſures, yea, or the railing Calumnies of any of thy Tory Tribe; nor are you able to make it appear, that I in all my Eſſays, which are now extant, either in one Sentence, Word, or Article, err'd, vary'd from, or ſtrove to undermine the Foundation, Doctrine, or Principles of the Church of *England*: No; far be ſuch a Thought, Meaning, and Deſign from me: not but that I did, and ſtill do affirm with a boldneſs of Spirit, that none of all her Admirers, Hearers, and Teachers, or any other perſon whatſoever, can make it appear to me from holy Writ, or otherwiſe, that Righteous men are guilty of Schiſm, of which I know there are many among the Diſſenters: for tho' they come not within thoſe places ſet a part for the Religious Meetings of thoſe of the Church of *England*, yet do they not abſent themſelves from the Houſe of God, but are conſtant frequenters of publick Worſhip, and ſerve the Almighty in all his own Inſtitutions, without exceptions; to wit, Prayer, Weeping and Faſting, Hearing, Meditating, and Inſtructing; ſo that I ſay, inſtead of a duty, 'tis a ſin, to accuſe thoſe of the black Crime of Schiſm, which ſtand between God and us, to ward off his Wrath from pouring in upon us, and to prevent his tumbling us into ruine, for not loving them and others our Chriſtian Brethren. Therefore if thou, or any other can defend this point with Judgment and Diſcretion, and juſtifie

your

your laying Schiſm at the Doors of good men, only becauſe they come not to Church, I'll freely own my miſtake, burn my Works, and be for damning all but mine own Party, as you and many others are.

Formaliſt. I'll now convince the World, that you are no more a Member of the Church you pretend to, than he that never heard of its name, or own'd its Doctrine. What! thou vain-glorious Boaſter, doſt thou pretend to know more than many of her Learned Biſhops, and excellent Divines? For it is their Opinion, that Schiſm is a moſt unpardonable ſin, and that all that refuſe to come to Church are Schiſmaticks, and to be loſt for ever. But now for the expoſing your Confidence, Ignorance, and Non-knowledge of things, I ſhall recite the expreſs words of that excellent and worthy Miniſter, *Thomas Bennet*, A. M. Rector of St. *James*'s in *Colcheſter*, and Fellow of St. *John*'s College in *Cambridge*, who ſays, *That whoſoever Diſſents from the Communion of the Church of* England, *is guilty of Schiſm; and that Schiſm is as damnable a ſin as Adultery, or Murder.*

Chriſtian. Proceed no further in reciting ſuch ſtrange kind of Doctrine, ſince it is as far from what Chriſt, his Apoſtles, or the Primitive Chriſtians ever taught, as the Stars are from the Clowds, or the Moon is from the Earth; neither do I believe, that there are ten Students in both our Seminaries of Learning,

I mean the two Univerſities, that would joyn with that Gentleman in Opinion: yea the very reciting of the words, even fills my Soul with Aſtoniſhment, and carries me into Admiration, to think that any Perſon profeſſing Godlineſs, ſhould run ſo far beyond himſelf, and the bounds of Reaſon, as to be ſo uncharitable, to damn Millions and Millions of Spirits at one Sentence: for according to his Calculation, all the Diſſenting Preachers, with their whole Congregations, that ever liv'd and dy'd ſince the Church of *England* was Eſtabliſh'd by Law, which is one hundred and fifty Years ago, are now howling, weeping, and mourning for ever, in the boundleſs Ocean of an endleſs Eternity. Good God! what would not all their Prayers, Tears, Sighs and Groans, Faſtings, Weepings and Repentings for all other ſins, atone for the abſenting from the Church of *England*? Theſe are ſuch Sentences, as make my heart to bleed for the Perſon that firſt gave them air, and ſuffer'd them to be publiſh'd in any Language, Book or Page. Why was not that Hand ſeiz'd with a fit of the Palſie, that Pen torn to pieces, that Paper reduc'd to Aſhes ſometime before theſe Lines were Compos'd, Finiſh'd, or Corrected?

Formaliſt. Say what you will, many beſides my ſelf admire him for that Aſſertion, and are united to his Judgment; and ſo much the rather, becauſe the Right Reverend Father in God Biſhop *Sparrow*, in his *Rationale* upon the Book

Book of Common Prayer of the Church of *England*, in the eighth Page of that Volume tells you, that 'The Prayers ordain'd by the 'Church, are the only True and Right pub-'lick Worſhip, and all other Forms and Methods 'offer'd up inſtead of that, tho' never ſo ex-'actly drawn, are ſtrange Worſhip; becauſe not 'commanded by the Church: meaning that of *England*.

Chriſtian. Unaccountable to me are ſuch kind of Expreſſions, and the Reaſons thereof paſt my finding out; yea 'tis impoſſible they ſhould be defended, juſtify'd, or vindicated by their Authors, tho' never ſo great, learned, or wiſe: For can it be reaſonably thought, that all the Petitions, Supplications, and Prayers, that are ſent up to the Throne of Grace, as a Morning, Noon, and Evening Sacrifice in the Houſes of God, which are not compoſed, ſuited, or fitted, according to the Common Prayer, and by the Authority of the Church of *England*, are Idolatry? And what is Meant by the word ſtrange Worſhip, but Services that miſinterpret the true intent and meaning of Holy Writ? which muſt be either the denying the Eſſence of *God*, the Power of *Chriſt*, or the Coming of the Holy Ghoſt; which ſure I am neither the Presbyterians, Independants, nor Anabaptiſts do, in any of their Ways of Prayer: and I do here with Authority from the Al-

mighty avouch it, that they are ſuch as he Hears, Anſwers, and Accepts, if the Scripture be true, provided they are poured out from a ſincere Heart, humble Spirit, and real Intention of Mind: For indeed without theſe all Prayers, tho' penn'd by *God* himſelf, and appointed to be ſaid by the conſent of every Member of his Univerſal Church, and ſo worthy of all recommendation, are but as Water ſpill'd on the Ground, and are of no more Avail to the Parties which write, or recite 'em o're, than as many vain bablings.

Formaliſt. Tell me then, what Schiſm is, ſince according to your Arguments, there is no ſuch Sin, and ſo the Diſſenters are acquitted of that Scandal.

Chriſtian. God forbid, but that I allow, that there is ſuch a Sin as Schiſm, and that all Schiſm is damnable without a real Contrition, and ſparing Goodneſs: but ſome Schiſm is much more foul and hainous than others; and that which is the worſt ſort of Schiſm, I wiſh it is not one day adjudg'd by *God* to be the ſin againſt the Holy Ghoſt, which is not to be pardon'd in this Life, or to be forgiven in the Life to come. But the main Query will be, what Schiſm is, and who are the greateſt Schiſmaticks? They that only diſſent from the Chuch of *England*, out of Simplicity, and a tender Conſcience; or thoſe that break the poſitive Laws of Heaven by a vicious courſe of living, and fomenting Miſ-

underſtandings

underſtandings between the Members of *Chriſt*'s Holy, Catholick, or Univerſal Church, which is the one only true Church of *God*: For I affirm, as I am a Chriſtian, there is none other in any habitable part of this Univerſal Orb, and of which I am ſure all good Men are true Members, and no other Perſon or Perſons whatſoever.

Formaliſt. You mightily ſtartle me now; I never heard Schiſm deſcribed at this rate before; no doubt but you'l ſpeedily be anſwer'd, and confuted with a witneſs: And indeed if you are not, then all thoſe Volumes that treat of Schiſm, giving unto this Word a quite different Interpretation, may well be look'd on as rude, falſe, and ridiculous, and the Authors thereof be derided, buffoon'd, and ſham'd: yea the Diſſenters will think themſelves not capable of making you a ſufficient Recompence, for your wiping off ſuch a dark ſtain, that has ſo long ſtuck on the skirts of their Garments, and which has hitherto rendred them odious in the Eyes of the Multitude. But proceed.

Chriſtian. I doubt not, but to give all thoſe Writers ſuch a home Blow, as that they ſhall not attempt to make the leaſt Reply, or name Schiſm in any of their enſuing Works; and not only ſo, but to bring even the moſt rigid of 'em to join with me in Opinion, Sentiments, and Judgment, in all and every my

unanſwerable Arguments; but more eſpecially in this one following Conſideration, which is, That all Perſons, who approve of the Doctrine, Rites, Ceremonies, and Diſcipline of the Church of *England* as by Law Eſtabliſh'd, join its Communion, and act not contrary to the dictates of their own Conſciences, and known Principles, in ſo much as preſuming to reſort to any other particular Society, or Body of Chriſtians, eſpecially Conſidering, that the Church of *England* now flouriſhes as it were in its Meridian Splendor, and all conſiderable Poſts of Honour, Profits, and Advantages, that fall either in Church or State, Civil or Military, are given to its Followers or Profeſſors, and to no other Sectariſt or Party whatſoever.

Formaliſt. Pray, go on.

Chriſtian. My foregoing Aſſertion altogether agreeable to Truth, I ſhall prove by the Word of *God*, that thoſe Perſons whoſe Conſciences cannot be brought to comply with the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of *England*, are no Schiſmaticks, nor ought to be charg'd with that Offence; but on the contrary would hazard their Eternal Salvation, if they ſhould altogether conform their Practice thereunto, notwithſtanding the Laws of their Country, and the Commands of their Prince, and their own Intereſt calling 'em to't, and the Soundneſs and Orthodoxy of the Doctrine of that Church. No, No; I poſi-

tively

tively affirm, that no human Commands can, or ought to Govern any one's Conſcience in points of Religion, or Forms of Worſhip; but only what is poſitively ſet down in holy Writ, word by word. Which will more irrefragably appear, if we Examine *Rom.* 14. 14. *I know*, ſaith the Apoſtle, *and am perſwaded by the Lord Jeſus, that there is nothing unclean of it ſelf; but to him, that eſteems any thing to be unclean, to him it is unclean*: And in *ver.* 23. of the ſame Chapter, ſaith that Apoſtle, *And he that doubteth is damn'd if he eat, becauſe he eateth not of Faith; for whatſoever is not of Faith is Sin.* And in *ver.* 3. *Let not him that eateth, deſpiſe him that eateth not; and let not him that eateth not, judge him that eateth, for God hath received him.* And in *ver.* 5. *One man eſteemeth one day above another, another eſteemeth every day alike. Let every Man be perſwaded in his own Mind.* And moſt of the Chapter runs in this ſame ſtrain of Expreſſions, to which I refer my Reader. If theſe be the words of the Holy Ghoſt, as they really are, what an horrid load of Guilt have many Men contracted of late Years, in charging the ſin of Schiſm upon many Members of the true Church of God. I dare not condemn one Party more than another, becauſe I am ſenſible moſt Perſwaſions among us have been apt to lay this ſin at the door of all Communities, that would not comply with their Humours in every particular Ni-

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cety, Way, and Manner of Worſhip: As for inſtance, the Church of *Rome* accuſes the Church of *England* of Schiſm, for diſſenting from their Idolatrous way of Worſhip; the Church of *England* imputes the guilt of Schiſm to all that joyn not with her Communion, and uſe not her Forms of Prayer; the Presbyterial Church of *Scotland* pleads, that the Epiſcopal Miniſters and their followers in that Kingdom, are chargeable with Schiſm, for not joyning with them in laying aſide all Ceremonies: and thus I might ſpecifie many more of the like nature; but theſe three ſhall ſuffice for the whole.

Formaliſt. I'll ſuſpend my Reply, till I have trac'd you a little further.

Chriſtian. Then I ſhall lay down theſe two Heads, and prove them in their order. Firſt, *That there is but one true Church.* Secondly, *I ſhall declare what Schiſm is.*

Formaliſt. Theſe Articles will be very informing, if they be but ſufficiently explain'd and confirm'd.

Chriſtian. I begin with the firſt which is to ſhew, that *There is but one only true Church of God.* And ſince there lyes ſo much ſtreſs on the proving this one particular Point, for the gaining my deſigned End, and making a clear Introduction to prove the other; as alſo for altogether refuting thoſe Perſons, that are Guilty of charging others with the ſin of Schiſm, when it is evident

to

to every one that peruſes their Writings, that they know not what Schiſm is, eſpecially Biſhop *Sparrow*, and Mr. *Bennet*, I ſhall recite the firſt part of the 19*th* Article of the Church of *England*, for putting to ſilence thoſe Gentlemen, which runs thus, *The Viſible Church of Chriſt is a Congregation of Faithful Men, in the which the pure Word of God is Preached, and the Sacraments duly adminiſtred, according to Chriſt's Ordinance, in all thoſe things that of neceſſity are requiſite to the ſame.* Mark well the Words and Meaning of the Compoſers and Penmen of this Article: they tell you not, that the Church of Chriſt is to be vulgarly underſtood, and taken to be a few ſtately Cathedrals, and large Abby-Churches, adorn'd with high Roofs, fine Paintings and carved Seats, ecchoing back the melodious Sounds, Tunes, and Hymns of Piping Organs, ſinging Men, and ſinging Boys; nor the other many mignificent Structures, and conſecrated Buildings commonly call'd Churches; nor great Crowds and Throngs of People gathered together, to hear the Common Prayer read, pray'd, or expounded: neither do they ſay, that the Laws of the Land, the Authority of the twenty ſix Biſhops, or that of any other Perſon or Power, can make the Profeſſors of the Rites and Ceremonies of that Church, only Members of Chriſt's Church, to the Excluſion of all others: but they declare to the World, before God, Angels, and Men,

Men, that the Stones, Materials, and Pillars of the Church of God are all and only the Faithful and good Men, diſperſt over the whole World, having one Lord, one Faith, one Baptiſm, joyned and compacted together into one Body, by the Unity of that Spirit which is diffuſed over all the Members, of which this Houſe of the living God, this Building not made with hands is conſtituted: ſo that from their own Words and Expreſſions, it abundantly appears, that let any Perſon or Perſons pray by a Form or without; be of what Party, Opinion, or Perſuaſion they will in leſſer points, it matters not, ſo that they do but preach and hear the Word of God as it is in the purity of Truth, adminiſter the Sacraments of Baptiſm and the Supper of the Lord in all things as God requires, and which are neceſſarily required thereunto.

Formaliſt. I thought that the 19*th* Article of the Church of *England* had neither on the one hand ſo much reſtrain'd, nor on the other ſo far extended the Limits of the Church as I now find it does: for as it abſolutely excludes all bad Perſons from her Communion, be they who they will, and admits none into her own boſom, or that of the Church of God, but ſuch as are truly Righteous, Holy, and Good, (*i. e.*) they which ſerve their God in purity of Life, ſoundneſs of Doctrine, and ſanctity of Converſation; ſo all ſuch as theſe laſt, that are in all the Univerſe,

verſe, are plainly thereby included within its Rails.

Chriſtian. Then, Secondly, I'll tell you *what Schiſm is.* Schiſm may be taken for, and is comprehended in any one, or in all of theſe following particulars; a Deſertion, or Departing from the Church of God; Living an unholy and a ſcandalous life; Slighting the Precepts; and Rules of the Goſpel Running into Errors and Idolatrous Opinions; Denying the Divinity of Chriſt, and the Articles of the Chriſtian Faith; Want of Love and Charity to Brethren, and making Breaches and Diſſentions among the people of God, about things Indifferent and no wiſe relating to Salvation.

Formaliſt. If all theſe Heads are to be accounted Schiſm, I fear there will be ſome of the Members of the Church of *England* found to be Schiſmaticks, and to depart from the true Church of God, as well as thoſe of any other Perſwaſion, that diſſent from her Conſtitution.

Chriſtian. Doubtleſs there will be as many if not more.

Formaliſt. But who ſay you are the greateſt Schiſmaticks, of thoſe you have now nam'd?

Chriſtian. They that have diſturb'd the Church of God moſt, by branding all Parties with Schiſm, but their own; and damning all the World, but themſelves: for as for my part

part, I had much rather for a while ſee the Sun turn'd by an Eclipſe into Darkneſs, the Moon loſe her Light, and the Stars veil'd over with thickning Clouds, than to ſee, read, or hear any Perſon, either by actions, words or works, branding others with Schiſm, becauſe they conform'd not themſelves unto their Humour, in their exact Modes, Geſtures, and Motions of Body, in the performing of their Devotion to the Almighty. Good God! what is it to me or any Man living, how another Perſon ſerves his Redeemer, ſo that his Intenſions are real, hearty, and ſincere, which none but himſelf can tell, altho' his outward Deportment be altogether as unſeemly, as the vain-glorious and ſtiff-necked Quaker.

Formaliſt. Now I find you run into Extreams of paſſion, and know not what you ſay: ſince it is evident from Reaſon, that Adultery, and denying the ſecond Perſon in the Bleſſed Trinity, are much more hainous offences againſt an Infinite Being, than that of thoſe who only charge a Party or Parties with Schiſm, for Non-compliance with things indifferent, or not coming to Church.

Chriſtian. Be thy opinion what it will, I tell thee no: The worſhiping of Images and Deiſm is nothing near ſo hainous in the view of Heaven, or ſo prejudicial to the People of God: And why? Becauſe the former may be ſaid only to miſchieve and undo their own

own Souls, not thoſe of others; ſeeing they are as a Weathercock on a Steeple, or a Beacon upon a Rock or Shelve, and ſhun'd even by every perſon profeſſing Righteouſneſs: but the latter creeping into Societies, and Congregations of Chriſtian Profeſſors, with an outward appearance of Sanctity, Integrity, and Purity of Spirit, ſlily, falſely, and maliciouſly inſinuate, and infuſe into the minds even of the beſt of Chriſtians, that whoſoever Diſſents from their particular way of Praying, Hearing, Bowing, and Kneeling, are ſtrangers to God, Virtue, and Goodneſs, and will be utterly loſt for ever; which raiſes ſuch uncharitable Cenſures in the whole Body of Communicants, that they are ſet as it were all in a Rage againſt every other Sect and Community, that differs from them, in any of the leaſt Forms, Ceremonies, or Faſhions of Worſhip. And thus all Chriſtian Parties enter into an open War of malignant hatred againſt each other, which, with reſpect to the Catholick Church, may be term'd a Civil War within its Bowels; whereby inſtead of bending their ſeparate and joint Forces againſt the Common Enemies of God and their Salvation, the Devil, the World, and the Fleſh, they are mutually rending and tearing one another to pieces, raiſing Calumnies and Defamations, and Strifes about trifles, to the neglect of the moſt neceſſary and Fundamental Duties of Chriſtianity;

ty; whereas, if ſuch men had but unmask'd and appear'd in their natural Dreſs as the former, and been ſo kind as to have told the World, that they were Creatures and Emiſſaries of *France*, and that all the noiſe and ſtir they made about Schiſm, was only to divert people from all that was good and praiſe worthy, and turn Chriſt's Reveal'd Religion into Confuſions, Quarrels, and Contentions, that their Nation might become a Prey to the deſtroying Adverſary, as indeed their Intentions are nothing elſe: I ſay, if they had thus unmask'd themſelves, they would have been ſhun'd and avoided by all good men, as Unbelievers, Robbers, and Murderers; for ſure I am, their own Conſcience tells them this Charge is true, that I have preſented againſt them.

Farmaliſt. If they are as you have drawn them out, they are no better than Tygers, Bears, and Wolfs, who inſtead of preſerving the Church, and maintaining all things in the regular order of Peace, Love, and Unity, have barbarouſly deſtroy'd and turn'd all into a Scene of Confuſion.

Chriſtian. You may lay this down, as an undoubted Maxim, that whoſoever is for applauding their own Party, Opinion, and Manner of Worſhip, as the only right and true way, by which a Man can be ſaved, and damning all the World beſides, their Church has ſome mighty

mighty Defect or other in it, or they have a deſign to undermine it, and repreſent it as bad, ſince a good Cauſe wants no Praiſes, nor are pious people Cenſurers of the weakneſſes and miſcarriages of others, but believe that ſome out of all Opinions will be ſaved. And after all their Noiſe, Tumults, and Commotions, with their Marking Men with the frightful Brands of Schiſm, and Schiſmaticks, there is but one Univerſal Congregation of Chriſtians throughout the whole World, and not one of them can be guilty of ſuch a Sin; ſince they live agreeable in all things to the known Statutes of Heaven, and the Will of Jeſus; neither do they ever fall out in diſputing about things indifferent: No, no; they prudently conſider that their Abode on earth is ſhort enough, wherein to accompliſh the important buſineſs of their Salvation, without running into needleſs Diſputes, how a Man muſt adjuſt his Prayer exactly to ſuch a Form of Words; or when he muſt kneel, ſit, ſtand or bow: No; they leave ſuch Laws, Rules and Cuſtoms, to be Enacted, Paſs'd, and Sign'd, within every Perſon's own Breaſt, as his Conſcience thinks moſt meet for God's Glory, and his own Comfort. Theſe are the Proceedings of ſuch as belong to Chriſt's Church, and whoſoever are out of this Community, and Body of Chriſtians, are Enemies to God, Betrayers of his Laws, and Strangers to the Commonwealth of *Iſrael*, be they Preachers, Hearers, or Communicants of

the Church of *England*, or any other Society of Chriſtians whatſoever.

Formal. There is one Difficulty ſtill unanſwer'd, and which in my opinion cannot be diſſolv'd by you or any other, tho' never ſo refin'd and gifted in defending Arguments, anſwering Queſtions, and removing Doubts, and it is this, You ſay the Doctrines, Prayers, and Articles of the Church of *England*, as now by Law eſtabliſh'd, are in all things agreeable to holy Writ, ſound Reaſon, and good Senſe, and not in the leaſt Superſtitious: If ſo, then why do not Diſſenters tread her Courts, hear her Word, and eſpouſe her Communion, but thus keep away as folk affrighted?

Chriſtian. The anſwer is eaſily made. That which I allow of, another may not approve, altho' we may both agree in every material Point, relating to our Faith, Sanctity, and other Fundamentals, that which all true Chriſtians do, tho' never ſo rigid Diſſenters: but that which acquits them of the charge and ſin of making a Breach or Schiſm in her borders is this; The Common-Prayer was compoſed, her Rites and Ceremonies were ordain'd, and brought in, and allow'd of by Act of Parliament in the fifth and ſixth Years of King *Edward* the Sixth's Reign, which was 1552 Years after the birth of Chriſt; and it muſt be own'd, that in all Caſes, where any Alterations or Additions are made, tho' never ſo advantageous to the publick, yet ſome are not ſo penetrating as to ſee it, but remain

main unſatisfy'd in the matter, and are of the opinion that ſuch Changes are rather ruining than advantageous, tho' at the ſame time theſe Perſons may be no leſs well-wiſhers to the general intereſt, than any others.

Formaliſt. This is indeed very conſiderable, and carries much ſtrength of Reaſon along with it, pray proceed.

Chriſtian. But when there is any thing added or diminiſh'd in matters pertaining to Religion, and Divine Worſhip, tho' never ſo well-deſign'd, and perhaps if examin'd, agreeable to Holy Writ, and pleaſing to many Pious and Learned men, yet it has been generally obſerv'd, that abundance of holy and good meaning Chriſtians have been ſtartled and affrighted at it, and have expreſt themſelves after ſome ſuch manner as this: 'What need of any change 'of Words, new Forms, or geſtures of Body in 'the performance of our Duty? Let every thing 'be as before, leſt it weaken our Faith in our 'paſſage to glory. For doubtleſs had Chriſt 'thought any of all this neceſſary to Salvation, 'he would have left ſuch a Commandment in 'his Word, e're he aſcended to Heaven: There-'fore we refuſe out of a tender Conſcience, and 'Fear of offending a dear Redeemer, to pay obe-'dience thereunto, reſolving to worſhip the 'Almighty as formerly. True, there may be no 'harm in it, but we have Apprehenſions there 'is; and the rather, becauſe it is recorded, *Re-'velations* 22. 18, 19. *For I teſtifie unto ev-*

'ry man that heareth the words of the prophecy of 'this Book, If any man ſhall add unto theſe things, 'God ſhall add to him the plagues that are 'written in this Book. And if any man ſhall take 'away from the words of the Book of this Pro-'phecy, God ſhall take away his part out of the 'Book of life, and out of the holy City, and from 'the things which are written in this Book.

Formaliſt. I never heard ſounder Arguments and better Reaſons produc'd on this Head, than you now give.

Chriſtian. Thus the caſe ſtands between the Church of *England* and the Proteſtant Diſſenters: The former civilly calls the latter to come and joyn with them in theſe their new compoſed Services; the latter modeſtly excuſe themſelves, and profeſs, that there is a Scruple of fear and tenderneſs, that lyes hovering over their Conſciences, which hinders them from wearing a Surplice, bowing to the Altar, and Picturing out *Moſes* and *Aaron* over their Communion Table; 'Peradventure, ſay they, 'you think it is out of prejudice to your Per-'ſons; God is our Record, it is not. Pardon 'us, we cannot comply with you; if we do, 'we Sin, and wrong our own Souls, ſo long 'as any Doubts remain on our Spirits.

Formaliſt. Your Reaſonings are attended with ſo much Candor, Equity, and Right, that I am as dumb, and not capable to make any Reply; neither do I think it can be done by any

any of the boldeſt Wits of the *Engliſh* Nation. Go on, I am very deſirous to hear more of your convincing Arguments, before we bid each other a Farewel.

Chriſtian. Then for the winning you over more and more to Moderation in Religion, I'll deliver to you a Similitude. Suppoſing two Men are looking on the Glorious Body of the Sun thorow a Teleſcope, whereof the one ſays he ſees many Spots therein, the other alledges he beholds none; doth it follow, that he who can't diſcern any Freckles, or Blemiſh in that Beautiful Face, ſhould fall out and quarrel with the other, and therefore revile and reproach him, becauſe he ſays there is, and will not be perſwaded to the contrary? For admit there is, or is not, 'tis not an half-penny matter, becauſe it ſhines Bright enough to Light 'em both through the winding Labyrinths of this World, and bring them to their Journey's End the Grave, which is ſufficient for them.

Formaliſt. I am raviſh'd with your forcible Truths, and reaſonable Sentences; I entreat you apply your Compariſon, ſince ſure it muſt be Fine and Pertinent to the purpoſe in hand.

Chriſtian. Even ſo the Caſe ſtands between me and a Diſſenter: I behold no Errors in the Church of *England*, but greatly approve of all her Modes, Forms, Rites and Ceremonies,

and am ſo taken with her excellent Rules and manner of Government, that I would not ſeparate from her Communion for an Heap, or an Houſe full of Gold: But he thinks, there are ſome ſmall remains of Superſtition in her Ways of Worſhip, and ſays, that ſome part of her Letany is taken out of the Popiſh Maſs-Book, and ſo he can't by any means joyn with me in her Service, till theſe things which are his ſtumbling blocks are remov'd. Does it argue, becauſe of his Folly, or Miſtaking things, that I muſt be ſo uncharitable, as to ſtrip my ſelf of Chriſtianity, and bring a ſcandal on my Church, by running up to his Throat, and telling him he's Damn'd, Undone, and Miſerable, becauſe he believes not with me? I ſay, God forbid; ſince ſuch an Action might juſtly make me Bluſh, Sneak, and be Aſhamed: No, no: I'll let him alone, to that which is his Opinion, I and my Religion are never the worſe for what he thinks of the matter; ſo that I am purpoſely reſolv'd never to force any Man againſt his will, to recite my Prayers over word for word. In God's Name, let every one ſay their own Prayers after their own Form, and uſual Manner, ſince I deſire to be permitted to do ſo my ſelf: And why? Becauſe it is for the Peace of us both, and beſides, the matter in diſpute is but indifferent; for He only petitions the Almighty as his Mind immediately indites, I rehearſe a Form ready

ready Pen'd to my hands, ſuitable to my Wants, Needs, and Neceſſities, and they are both ſent up as a Sacrifice to one God for the Pardon of ſins, Reconciliation by Chriſt, and purchaſing an intereſt in his Death.

Formaliſt. But had he not better yield, and come to Church with you, tho' it be ſomething againſt his Inclinations, than to diſturb the publick Peace of his Country, and ſhew a Diſobedience to the Laws of the Land, by ſtaying away?

Chriſtian. He would ſin, if he did; for Conſcience is to be liſten'd unto before all the Commands of Men: neither dare I preſume to deſire him to do otherwiſe, for all that is dear to me in a preſent World, ſo long as I know there is ſomething within him that tells him he muſt not yield: Wherefore I ſay, let all Religious Votaries keep their way, and God proſper 'em in their own paths; for I know that theirs and mine lead all to one End, and that is an Heavenly Kingdom; and I doubt not but any of us all, if we are but faithful to the Death, ſhall have as weighty a Crown of Glory, as if we were of one Heart, Mind and Soul in every particular Nicety: Therefore miſtake not; for Mens diſſenting from the Church of *England*, out of a Principle of Conſcience, does not in the leaſt interrupt the People of God in their March to *Sion*; but they, and none but they, that turn all into a diſtraction, which follow their Brethen at

the heels, as Mad-men, or blood-hounds, telling them that they are Villains, Traytors, and Schiſmaticks; and in the High-road to endleſs Ruin: Nay, with Sorrow do I ſpeak it, there are many Volumes now extant, wherein you ſhall ſcarcely find any thing elſe, but branding poor Diſſenters with the horrid Sin of Schiſm, and ſinking them into the Pit of Hell, for not coming to Church, to hear them thundring forth their inveterate Malice, Spleen and Hatred towards Perſons, that are ten times more Excellent than themſelves.

Formaliſt. One Queſtion more, and if you can reſolve me therein with as much Candor, Plainneſs, and Perſpicuity as you have us'd hitherto, I'll inſtantly learn to be of the ſame healing Temper of Mind with your ſelf: And it is this. Suppoſing the Diſſenters ſhould come to bear ſway, as in *Cromwel's* time, would not you leave off ſigning with the Croſs in Baptiſm, kneeling at the Sacrament, and many other Ceremonies of the like Nature, ſince you ſay they are but things indifferent, and yield Obedience to their Rules and Managment in the Government of the Church, rather than hold a Conteſt, and make them and your ſelf uneaſy?

Chriſtian. What! take you me to be an Heathen, an Impoſtor, or a Devil? why, if I ſhould yield or do any thing againſt my Conſcience, tho' in ſmall matters, I ſhould be all this, if not worſe: and on the other hand, if

they

they ſhould go about either to turn me out of my Church, Lands, or Poſſeſſions by force, or even uſe the leaſt Compulſion to bring me over to a Complyance, they would be in my ſight worſe than Infidels, notwithſtanding their Worſhip is Pure and Holy: and I ſhould account them to be no more within the Pale of the Univerſal Church, than an Atheiſt, Blaſphemer, or an Idolater.

Formaliſt. The time of my agreeing with you is near at hand, when I ſhall cry out, and ſay, A Chriſtian indeed, in whom there is no guile: But I requeſt you to deliver your Sentiments in this Caſe one ſtep further.

Chriſtian. Then this I ſhall take leave to record to after Ages, and with which I will conclude this head on Schiſm, That whoſoever for the future goes about to force any Man's Conſcience againſt his Will, in point of Worſhip towards God, provided he own the Eſſential parts of Religion, and goes about to induce him otherwiſe than by fair Reaſonings, mild Arguments, and ſweet Entreaties, or by Bill, Word, or Action, ſtrives to deprive them of their Birth-right, that is any Poſt of Honour, Advantage, or Profit either in Church or State, barely for their diſſenting in ſome little points of Religious Services; will certainly find their Souls crowded in among the damn'd at the laſt day, when they'l all ſneak, cringe, and

and hide, as a Snail juſt going to be ſwallow'd up whole by a ravenous Man, or a Wild Beaſt; unleſs they do ſorrow, moan, and repent, before the cold Fingers of Death ſhut up their Eye-lids, never more to be opened on this ſide of Time.

Formaliſt. I am not only almoſt, but altogether become a Chriſtian: For where is the Man, and what is his Name, that is endowed with a rational Faculty, that can withſtand the ſharp Arrows of your Arguments, or ward off the keen words of *Truth.* No: it can't be done. Therefore, let who will ſeem to maintain a Form of Godlineſs, and talk they know not what of Schiſm, as for my part I'll learn to attain unto the Power of true Religion, and account none Schiſmaticks, but ſuch as live Lives unanſwerable to the Goſpel: Not that I will for ten thouſand Worlds ſeparate from my Mother Church, or ceaſe to ſay over a well-compoſed Form of Prayer, becauſe I eſpy a brood of ſtinging Vipers crawling within her Pales. No: no: That ſhall not deterr me from her pure Services, ſince I am ſenſible ſhe can't prevent ſuch miſchievous Bats from fluttering about her Walls, or clinging to the Skirts of her Garments; ſo that I ſhall be ſo Prudent, as to look on her vicious and ſcandalous Diſciples and Followers, to be only like unto a few unlucky *Peacocks* mounted on a Roof, and ſpoiling it; who tho' they may do prejudice to her out-ſide Covering, yet are not capable

ble to do her any Harm within, or in the leaſt ſtain her unblemiſh'd Reputation; which (bleſſed be God) is not to be foul'd by ſuch Feet, tho' more Odious than they really are.

Chriſtian. O thou happy Man, I'll now change thy Name, and ſay thou art one with me: And now there is Singing, and Merry-making in the Plains of Bliſs at thy return, and coming home to God. O may thouſands and ten thouſand more *Formaliſts* in Religion learn of thee, and tread thy Steps of true Repentance, by being reform'd in Heart, Life, and Spirit, by reſolving to love Enemies as well as Friends, and by believing that none are guilty of Schiſm, but they that diſturb the People of God, by railing Calumnies, lewd Practices, and vain Converſation.

Informer. I have diligently liſten'd, and lent an Ear to every Sentence, Article, and Word, that hath paſt on either ſide; but find my ſelf no more diſpoſed to be moved therewith, than the ſtable Rock can be ſhaken, by the liquid Stream that gently waſhes its hardned ſides; nor do I perceive my Mind any more enlightned thereby, as to a Divine Knowledge, than a ſpacious Plain, when covered with a ſable Vail of Darkneſs, can be illuminated by the faint and glimmering Light of a Gloworm: neither indeed can it be expected; ſince whatever Change of Mind might arrive unto my ſelf or others, no

Advan-

Advantage could be expected thence to accrue unto my worldly Intereſt; nor could it cauſe me to abound in Wealth, and Splendor, or occaſion my Preferment; unto which things I was ever Ambitious to attain by ſome means or other: ſo that were your Arguments no leſs Cogent and Agreeable to Reaſon, than they really are ſuppoſed by you to be, they could ſcarcely prove ſufficient to force me out of the deſirable Embraces of ſenſual Pleaſures, and the Proſpect I have of becoming Maſter of other Mens Goods: For is it not to be thought by the Appearance of things, that a plentiful Harveſt is near at Hand for me, when I may reap a good Crop out of the Diſſenters Fields, and fill my now empty Barns at their large Heaps of fruitful Grain, for a tenth part ſhall not ſerve my turn; yea nor ſcarce a two thirds? therefore depart from me *Chriſtians*, I have no more to ſay to you, ſince I find that you are too much led away with your enthuſiaſtick, fantaſtical, and airy Conceits, to be able to apprehend the true weight and ſolidity of my Real, Viſible, Palpable, and truly ſubſtantial Arguments and Motives. I'll henceforth addreſs my ſelf to *Pilgrim*, not doubting but to find him leſs repleniſh'd with the chimerical Dreams, and imaginary Phantoms of an idle Brain; as alſo more favourable to my Party and Deſign than you: for I never as yet ſaw or converſt with any ſo rigid a-

gainſt my Intereſt and Perſon, as your ſelf. I profeſs, I was never ſo deceiv'd in a Man; I thought you would not have believ'd any Charge againſt me, tho' atteſted by a thouſand Witneſſes: if I meet with no better entertainment in this my laſt attempt on *Pilgrim*, I muſt be neceſſitated to ſeek out for ſome other Employ, and what that muſt be, I profeſs I can no more divine or imagine, than a condemn'd Malefactor, loaded with Iron Chains, and ſurrounded with a Stone Wall, knows how to procure his eſcape, ſave his life, and avoid the day of Execution; for nothing can ſuit me, but ſomething relating to Idleneſs, Perjury, or Information: And why? becauſe I am uncapable of performing any thing elſe with Alacrity and Diligence of temper.

Pilgrim. Thou vile Wretch! Doſt thou take me to be one of thy Aſſociates in Vice? No; I tell thee, I aſſent to every thing that *Chriſtian* hath deliver'd, and ſhall always think my ſelf oblig'd to applaud and commend him for his ingenious and well-compos'd Diſcourſe; eſpecially his Heroick Act in Converting ſo great an Offender as *Formaliſt*: not but that I muſt take leave to remind the Diſſenters of one thing he has unhappily forgot to ſpeak to, which is this, That they ought as Chriſtians, and for Peace's ſake, to ſit down and examine the ſecret receſſes of their Souls, and ſee if they can by any means remove thoſe Doubts and Scruples that lye on their Conſciences, and

come

come over to our Church; for could they do that, what a fatal ſtroke would it be to the Tyrant of *France*, and a ſingular ſervice to the Church of God? For then we ſhould be all of one Mind, one Heart, and of one Soul, and fight as one Man againſt the World, the Fleſh, and the Devil; as alſo conquer our publick and private Enemies, whether at home or abroad. O! bleſſed day indeed would that be accounted by all that love the Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*, and deſire to Worſhip him in Sincerity and Purity of Spirit: but leſt I ſhould be accounted partial in this matter, and for the more ſpeedy accompliſhing of ſo good, ſo great, and ſo glorious a Deſign, I make bold to give it in as my Opinion, that if the Diſſenters cannot comply in ſome particular Matters, as I fear they cannot, with the Church of *England*, ſhe is oblig'd by the Laws of Heaven, and the Badge of Chriſtianity, to meet them half way, (*i. e.*) for the ſake of her dying Jeſus, to lay aſide ſome of her indifferent Ceremonies. O! how acceptable a Sacrifice to the Almighty would this prove, and how ſweet ſmelling a ſavour in his Noſtrils? How comfortable alſo and well-pleaſing would it be to all true hearted well-deſigning Chriſtians! for then we might be ſo tranſcendently bleſt, as to cry out one and all; Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabboth, Heaven and Earth are now full of thy Majeſty and thy Glory. Nay, ſhall I go a little farther, we might then ſay with one united

Voice,

Voice, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, praiſed be God; Hallelujah, Hallelujah, we are joyn'd in the Bands of love to adore a Deity in one Set and Form of Words, without variation, ſo as never to wrangle any more with one another on this account: Hallelujah, Hallelujah: We now imitate the Saints above in an uniform, familiar, and pure converſe of Worſhip, Honour, and Praiſe.

Informer. O ceaſe your Tongue; for jarring are the ſounds of your Sentences to my troubled Ears, and perplexing to my diſtracted Spirits: what talk you of their meeting in Peace, or praying with one Conſent, ſince that will at once ruin my Calling, and diſoblige the High-flyers: for know ye not that they had rather part with their Trinity, and ſee vaſt multitudes of Men, Women, and Children hal'd to Priſon, than conſent to part with the Surplice, or a word of the Litany: No; no; they and I are of one Mind to take a ſeverer courſe with the Diſſenters, and deprive them of their Liberty of hearing; and if that will not do, we'll either ſtarve them in Goals, or Swear them out of their Lives, as we did Alderman *Corniſh*, and many others, in *Charles* and *James*'s Reign.

Pilgrim. I Propheſy an Unity in the Church of God, and ſay, there ſhall be no Perſecution of any Perſon or Profeſſors whatſoever, in the Kingdoms of *England* and *Ireland*, as to their

Liberty

Liberty of Conſcience, for five Reigns ſucceſſively, including this of her preſent Majeſty Queen *Anne*, whom God long preſerve: Not but that there will be many Endeavours us'd, to divert, from plying a ſteady Courſe, her Majeſty's impartial Hand, as well as thoſe of her Succeſſors, who ſhall after be at the Helm; but nothing ſhall prevail, and all their mighty Efforts, and cunning Contrivances ſhall vaniſh into Air, as did the Plots and Conſultations of thoſe Miſcreants, that ſought to Aſſaſſinate our Dread Severaign *William* the III*d*, of Immortal Memory, who liv'd to ſee inflicted upon them, the merited Puniſhment of an Ignominious Death. And as for thee, I forewarn thee inſtantly to repent, or otherwiſe thou wilt find, and that ſoon, ſome fearful Judgment or other will betide thee, as it has already done many of thy Predeceſſors (I mean) notorious Informers, and perjur'd Evidences; and do tell thee, there are ſome that I know of thy malignant Gang, that even at this day lye under the dreadful Wrath and Fury of an angry God, for their barbarous Villanies exercis'd towards Diſſenters: and thou art not ignorant, that many others of thy own Profeſſion have been made publick Inſtances of Divine Vengeance: ſome have been inſtantly ſtruck dead; others have ſo waſted in their Eſtates, that their Children have come to beg their Bread at thoſe very Perſons Doors, that their Fathers ſwore and inform'd againſt: ſome have been in a moment depriv'd of the

uſe

uſe of their Limbs and Reaſon; others have had their Tongues ſwell'd to ſuch a prodigious degree, that they could not receive any Nouriſhment, and ſo have ſtarv'd and dy'd: ſome have retir'd into Ditches, and there they have putrify'd alive, and their ſtench has been ſo noiſome, that even their Relations and Aſſociates in wickedneſs, have refus'd to go near their perſons, in order to afford them any ſuccour, ſo that they have ended their days all alone, without receiving any Comfort. This has been the ſad fate of their Bodies, and it is to be dreaded, that their Souls are now beſet all round with Legions of Devils. If time would have permitted, and had I thought it proper, I could have told you many of their Names, with the places of their abode: And all theſe inſtances have happen'd in leſs than twenty ſeven Years, many of them in or near *London*.

Informer. They were as I am, for a merry Life and a ſhort one; for ſo we may but engraſp large poſſeſſions, and live well, we matter not, how or whence they are obtain'd: for we never give any ſerious entertainment to the thoughts of Death, Eternity, or Judgment; but conclude that it is then time enough to reform, when there is no hopes of continuing here any longer.

Pilgrim. Now behold I hear a Voice ſaying; *Strike that daring wretch* Informer *with*

ſuch a conſcious ſenſe of Guilt, and aſtoniſhing amazement of Soul, that in a few Minutes his fainting Spirits may be drunk up with the frightful horrours of a black and diſmal Deſpair, and he may expire choak'd as it were with the immaterial anticipating Flames of Hell. I fancy thou muſt be the Man; for if I miſtake not, thy Tongue already begins to falter, and thou ſeemeſt to be in a dreadful Agony.

Informer. Nothing more true; O miſerable Man, that I now am! What ſhall I do to eſcape Eternal Death? Where ſhall I go to hide from pain? Or into what Corner of the Earth muſt I retreat for one draught of cooling Water to allay my parching Drought? For behold I am ſcorched within, ſee I am all on a flame; not that there is any material fire kindled there, but that which is a thouſand times worſe, an inflamed Conſcience, ſet on fire of Hell, becauſe of my aſtoniſhing guilt, and fraught with wild Amazement and diſtracting confuſion. O Compaſſionate me with pity! for the whole Fabrick of my Body is miſerably excruciated as it were with Gripes, Miſeries, and Tortures, or as it were thrown into a Furnace, heated ten times hotter than ever. O unheard of, unſeen, and unexpreſſible Rackings of Mind, Soul, and Spirit! for behold all is in an uproar, and I know not what to do. Fire, fire, fire, all is on a Fire: Where? In my lighted Breaſt: Flames, flames, flames, all is in a flame: Where? in the Chamber of my incended

incended Heart: Howlings, howlings, howlings, all repleniſh'd with howlings: Where? In the deſolate Cloſet of my deſpairing thoughts: Mourning, mourning, mourning, nothing now is to be heard but mourning: For what? For informing againſt, and betraying the people of God: Weeping, weeping, weeping, nothing now to be ſeen but weeping: For what? For the loſs of that precious Jewel my immortal Soul.

Pilgrim. Alas! All thy Tears are now beſtow'd in vain; for tho' thou ſhould'ſt cry to ſuch a ſtrain, as to ſwell the brackiſh Waters of the ſpacious Ocean, with the briny Tears that come rolling down from thy flowing Eyes, ſo as to cauſe it to tranſgreſs its appointed Bounds, and deluge a ſecond time its neighbouring Earth; yet all would not make attonement to God for Sin, or ſatisfie the Almighty for the leaſt Offence: Nay, tho' thou ſhould'ſt lament to ſuch an exceſs, as to make the Earth Echo with thy loud and diſmal Groans, and influence every of its Inhabitants to turn pale with a melancholy fit, that would not procure a Leaſe of life for one day, or keep thee an hour out of Hell: No; no; it is now too late, Death calls, and thou muſt away: but one thing I muſt remind thee of, which is, that a few repenting ſobs, ſighs, and groans would have done more with the Lord God *Jehovah* in the time of thy health, than ten thouſand moans now thrice told:

And why? Becauſe then he intreated thee by his Meſſengers and Embaſſadors to come to him, that he might lead thee in the peaceable Paths of Virtue, and conduct thee to the bleſſed Manſions of everlaſting Reſt, but thou would'ſt not; and now tho' thou cryeſt aloud to him, to come and ſave thee for *Jeſus*'s ſake, he regards thee not, but ſuffers thee to be eternally damn'd.

Informer. Oh that I had never ſeen the Prince that gave me Authority, as if it had been by a Law to Inform, Oppreſs, Pillage, Grieve, and Diſturb the Righteous in their Houſes of Worſhip; now I wiſh a thouſand times over, that he had prudently conſider'd, and turn'd his thought, and had cancell'd thoſe miſchievous Decrees, and iſſu'd me out a Commiſſion to ſhut up the Doors of the Lewd Theatres, to bring to Puniſhment thoſe guilty of the ſins of Whoredom, Swearing, and Drunkenneſs, and the Defilers of themſelves with Mankind; then peradventure I might have been ſo fortunate, in that lawful and neceſſary Employ, as to have met with and ſeiz'd thoſe three noted Strumpets in this Nation, as they had been taking their Marches on the Lord's Day in the Afternoon, to tempt their Liege Lord the King to Luſt, and ſoft Pleaſure, when he ſhould have been at his Evening Devotion, Mourning for his own Tranſgreſſions, and thoſe of his People.

Pilgrim.

Pilgrim. Had this happy Courſe been taken, infamous Vice had long e're now been compell'd to take wing from the Illuſtrious Habitations of Monarchs, not unlike unto a flock of Rooks, frighted from their ſhady Dwellings, by the thundering Noiſe of a Cannon. Then ſhould Heroick Virtue have diſplayed her moſt ſerene Countenance, and ſhined ſo advantageouſly from the ſtately Palaces of Princes, as to have diffus'd an univerſal influence upon all the lower World, and diſpers'd the Workers and Contrivers of Iniquity, into their Receptacles of Darkneſs; in like manner as the bright morning Sun does, by its auſpicious Rays, put to flight the Birds of Night, and ſtrowling Beaſts of Prey, obliging them to ſhelter themſelves in the obſcurity of their Receſſes and Dens. It would not then have been accounted an allowable Mode to entertain a painted Miſs, or a commendable Faſhion to ſcoff at true Religion: Nay, I dare affirm, That had there been but near ſo much care to ſuppreſs Lewdneſs and Prophaneneſs, as there once was to put down Religious Meetings, inſtead of our hearing Curſing, Swearing, Diſhonouring the Name of the moſt High, and obſcene Songs in publick places of reſort, as we now do in our travelling homewards, thro' the Streets, Lanes, and Paſſages of our Cities, Towns, and Villages, between the hours of nine or ten at night, we might have heard the harmonious ſound, even in every Houſe, either of

Catechiſing of Children, Expounding the Scriptures, Prayer, or Singing of Pſalms, or ſome other Divine Exerciſe, as was formerly the practice of our Merchants, Traders, and Yeomen, as well of thoſe of the Communion of the Church of *England*, as of other Sectariſts; and that not only during the few years that *Oliver* bare Rule, as ſome think; but in Queen *Elizabeth*'s, King *James* the Firſt, and *Charles* the Firſt's Reign.

Informer. Happy me, if the World had ne're been made, or a Man begotten! For then I had ſtill remain'd in the inſenſible Condition of my Primitive nothing, and never had felt the griping Pangs of Sin, as I now do: O tell me, if you can, how I may eſcape the angry Frowns of an Incenſed Almighty Judge, or ſhun the Rage of a Sin-revenging God. Try; Peradventure the cloſe ſhutting of my Lodging door, and concealing me in private from Mortal Eyes, may alſo ſhade me from Heaven's Wrath: but if you think not that a ſufficient ſecurity, pin the Curtains round my Bed and load me all over with thick Coverings of Tapeſtry, or depart forth of the Houſe, and tumble down its Roof about my Ears, and then who knows but that by ſome good Chance or other, I may there lye forgot, as a broken Earthen Veſſel, or a Rafter ſplit in twain, ſo as never to be minded or remembred more, either by God, Angels, or Devils.

Pilgrim. Delude not thy ſelf with ſuch vain

vain Fancies, and idle Imaginations, as to think, that my ſhutting thee up in a Room from publick View, or burying thee alive in an heap of Rubbiſh, will hide or ſecure thee from the Preſence of an All-diſcerning Eye. No: tho' I ſhould fling over thy dying Corpſe as many ſheets of Lead, as I have liv'd Hours, or ſink thee into the Sea Ten thouſand Fathom deep, yet divine Juſtice would find thee out, and attaint thee there. And why? Becauſe there is no place, either in Heaven, Earth, or Hell, that can ſave or ſecure a Sinner from the Gloomy Night of Pain, Howling, and Deſpair. But yet I willingly confeſs, that it is an aſtoniſhing and amazing, as well as a mortifying Sight, to behold thee thus all encompaſs'd with Terrours, thy Soul brim full of Deſolation and Confuſion; and in one word, to ſee thee compleatly miſerable, without the leaſt glimmering of Hope of ever bettering thy wretched Condition.

Informer. Is there no proſpect of reſcuing a Poor Offender from the Indignation of the Almighty, and the Pains of the Damn'd? Then with Rivers of Tears, Vollies of Sighs, and loud Cries, I muſt now bid farewel, farewel for ever, to the Favour, Love, and Reconciliation of Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt; and even to all the Hopes of ever ſeeing *Moſes*, *Aaron*, and the Prophets, Saints, Angels, and Righteous Men made perfect, with any

comfort or delight of Soul; I muſt alſo bid farewel to Heaven's Crown, Peace, Glory, Joys, and Reſt: nay, I bid an ultimate Adieu to all that is Good, or worthy of Praiſe; for I am inſtantly going down by the ſteps of Death to make my immediate Entrance into Hell, whether I will or not; where I ſhall every Moment be terrifi'd with frightful dreams of Horror, during the endleſs continuance of a long laſting, and tedious Eternity; and where I ſhall ever and anon be ſcar'd with terrible Thundrings of my Maker's diſpleaſure, and affrighted with the continual Lightnings of my own Conſcience flaſhing in my Face; and not only ſo, but have a Crown of Torment plac'd on my wretched Brow, and a Scepter of raging Deſpair fix'd into my unwilling Hand: but that which ſeems moſt to aggravate my Horror, and puts me even into a tranſport of Rage, is the excruciating Conſideration that I ſhall have for Companions thouſands of Millions of thouſands of fal'n Angels, curſed Spirits, and undone Imps; beſides an innumerable number of Tory-Sinners, formal Profeſſors, and informing Villains, who will during the long Night of a miſerable Eternity, be bellowing forth unheard of Oaths, Cryes, and Blaſphemies, to their King, the Grand Tyrant *Lucifer*.

Chriſtian. *Informer* is gone into the other World in a ſurprizing Confuſion, Horror, and

Conſter-

Conſternation of Soul, Spirit, and Mind; inſomuch that I may truly ſay, I never ſaw ſo much Guilt, Shame, and Deſpair fix'd in the Countenance of any in my whole life before, as in that of his: for minded you not the Frownings of his Brow, the Grinnings of his Teeth, the Starings of his Eyes, beſides the throbbings of his Breaſt, the pantings of his Heart, and the ſtruglings of his Spirit; as alſo the tremblings of his Joints, the quiverings of his Lips, and the Clutchings of his Fingers? For his Couch ſhook as if the Earth had been ſhaken, his Com-panions gaz'd on him, as Perſons frightned, and every beholder ſtood abaſh'd.

Pilgrim. Alas! all the Agonies you have nam'd would ſeem to him but as a Bed of Roſes, compared to what he now endures in the Infernal Regions of Deſtruction; the conſideration whereof has now ſo rais'd my Paſſions, and given me ſuch a perfect Idea of the Miſeries of the other World, that had I not in a former Tract inlarg'd on that Head, I could have here drawn ſuch a lively Repreſentation of the Miſeries of the damn'd, as doubtleſs would have made all the Readers thereof run roaring about the Town ſaying, *Lord, what ſhall I do to eſcape thy Diſpleaſure, or avoid being undone for ever. O ſave my Soul for thy Mercies ſake in the Ark of thy Reſt, and be not in wrath with me, and then do unto me according as ſhall ſeem good in thy Sight; for if thou ſayeſt, I muſt hunger, I will*

moſt

moſt willingly Faſt; if thou commandeſt me to ſtrip off my gaudy Feathers of Pride, I'll joyfully undreſs and go in Raggs, rather than diſhonour thee; if thou bidſt me Weep, I'll ſhed an Ocean of Tears; if thou but becken'ſt to me to go, I'll ſwiftly Run; nay, if thou would'ſt have me, I'll dye to ſin, and riſe again to righteouſneſs, and get up and be doing any thing, Lord, rather than incur thy Wrath, or provoke thee to Indignation, who muſt ſave, or I am loſt for aye.

Chriſtian. Theſe thy diſcourſes are ſo wonderfully moving and affecting to me, that I could be content to retreat into my Study, and there lock faſt my door, kneel down and Pray twenty Hours in every twenty four, ſeeing no Body, nor converſing with any Mortal, to the end I might avoid all the bewitching Allurements of ſpecious external appearances, that forcibly, as it were, draw the deluded Heart to Folly; and ſo weaning my Eyes from looking on Vanity with delight, I would only take Pleaſure in beholding my God, my Chriſt, and my King, by the piercing Eye of Faith; thus perpetually employing my ſelf with an unwearied Diligence, only ſome times ſparing a few Minutes, to peep thro' the Caſement of my Window, to behold the Sun, the Moon, and the Stars, thoſe bright Lamps of the upper Orbs, and conſidering that nothing but the curious hands of an Almighty Being, could be the wonderful Author

thor of their Shinings, Sparklings, and Glimmerings.

Pilgrim. Think not of fixing thy Tent here, tho' it be in private, for we will go rather to ſome more remote Place to Worſhip our Maker, than an Houſe, a Chamber, or a Cloſet, or near a Publick City, Town, or Village, for fear we ſhould find the malignant Effects of the ſpreading Contagion of Atheiſm, Deiſm, or Prophaneneſs, inſenſibly to have taken hold upon us, as it has already done by many of our Neighbouring Inhabitants, and ſo we ſhould ſuddenly expire, and awake in Torments.

Chriſtian. Excellent is thy thought, and prudent thy deſign, come then let us without delay pack up all our Holy Purpoſes, good Reſolutions, and Pious Arguments, and be gone without ſo much as taking either Scrip or Purſe along with us, or being in care of what we ſhall Eat or Drink to Morrow, ſince where ever we come, there will be a ſupply provided to ſatisfie our craving Wants, and hungry Appetites; what tho' our Lodging may be hard, our Food courſe, and our Drink ſmall, it matters not, ſince we have but a little way to go, and a few Nights to lye out, before we come at our Journy's End the Grave, when, if all the delicious Meats, ſtrengthning Jellys, and ſparkling Wines in the Univerſe, were to be forc'd into our Mouths, they would

would be no more reliſhing to our Taſt, than a Stone, a Stick, or a Blade of Graſs.

Pilgrim. I ſay, that we are both of a Mind; for I had long e're now made a Vow never to carry any of the Utenſils of this Earthly Tabernacle along with me, when ever I went on Pilgrimaging; but to leave all and every of my Tenements, Goods, and Lands, to be ſought after by the Children of this World, who think they have not near enough to bear their Charges during the Continuance of a ſhort Life, notwithſtanding they have already ſuch vaſt hoards of Treaſure, that were they to live ten long Ages thrice told, and to wear, eat, drink, and ſpend five times more than they now do, it would ſuffice and be too much.

Chriſtian. Leave off talking of ſuch miſerable wretches, and anſwer me this one Queſtion: What ſhall we do as we are on our march thro' the Fields, Woods, and Deſarts of this World; and how ſhall we ſpend our time by the way? I ask, becauſe I deſire not to be idle, or out of Employ, knowing Sloth to be a ſin, and to give Opportunity of temptation to the wicked one; for he is as buſie in deluding, enticing, and deceiving in the Garden, on the Mount, and in the Foreſt, as he is in a City, Court, or Palace, where People themſelves do in a manner ſuperſede the Diligence of the Tempter, ſo that I fear Satan will be laying his baits of Pride, Intemperance, and Melancholy,

choly, in hopes thereby to decoy us poor Travellers into his treacherous Snares, having turn'd us aſide out of the narrow Way that leads to Reſt, Peace, and Aſſurance for ever.

Pilgrim. Let not that trouble you, ſince there ſhall be ſcarce an hour in a Day, Week, Month, or Year, but what ſhall be carefully employ'd in Heavenly Contemplations, Divine Breathings, and good Diſcourſes: for as ſoon as ever the day breaks forth thro' the Caſements of the *Eaſt*, and the Birds begin to ſtretch their Wings, and tune their Throats, in order to chant out their melodious Lays, we will addreſs our ſelves to our God in Prayer, and beg that by his infinite Power, he will be pleas'd to direct all our goings the enſuing day, in ſuch a diſtinguiſhing way of Mercy, that no vain Thoughts may diſturb our inward Peace, no croſs Vexations interrupt our good intentions, no unruly Paſſions ruffle our compoſed Spirits, or diſturb our well-fixed Minds, ſo as ever to cauſe us to offend; and when ſuch our Petitionings are over, we will dreſs, and out of our Cabbins, in order to proceed forward in our Journey from the wicked Habitations of Vice, and by the way we ſhall be buſied in diſcourſing of the mighty Power, unſearchable Wiſdom, and infinite Goodneſs of God, in laying the Foundations of the Earth, in digging the Sea, and filling the deep with many Waters; in cloathing the Mountains,

tains, Vallies, and Plains, with an admirable diverſity of Plants, Shrubs, and Trees, and theſe with a moſt delightful variety of Leaves, Bloſſoms, Grains and Fruits; in ſtretching out the Firmament as a Canopy, in ſending forth his Winds as a cooling Fan, and bearing up the Pillars of the Univerſe; in congealing the drops of Water into Balls of Hail, and ſending down flakes of Snow, as a ſhower of downy Feathers; in making the Corn to Ear, the Peaſe to Bloſſom, and the Beans to Cod, with all other his wonderful doings, too numerous now to recite.

Chriſtian. My heart as it were burns within me at your diſcourſing of theſe things; and if the but juſt Hinting of them is ſo raviſhing to my Soul, what will it be when all our mutual Converſe comes to be of nothing elſe, and we behold them with our Eyes in all their fine Colours, Beauty, and Splendor! therefore delay not, but let us go, for I long as much to be on my march, and to enter upon ſuch talk, as ever any Pilot in a Storm deſir'd a Calm, or wiſh'd for a Port of Reſt: And why? Becauſe I am even carried as it were beyond the verge of Senſe, and ſwallowed up in Divine Meditations, ſo that I'll not ſtay to ask any more Queſtions here, ſince I ſee 'tis but loſs of time, and keeps us from our wiſh'd for Enjoyments: not but that I am full of doubts, and want to be better inform'd,

yet

yet all ſhall be let alone, till we are got ſome diſtance from the Town of Folly, having turn'd our Faces *Sion*-wards. Come, *Pilgrim*, give me thy hand, we'll now be gone from all the trouble and noiſe of a publick Station, and bid a good b'ye to Sin, with all the Snares of the World beſides. And now all is over, the Curtain is drop'd, and the Performance at an end.

CHAP. XIX.

A Retired Thought on the Purity of God, and the Abhorrence of the World.

O Bleſſed Time, and happy Seaſon! when I have nothing elſe to do, but to ſoar my Soul aloft, and laugh at all the periſhing Vanities here on Earth, by trampling down all that is baſe, and not worthy of praiſe, under my Feet; for then I can truly ſay, I am in my ſelf, and exerciſing my rational part on Subjects pure and Divine: Come then my beſt Deſires, and on Contemplation's Wings mount up to the higher Regions, in the moſt exalted ſtrains of Holy Meditations: Talk as well as think more ſublimely of God, than ever. Raiſe up thy ſelf, O my Mind! and fly upon the Wings of a lively Faith, till thou approach

approach ſo near thy Divine Original, as to diſcern thoſe Rivers of everlaſting pleaſures I ſhall afterwards enjoy, when I come to lay down this Tabernacle of Clay, being exempted from the Viciſſitudes of Time, and veſted in an unchangeable ſtate of endleſs Felicity: For that tranſcendent Glory, that is to be the Portion of the genuine Sons of the Almighty, does as much ſurpaſs, yea infinitely more, even all the moſt exalted Conceptions of Man's Underſtanding, as the moſt refined Ideas of the moſt penetrating Genius, do the mean Apprehenſions of a natural born Fool. But, O how is my Soul now raviſhed, even with ſuch imperfect Repreſentations of this indefectible ſtate of Happineſs, as my thoughts are at preſent capable to make unto me! And if ſo, how unexpreſſibly, yea even inconceivably greater muſt the joys of Heaven be! where the infinite Perfections of God, his immenſe Power, unlimited Wiſdom, and tranſcendent Goodneſs, are as it were openly viewed with an Eye, whoſe Capacity is enlarged for that very purpoſe. But tho' I am now uncapable of ſo near a view of ſuch dazling Objects, by reaſon of the preſent weakneſs of my Sight, yet do I now ſoar aloft on the ſwift Wings of Divine Contemplation, and my active Soul is now arriv'd to ſuch a height, that it has left behind it the material Sun, Moon, and Stars, and ſeems now to have got as near the Partition

Wall

on Wall of *Sion*-Hill, as a Soul can well be during its abode and continuance with Fleſh and Blood: Nay, if I were not fully ſatisfy'd that God's Reſt is ſuch a glorious Place as it really is, I ſhould be apt to fancy my ſelf peeping into the other World, and taking a proſpect of the Boundaries of the new *Jeruſalem*, where Father Reigns, and Son Rules; where Prophets ſit, and Apoſtles live; and where Saints are bleſt, and good men ſing: For now I have brought my ſelf to the abſolute Contempt of all the gaudy pageantry of worldly Treaſure, and value no more the loud Applauſes of vain Men, and idle Women, than an Eagle does a Fly, or a Lark a crawling Worm, when they are winging themſelves up aloft towards the middle Region of the Air. No, I bleſs him that firſt caus'd me to breath, I can ſit and look me down from the higheſt Sphere of true Devotion, and behold with delight that little Globe of Earth, I live, move, and work upon, without ever being the leaſt enamour'd of any of its gaudy Shows, and painted Appearances, or taken with its falſe Amuſements: for is it not obvious, that the largeſt part of its Fabrick is either yet undiſcover'd, cover'd with Waters, frozen with Cold, ſcorched with Heat, or covered with a long and tedious darkneſs; and as for that part of it which is inhabited, the People are ſix parts in ſeven either *Heathens*, *Turks*, or *Jews*, *Atheiſts*, *Deceivers*, or Lukewarm *Profeſſors*: So that ſuch

folk only ought to be accounted as ſo many Swarms, Neſts, and Broods of Serpents, Snakes, and Vipers, crawling on a Mountain, which rather invenom its Ground, than enrich its Soil: for indeed all that moſt men are now adays buſied about, is to ſcuffle, wreſtle, and fight for each others Lands and Poſſeſſions, even without the leaſt regard to Right, Equity, and Juſtice: Nay, with Tears be it deliver'd, that many are ſcarce thoughtful for any thing, but that which conſumes, corrupts, and periſhes, like their own Carcaſſes, when they come to be intomb'd in mournful Silence, and melt away to nothing. But for ever praiſed be he that dyed on the Croſs, there are none of theſe Commotions and Diſtractions where my Mind is now mounted, nor are there any frivolous Diſputes about vain punctilio's of Honour, or trifles of I know not what Pretences or Claims of things, that nothing appertain to true Sanctity; for behold, my Soul has newly unrigg'd her ſelf of all Vanities and ſinful Imaginations, and has apply'd her ſelf to the Contemplation of the firſt Cauſe of all Cauſes, and the many wonderful Effects that proceed therefrom; ſuch as, the admirable harmony of order there is in the Ebbing and Flowing of the Tides, in the Riſing and Setting of the Sun, in the Changes of Springs and Autumns; muſing alſo on the ſpeedy future Diſſolution of the World. O then, how narrow and ſneaking are all ſenſual Enjoyments, to a Mind that is thus centered

tered in the mid-regions of Divine Perfections, and truly knows what God and Religion means? For in this Poſt of Honour, I ſit as it were Lord Vicegerent in a Court of Judicature, Judging between Right and Wrong, and do whatſoever pleaſeth God and my ſelf: Great and delightful is all that I ſee, know, or do; and why, becauſe I am always viewing the vaſt Immenſity and Grandeur of an infinite Being, and in ſome degree, may be ſaid to be meaſuring out the unlimited Bounds of the Almighty's Perfection. Then ſtill continue, O my Soul, to remain in this happy State, till the Dawn of that Day, when thou wilt bid adieu to a Body of brittle Clay, and tower it up to know and ſee, what omnipotent Power has reſerv'd for them that can dwell within the Confines of Holineſs, whilſt impriſon'd in a Dungeon of pain, and live within themſelves during the Scene of a miſerable Life, without ſo much as being defiled, with the deſires of the fleeting Shadows of this polluted World. Break out therefore, O my Soul! and abide till Death, in ſuch rapturous Flights, and Divine Extaſies, and be for ever raviſh'd with joy at the mighty Conſideration, that one hours Intercourſe with the Almighty, is better than ten Years Converſe in the rank Fenns of Folly, where all its Inhabitants are dreſt up in the poor Rags of Vice, and think that all they ſee, are the Works of Chance, and not thoſe of God and Chriſt; believing that all the Revolutions, Changes, and Misfor-

tunes that befal them here, proceed from nothing but a blind Contingency, or the overruling of the Planetary Bodies. But, O my unchangeable God! how contrary are theſe their dreaming Thoughts, to the Sentiments of a Man that has any Idea of Reaſon, or Knowledge of things implanted in his Underſtanding, or that has taken but the leaſt pains to pry into the winding Labyrinths of the leaſt of thy Handy-works, and conſiders what a miraculous Art, Cunning, and Curioſity there is, even in thy making the very Piſmires that throng on the Mole-Hills, or the Frogs that paddle in the Ponds: But, Lord, let them think as they will, I know there is not an hair growing on my Head, or an Ant creeping on the Ground, but what is numbred, and lives by thy Power, Will, and Appointment, and that things are not as they ſay govern'd by nothing but thoughtleſs Chance: No Lord, thou that art the Framer of all, knoweſt what thou doſt, and wiſely guideſt all things with a moſt viſible Diſcretion, and Prudent Management. O then, my Lord, and my God! be not angry, if I bid the wicked depart from my Thoughts, and live no more near my Memory, leſt I ſtain my Soul with their Pollutions, and through the Contagion of their pernicious Example, ſhould entertain low Conceptions of thee my Maker, who art all Mind, and all Reaſon, all Power, and all Truth, all Wonder, and all Perfection, and wilt remain ſo, when they are loſt and damn'd for ever.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

A Thought on the Imperfection of Man, in all his Acquir'd, and Natural Endowments.

O My God! all the Idea's I have of thine Infinite Accompliſhments are Dark, Imperfect, and Obſcure, and no more able to comprehend thy real Perfections, than my Finger is to reach the yonder Sky, when I point it upwards. No, Lord! inſtead of knowing thy Secrets, or any-wiſe underſtanding thy Myſteries, I even know little of theſe thy Attributes, whereof thou haſt vouchſafed to make ſome diſcovery unto us by Revelation: And when I conſider what I am, even a Worm, and no more, I can't but even chide my ſelf for attempting to ſcan ſuch things as are infinitely too high for me; ſince ſure I am, all thy Attributes are great yea incomprehenſible, and every of thy Proceedings unſearchable and paſt finding out. Then, O Lord God! what have I been doing all this while, but treating upon many Heads of Doctrine that are above my Sphere to unfold, and beyond my Capacity to elucidate; and indeed what have all the Divines, Philoſophers, Aſtronomers, and o-

thers ſuch been doing ſince the Creation, but giving their Judgments in Points that they themſelves were never well-verſt in, or truly underſtood aright. Why then break I not out into ſome one of my uſual ſtrains of Expreſſion, and ask my ſelf and others, If an Infant, that lyes ſprawling in the Womb, and as yet never ſaw Light, underſtands the ſecret Intrigues of his Mother's Heart, by reaſon of its being plac'd ſo near his Breaſt, or learns her Language, becauſe ſhe ſpeaks near to his Ear? Can a Babe of five days old tell its Parents Name, becauſe 'tis recited in its hearing, and in the Room where it was Born; or can he apprehend whether his Father is Rich or Poor, by the fineneſs or courſeneſs of his Mantle, or the Furniture of his Chamber where he lyes, and was begot? Or can a Child of three years of Age, that never learn'd his Chriſt-Croſs-Row, read Greek Authors, becauſe his Sureties are learned Scholars, and underſtand it well? Or can he talk in the Hebrew Tongue, only for his being baptis'd by a Divine that can write it plain? Even no more can the greateſt Politician now living on Earth, conceive aright the Excellencies of the moſt High, or penetrate into his private Council, Secrets, and Procedings, becauſe he made us, preſerves us, and we live by his Providence. No, we are all as yet in the ſhades of Darkneſs, and do but creep as ſo many blind

Moles,

Moles, in ſearching out, and ſtriving to know what we ſhall never attain unto, ſo long as we wear the tatter'd Garments of Mortality, and dwell in this ſtate of Imperfection. Alas! the moſt knowing of us all, would ſoon be brought to the Belief of this my Aſſertion, if the Almighty ſhould think fit but to take any one of us, and permit him to peep into his Glory, and let him know what he knows, and Comprehend what he himſelf is, ſo far as it is poſſible for a Creature, tho' but for the ſpace of ſome few Minutes; and with all that knowledge ſet him down in the World again; he would laugh at all his former Idea's of things, and ſay, that every account that has been given of the Infinite Perfections of the Deity, falls as far ſhort of a compleat Definition, yea or a ſufficient or but tolerable Deſcription of what God, Heaven, and Glory is, as we were uncapable to underſtand perfectly at the Age of four years, what we our ſelves ſhould be, when arriv'd in the other World, or what we ſhould be imploy'd in there: And yet I allow, that we know ſomething more, than many Generations that have liv'd before us, and believe that the next Age will underſtand more than we, and ſo ſucceſſively every Sett of new Faces will be improving, as to the Knowledge of God, and the Works of Creation, even to the end of Time: but yet I affirm, that never any of them all

will arrive at Perfection, or be capable of defining the Lord God *Jehovah*, as he really is in himſelf, in his abſolute Eſſence, and ſimple compehenſive Being: For it is certain, that all the Idea's we ever had, or any Man ſhall or can have of him, proceed only from our Minds, and theſe can but give an uncertain Gueſs, as being not in the leaſt capable to determine any great matter therein: but admit that ſome of us may be ſo diſcerning, as to obſerve ſome ſmall glimmerings of the Power of the Lord, and the mightineſs of his Strength, ſo far as is to be diſcovered by what he has brought to paſs; alas! the far greateſt part of his Abſolute Perfections, do yet ſtill lye clouded over from our ſight, and cannot be eſpyed by any one of us; yea were any Man capable of perceiving but any part thereof, it would rather ſerve to dazle our Apprehenſion, than in any conſiderable matter to inform our Judgments, or make us wiſer, than we were before: For has it not often been Experienc'd, that the further any Man ever ſtrove to dive into the *Arcana* of God's Councils, or the more he ſought to know what God had been doing from Eternity, and what he will be about, to Everlaſting Ages, the more imperfect Account ſuch a Perſon generally has been able to give, if he has not been altogether bereav'd, of that portion of Reaſon his Maker had diſtributed unto him, to make uſe of to other Purpoſes, Intentions, and Deſigns, within the verge

of

of his weaker Capacity, and either become raving with Madneſs like a furious Lyon in a Den, or has moped away his Days as a Drone, in a deep Stupidity: No, No; ſuch is the boundleſs and incomprehenſible Nature of the great Framer of the Extenſive Univerſe, and ſuch the Limitation and Narrowneſs of that of Man, that this latter falls infinitely ſhort of being able to fathom the former: yea ſo imperfect are we in every thing pertaining to God, that as yet we have not been able to attain unto Perfection, even in that Imitation of the Divine Goodneſs, for which end our Nature ſeems to have been Created: Nay, I think, I tranſgreſs not, if I cry out with that Divine Philoſopher *Seneca*, 'The very thing that we moſt 'eagerly purſue, we are not yet arriv'd at, '(*i. e.*) to ſay a Perfection in Wickedneſs: 'Vice is ſtill on Improvement; Luxury, Immo-'deſty, and proſtitute Diſſolution of Manners 'find ſtill new matter to Work upon; our Men 'are grown Effeminate in their Habits, in their 'Motions, and in their Ornaments, even to the 'degree of Whoriſhneſs; there is no Body minds 'Religion, but for want of a Comedy perhaps, 'or in foul Weather, when there is nothing 'elſe to do. Is this ſo, O my God, that the Prophane are ſtill imperfect in their Lewdneſs, and know not yet all the Faſhions and Accompliſhments of Sin? Then ſure, Lord, it is no matter of wonder, if I am Imperfect in the knowledge of thy Excellencies, Omnipotency,

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and ſecret Myſteries and Deſigns, and remain ſo to the End of my Race: For, O my Jeſu! what is Man even at the beſt State, but a ſhort-ſighted Creature, that is altogether unacquainted with the Day, Hour, or Moment when he ſhall Languiſh, Faint, and Dye, and cannot tell, what ſhall happen the enſuing Year, to Morrow, or even the very next Minute, (*i. e.*) whether he ſhall be Living or Dead, Applauded, or Condemned; Sick, or Well; in Eaſe, or in Pain; Rich, or Poor; Lov'd, or Hated; Honoured, or Deſpiſed; Scorn'd, or Rever'd: nay, Lord, he has ſo little a Proſpect of what will be hereafter, that when he dreſſes, he knows not when and after what manner he ſhall be again unrigg'd, or what ſhall be the next Garment he muſt wear; whether a woollen winding Sheet, which is all in one piece, or a Cloth Coat cut out according to the Mode, and ſow'd together with Seams: Go he but out of his Doors, and turn his back upon his Houſe, he knows not whether he ſhall ever behold the Faces of his Wife, Children, or Friends any more, or ſtep into his Habitation again. Now, as to my ſelf in particular, when I awake in the Morning, I can't Divine whether my next Sleep will be a breathing Reſt, or a dead Swoon, never to ſtir more, till a Voice is heard, *Arouſe, and come to Account*: If I at any time ariſe from off my Bed, my Couch, or my Chair, and attempt to go but a few Paces off, I am not ſo

ſo wiſe, as to be able to ſay, whether my next lying down will be on a Bier, in a Coffin, in a Grave, or on a wad of Straw: when I cloſe my Eyes to reſt at Night, I am not ſo cunning as to reſolve my ſelf, or my Family, whether I ſhall ever open them more, or ſee the break of another day on this ſide Eternity: Am I at any time giving my Judgment in intricate Points, relating to Religion, Law, or Phyſick, or any other difficult Art or Science, I can't aſſure the Party, or Parties, whether I am in the right or not; ſince it is all but Conjecture: neither do I know whether ever I ſhall be ask'd a Queſtion more, or again deſire to be reſolv'd in one my ſelf, unleſs it be in the other World: If I take up my Pen only with an intent to write but a Sentence of a few words, not perhaps containing above forty Letters, and have already begun to write, all the Wiſdom I have, is inſufficient to impower me to tell, whether I ſhall be capable to guide my Quill to the middle of the firſt Line thereof, or be forc'd to let it drop out of my Hand by a ſhaking Palſy, a fit of the Apoplexy, or a riſing of the Vapours; or whether I ſhall ſurvive to correct, or amend thoſe few matters that lye then ready indited: Nay, ſo precarious is my Life, that if I take up a Book of my own Compoſing, or of that of any other Author, with a deſign to read but one Sheet or Chapter therein, I can't fore-know that my Pulſe will

beat

beat, my Breath continue, or my Senſes remain perfect till I have accompliſh'd that Purpoſe, and clos'd the Book, laying the Leaves again together: When my Temper is croſs'd, when I am peeviſh, or fretful, its paſt my skill to ſay, that I ſhall ever be ſo kind to my ſelf and others as ever to be in a good Humour more, or reſume an Air of ſweetneſs in my Countenance again; or on the contrary, if I am Smiling, Rejoycing, or Laughing, my very Soul is ignorant, whether I ſhall ever be ſo chearful, lively, or pleaſant for the time to come, or how long I ſhall continue in ſo merry a Mood: Suppoſing I water my Cheeks with penitential Tears, in the fore part of the Day, my Heart can't in the leaſt conceive whether it ſhall remain in the ſame frame of Melancholy, till Noon, or be hardned thro' the deceitfulneſs of Sin, ſo as never to Fountain up a brackiſh Drop of water more, to moiſten the Lidds of thoſe Eyes that are then over-flowing: When I treat my Intimates, or am by any of them entertain'd in the Tents of Pleaſure, none of us knows whether ever that Debt will be repay'd, or whether our next meeting will be in this World, or in the other: Do I this day behold my next Neighbour appear to my view all Life, Vigour, and Spirit; I am ſo ſtupid, as not to be capable of reſolving my ſelf or him how long he ſhall continue ſo, or what he will be doing a Week hence, that is, whether

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he will be Dancing, Singing, or Rejoycing; whether he will be Sighing, Sobbing, or Groaning, or whether he will be working, or playing; abroad, or at home; living or dead. Do I behold the sky Clear and Bright at the twelfth hour of any day, I know not whether it will remain ſo, or be ſhadowed over with Clouds, when the Clock ſtrikes one in the Afternoon; for if I atteſt it will be Fair, it may Rain; and if I ſay it will be Foul, it may be otherwiſe; ſo that I may thereby ſee my ſelf miſtaken, and wide of the matter. Am I not at the beſt a poor indigent Creature, and almoſt altogether ignorant in all natural Cauſes, Effects, and Events, but much more ſo in the Nature and Inſcrutable Myſteries of the moſt High God? As for inſtance, if I behold a Tree full of Bloſſoms, which promiſes much Fruit, it is altogether unknown to me, whether it will meet with a blaſt, or produce much, or any increaſe at all. If then theſe my foregoing Conſiderations and Aſſertions are allowable, and conſentient to Truth, Reaſon, and good Senſe, how much more certain is it, that no Man is able perfectly to know or conceive what God is in his Being, or how happy the Soul of a Righteous Chriſtian is made, when it comes to be tranſlated from Earth to Heaven? Be not thou proud then, O my Soul, of any Natural or acquir'd Endowments, for if thou art, thou wilt be aſham'd of thy indiſcreet Conceit, when

when thou com'ſt to take a thorough Proſpect into the other World, and to compare what thou wilt then conceive, to what thou now knoweſt: for is not every one that is arriv'd to ſome Years, ſo ſufficiently ſenſible of his own former miſtakes, that whereas he thought his Knowledge was great, if not come even to Perfection, before he arriv'd at the eighteenth Year of his Age, he is now ſufficiently convinc'd, that this ſame Knowledge, then ſo much admir'd, is no better than Childiſhneſs and Ignorance, compar'd to the Apprehenſions and Conceptions of things which he now has; *viz.* after ſo many Years Inſtructions, Learning, and Experience, in things both Humane and Divine: Why? Thus the cauſe ſtands with thee, O my Soul! if thou vainly fancyeſt that thy Speculations are ſublime, curious, and deeply penetrating, and preſumeſt to think, that thou ſeeſt many things in their true light, ſtate, and proportion, and wanteſt not to be inform'd. Thou may'ſt perhaps now think that every thing is within the reach of thy Conceptions; when, alas! may be ſome Centuries of Years hence, Men ſhall be ſo improv'd in Knowledge, whether Sacred or Prophane, whether in Religion, Sciences, or Arts, either Liberal or Mechanick, that theſe Books and Syſtems that are now extant, and highly applauded, or whatever elſe is thought commendable and praiſe worthy, may be look'd upon

upon as fooliſh, weak, and unlearned, even fit for nothing but to be laid in Oblivion, forgot and ridicul'd: if ſo, then how mean and inconſiderable is all thou ſayeſt or doſt, O my Soul, in the view of Heaven? And yet all this while thou mayeſt not be rejected by the Father of Mercies. And why? becauſe he requires no more than what he gives, and expects not to Reap, where it was never Sown; but is ever ready to accept the Will for the Deed, and to take in good part all thy Performances tho' never ſo mean and inconſiderable in themſelves, provided thou art ſincere and upright in thy Purpoſes, Deſigns, and Reſolutions: Therefore cheer up, O my diſconſolate Soul, and be not quite caſt down, on account that thou know'ſt ſo little, as thou really doſt; but be content, Heaven has decreed it ſo, and keep thy Patience but a while, and when thou arriveſt at that exalted ſtate of Glory, that everlaſting Kingdom which was prepared for thee by thy God and Father, before the Foundation of the World was laid, then ſhall all Miſts and Clouds of Darkneſs vaniſh, the Scales of Ignorance ſhall fall from thine Eyes, and thou ſhalt ſee openly, not as in a Glaſs, and know even as thou art known.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

A Thought of Enduring Perſecution with a patient Reſignation.

IT is for thy Honour, O my Jeſu! that I am ſometime Croſt, and even oblig'd to winter in great Extremity; it is for my good, that I am often troubled, and know what Want means; nay it can't be thought amiſs for the Tryal of my Faith, and Exerciſe of my Patience, if thou dreſſeſt me in Rags, and cauſeſt me for a while to endure Hunger, Thirſt, and Cold; to toil, run, and ſweat; to lodge in Stables, Barns, or Hovels; to cover my ſelf with Weeds, and Leaves of Trees, or Straw; to be Sick, Faint, and Ill: But, O my God, I can't but fancy I now hear ſome ſay, What! ought I to think Miſery expedient, convenient, or needful, becauſe it ſerves to wean the Mind from off the painted Fancies of a falſe World, and helps to raiſe up the Soul from weltring in the muddy Ponds of ſenſual Delights, making it to delight to bathe it ſelf in the clear and cooling Springs of heavenly Deſires, and ſelf Reſignation, and driving the Spirit Heavenwards. Theſe I know, O bleſſed Redeemer, are thy Intentions, Deſigns, and Purpoſes, in thus thwarting me, in my paſſage home to thee: So that I am animated to ſay with an undaunted

undaunted bravery of Spirit, Come ye Waves of pain and ſorrow, and ye raging Floods of boiſterous Perſecution, and beat againſt this Veſſel of my Body, with all your united Forces, you ſhall never be able to ſhock my Reſolves, ſtay my begun Voyage, or ſurceaſe my ſtrenuous Endeavours; and altogether reſolved I am, in ſpight of all imaginable Oppoſition, to guide my much toſſed Veſſel to the Port-Royal of Reſt, Peace, and Pleaſure: for how much better is it for me to be content patiently to wait a while, looking upon the Compaſs of true Belief, and willingly to watch for a few dark Nights, ſteering by the Helm of Conſcience, and patiently abide ſome cold blaſts of a ſtormy Seaſon, that thereby I may arrive at an Harbour of Joys, where I ſhall never have any need to watch more, to toil more, or be ruffled by the furious Winds of Paſſions more, than for the ſake of preſent Eaſe, of ſome ſhort Sleep, or deceitful Slumber, to ſuffer my Bark to run adrift, and to be toſs'd hither and thither, at the will of every Wind and Current, without any hope or proſpect of ever ſeeing Land, till at laſt it is ſplit upon a Rock, and loſt for ever. But here doubtleſs I ſhall be interrupted by ſome of the Grandees of this World, who will ſtay my carreer for a while, to ask the following Queſtion, If it is not much more delightful, pleaſing, and agreeable to Fleſh, Blood, and Senſe, to ride as one of the Lord High

Admirals of the narrow Seas of this Life, in a ſtill River near a green Shore, and be in a guilded Ship of State, ſet off with many gaudy Streamers, and flying Pendents of Grandeur, ſurrounded with a numerous Squadron of other painted Veſſels of Greatneſs, and be huzza'd with d'offt Bonnets, ſhaking Hands, and loud Shouts, by many Crews of Inferior Mariners, and juſt as the Summer of Life is over, pull up Anchor, and ſteer away for Glory, without any more to do, and ſo ſtep out of a fine Cabin here on Earth, into the everlaſting Manſions of Bliſs in Heaven. To this I return Anſwer, That it is not poſſible it can be ſo; for as reaſonably may one think to ſet foot upon the Continent of *America*, without making a Voyage thither, as to arrive at the Port of Eternal Happineſs, without undergoing the inevitable Fatigues of the way. Impoſſible it is for a Rich Man to ſteer unto the Haven of Glory. He is guided more by the deceiving Holloos of the Crowd of mean ſpirited Men, than by the ſtill Voice of *Jeſus* the Lord, who ſaith, Take up and fraught with Meekneſs, Sanctity, and Purity of Converſation, and ye ſhall unload at my Key, and ſhore at my Wharf, without giving a third of your Cargo, as an acknowledgment to any but my ſelf; and in Exchange of what I receive from you, I'll return a thouſand-fold into your Boſome, and Crown you as Kings for ever: So that ſure I am, when a Chriſtian riggs

for

for Happineſs, he is not fond of Ruling in chief, or free to take his courſe near the main Fleets of any Tyrant King, or great Potentate, leſt he ſhould be ſo unhappy, as either to be ſeiz'd as a Pirate, or preſt as a Tender, and ſo prevented in his intended Voyage; but for the ſhunning of danger he ſteers ſomething round about, becauſe he then knows he ſhall have no hinderance by dropping his Flag, lowering his Topmaſt, or diſcharging an acknowledgment to the Soveraignty of his Earthly Prince, whom he deſires not to know or yield Obedience ſo much to: nay, for my part I had much rather fear my God, and venture him with my All in an open Hoy, than live in a Yatch of Pleaſure, and offend my Maker, for then I know my Soul is loſt for ever without Redemption. But, Lord, why muſe I thus, and ſay not, I had rather ſerve thee, than be obey'd my ſelf by others; I had rather labour for thee, than dwell at eaſe in ſin; I'd rather cry for thee, than laugh with the World; I'd rather be chill'd with cold for thee, than lye warm with the wicked; I'd rather hide for thee, than be gaz'd on with applauding Admiration by evil Doers: And why ſo patient, O my Spirit, in Poverty? Becauſe my Chriſt was never Rich: Why ſo calm when ſlander'd? Becauſe my Saviour was contented to be deſpis'd: Why ſo patient in trouble? Becauſe my Lord was ſo: Why ſo free to forgive? Becauſe my Redeemer ever thus practis'd:

Why ſo meek when ſpightfully us'd? Becauſe *Jeſus* behav'd himſelf with gentleneſs when betray'd: So that I will now pray with him, and ſay, *O Father forgive them, they know not what they do.* O then how much better is it to have my Feet lock'd in Chains of Iron, than my Hands imbru'd in ſtreams of Blood? my Bread ſeaſon'd with briniſh Tears, than to enjoy ſweet Morſels purchas'd with Deceit? Nay, I had even ſaid, I had rather chuſe to ſtarve in private, where no temptation can come to aſſault, or lewd Perſons enter to Rule, than Feaſt in the Courts of Mirth, where my Virtue may be expos'd, or my Graces damnify'd; and where Morality is expell'd, and Vice is careſs'd in Oppoſition to the Fruits of Truth.

But now ſure it is time to think of cloſing this Eſſay with a ſhort, but Earneſt Prayer, becauſe the moment draws on apace, when I muſt away to my other Thoughts, where I ſhall even ſwim in floods of Grief, and be oppreſt with profound Melancholy, to conſider how Sinners lye on the ſoft Quilts of eaſe, without any ſerious thought of God's handyworks, or affecting Conſideration of their dying Day, when their poor Souls muſt be all in amaze, and they know not what to do, whither to fly, or how to eſcape a deſerved Doom: But now to my Devotion. 'O thou great Gover-'nour of the ſpacious Univerſe, and firſt Fa-'bricator of the higheſt Heavens, and what-'ever is contain'd in their Embraces, I am come

'to

'to let thee know, that if my Heart betrays 'me not, I had much rather have my Head 'ake, feel my Stomack empty, and ſee my Bo-'dy lodg'd in a Manger, than at any time to 'think, ſay, or do amiſs, in Thought, Word, 'or Deed; for amazing it is to ſee thee frown, 'and hear thy Son chide: Lord, thy Diſplea-'ſure is more killing to me than many Deaths, 'or a whole Quiver of Arrows ſtuck into my 'bleeding Heart. O receive me but as thine 'own, and then ſtrip me of my All, if thou 'ſeeſt it fit to be ſo for thy Honour, and my 'Good; nay, my Lord *Jeſu*, Chain me to Gal-'lies, Confine me to Dungeons, or Pen me in 'a Cave, I care not, ſo that thou doſt but 'own me as thine here, and crown me with 'thy Saints hereafter; for O my God and my 'King, how ſhort and ſlight are all thy af-'flicting Diſpenſations, and Trials on Earth, 'tho' never ſo ſevere and ſharp, if compar'd 'and weigh'd with the pains of Hell, and the 'loſs of thy felicifying Preſence, to the end-'leſs Ages of Eternity, which will for ever 'and ever be running on, but never come to 'the deſired end, or draw towards a vehement-'ly long'd for Concluſion.

'These and many more, O bleſſed Redeemer, 'are the prevailing Conſiderations, that ſerve 'to place me beyond the Fear of trouble, De-'ſpite of Enemies, or the Rage of Devils, and 'even make me proud of Rags, fond of Flames, 'and ambitious of cruel Tortures, for I have ſo

'high an Eſteem for thee, that hung on a Croſs
'for me, that I fancy I could undergo all the
'Pains, Ignominies, and Flouts, that ever any
'Chriſtian was accoſted withal, without ſo
'much as a ſhrinking back, or ſaying, Lord ſend
'Eaſe, it is more than I am able to bear; and that
'thou may'ſt ſee, O Lamb of God, thou Son of
'the Father, and Judge of the whole Earth, that
'none of theſe Reſolves are feign'd, I'll retire into
'a Room and talk of thee at an higher rate than
'ever; (*i. e.*) into a ſecret Receſs, where no Light
'appears, but now and then the glimmering of a
'ſparkling Star, or the little faint ſhinings of an
'horned Moon, where no Sinners are near to liſten
'to my bitter Cries, Sighs, and mournful Accents,
'and where not one offender's Eye is ſuffer'd to
'peep in: Would Tranſgreſſors know what I in-
'tend to do there? I anſwer, It is not to wan-
'ton, ſing, and play, nor to ſlumber, ſot, and ſleep,
'but to Pray and Repent, to Sigh and Reform, to
'Weep and Amend. But doubtleſs they will ask
'how long I ſhall be there; I ſay till I am aſſur'd
'of everlaſting Reſt, and ſo now farewel to emp-
'ty Bubbles, ſilly Toys, and idle Wiſhes; and wel-
'come to me earneſt Prayers, loud Cries, and long
'Travels in the ſtrait paths of Virtue: And ſo I
'Conclude in ſaying, Come Lord *Jeſu*, come
'quickly, come without the leaſt Delay, and aſſiſt
'me in accompliſhing all my pious purpoſes, and
'then I ſhall never faint, but ſoon arrive at the
'end of my Hope, even the eternal Salvation of
'my dear, precious, and never dying Soul. *Amen.*
Amen, Amen.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

A Midnight Thought on the wonderful Viciſſitudes of the Univerſe.

SLeep not my Soul! but awake, arouſe and be not dull, for now is the time to call thy ſelf to account, and know if all is right within; then be not ſlack, O thou my Soul! but raiſe thy Thoughts aloft on Contemplation's Wings; for Sweet it is to Pray in a private Receſs, where there is no Tatling, but the talking of thine own Tongue; no Whiſperings, but theſe of thy own Lips; no Noiſe, but the Soundings of thine own Voice; no Beatings, but the Pantings of thine own Breaſt; no Conſultings, but the Muſings of thine own Mind; no Pains, but the Akings of thine own Heart; no Clutchings, but the Wringing of thine own Hands; no Sweatings, but the Dews of thine own Fore-head; no Paleneſs, but the Wanneſs of thine own Face; no Tremblings, but the Shakings of thine own Joynts; no Cryings, but the Weeping of thine own Eyes; no Mournings, but the Grievings of thine own Spirit; no Checks, but the Chidings of thine own Conſcience; no Frettings, but the Peeviſhneſs of thine own Humour; no Company, but the Converſe of thine own Jeſus; O then break out my Soul,

and ſay, O my Lord, and O my God, every of thy Workings of Nature are exceeding ſtrange, moſt ſurprizing, and too wonderful for me to know: And why, O my great Jehovah? Becauſe they are Secrets only known to thy ſelf, and I muſt not dive too nicely into the Cauſe, or deſire to know more of them, than thy Sacred Word allows, ſince I know they are too Sublime to be reach'd by me, too immenſe to be incircled within my narrow Capacity, and too difficult to be reſolv'd by my ſtammering Tongue. No, my Maker, all my Ingenuity, Excellency, and Skill cannot tell my ſelf, or any other, whether that glorious Luminary, which Shines in the upper Orbs, runs round the Circle of this Earth, or the Earth turns about to the Sun, or whether they both move in Conjunction with each other. Theſe are too high Points for me, O Lord, or any breathing Mortal to define, or abſolutely to determine: And why? Becauſe the moſt refined of us all can only conſult Reaſon, and give the beſt of our Judgment in the matter, which poſſibly may be a true Idea of the Thing, and yet perhaps may not: What then remains for Man to do, but to Cry out, and ſay, O the unſearchable Wiſdom, and mighty Power of the Creator, moſt clearly to be perceived by the interchangeable Revolutions of the Nights and Days, of the Morn-

ings

ings and the Evenings, of the Winter and the Summer, and of the ſhortning and lengthning of the Nights and the Days; ſo that ſure we are, it is either the Earth, the Sun, or both of them are in a continual and ſteady Motion. Shall I illuſtrate the matter even to the meaneſt Capacity? Then to prove that there is an Infinite Being, and an Almighty Power concern'd in all we ſee, I ſhall thus proceed: Admit, and ſay, that 'tis only the Earth that moves, and that the Sun ſtands as ſteadily fixt in the Center of the Univerſe, as doth the North Star in its appointed Station in the Firmament, as is the Opinion of moſt of the nice Inquirers, and curious Searchers into natural Cauſes; how amazing is it then to Conſider, that ſuch a ponderous Weight, as all the Hills, Mountains, and Plains; all the Cities, Towns, and Villages; all the Trees, Boughs, and Hedges; all the Men, Women, and Children; all the Cattle, Beaſts, and creeping Animals; all the Seas, Rivers, and Brooks; all the Ships, Whales, and Fiſhes; with every thing elſe that lyes fixt, or moves on the Surface of the Land and Water; together with what is contain'd within it down to the Center thereof, ſhould be in ſuch a quick Motion, as to wheel round every twenty four Hours, without ever reſting or ſtanding ſtill, going faſter or ſlower, at one Time, Seaſon, or Hour than another, but keeps juſt to ſuch

an exact Motion: Or on the other Hand, ſuppoſing the Earth remains as fixt and unmoveable in the Centre, as doth the Root of a growing Oak in the Ground, where it was firſt Sown or Planted, and the Sun moves, as ſeems to be the thoughts of the inſpired Pen-man of the nineteenth Pſalm; ſuppoſing this, I ſay, the Work of God is not leſs, if not much more admirable and worthy to be celebrated. With what Wonder and Delight withal ſhall we be ſurpris'd, if we riſe in a clear Morn ſomething before Day breaks, and walking out abroad into the open Fields, or looking out of the Caſement of a Window, whoſe Proſpect is to the Eaſt, we behold all about Gloomy, Dark, and Black, excepting a few ſilver Glances of the pale ſhining Moon, or little ſparklings of the twinkling Stars; till by and by, if we traverſe with our Eyes the Plains yet overſpread with the ſable Vail of the Night, we ſhall perceive towards the Eaſtern Bounds of the Horizon, a little Light to ariſe, which diffuſes it ſelf more and more 'till it has ſcatter'd the Shades, and made to diſappear the leſſer Luminaries of the Night; and then immediately after the Day's Bright Lamp begins to ſhew the top of his Head from his roſie Chambers of the Eaſt, gradually advancing himſelf, till he has fully diſplay'd his glorious Countenance, and given broad Day to expect-

pecting Mortals: from thenceforward he proceeds in his aſcending Courſe to his higheſt Meridian Exaltation, continuing again to deſcend, till touching the horizontal Circle, he after hides himſelf in his Weſtern Bed, leaving a time of Repoſe to labouring Mortals, wearied with the Toils of the preceding Day; which time of reſt being over, the Glorious Luminary of the Day reſumes his diurnal Task, imparting his Light to Mankind for performance of his neceſſary Work, all which is ſtill again and again to be reiterated, till the Almighty ſhall finally turn this Luminous Body into utter Darkneſs. And now I ſay, how ſurpriſing is it to think, that ſuch a flaming Subſtance, which is concluded by all to be of a vaſt Circumference, ſhould travel Millions of Millions, thouſands of Millions of Miles, in the ſhort ſpace of a Day and a Night, as it moſt evidently appears it does, without ſo much as ever reſting or making an halt by the way, or advancing quicker or ſlower at one time more than another, but proceeding at all times in an uniform gradual Courſe. Again, if we ſuppoſe with ſome, that the Sun and Earth both move at one and the ſame time, yet will the matter be never the leſs Aſtoniſhing: And why? Becauſe tho' this Globe of the Earth, and that Luminary the Sun, are ſo far diſtant from each other, yet there appears as it were an Underſtanding, Senſe, and

and a Knowledge of each others Proceedings, Windings, and Walkings, as moſt undeniably is ſeen by their never differing the breadth of a Straw in their conſtant Marches, but obſerving ſo exact an Uniformity, and Correſpondence in all their Movements, Points, and Degrees, that all the Aſtronomers, and Aſtrologers, that ever liv'd ſince the Creation could never as yet perceive any variation or difference, even ſo much as to the thouſandth part of a Moment; only when God caus'd Time to go ſome degrees backwords, or to ſtand ſtill, that he might ſhew his Power, and make his Might appear therein: ſo then I ſay, let the Earth move and the Sun ſtand ſtill, or let the Sun run and the Earth remain fixt, or let them both move equally the one with the other, one of which muſt infallibly prove true, their performance is ſo tranſcendently great, that the very Conſideration of it, even carries me into the ſpacious Plains of aſtoniſhing Wonder, and tells me, that there is a God; ſince no other Matter, Cauſe, or Being can be capable of effecting ſuch Mighty Things. Is there any one ſo thoughtleſs as to ſay, that they proceed from the Struggling of Nature, the Endeavours of Chance, or the Kindneſs of Fortune? Or think they, 'tis by the Beams of the Sun, the Strength of the Earth, or the Influence of the Moon, they are produced? Believe they 'tis the Cunning

ning of Man, the Blowing of the Winds, or the Ruffling of the Waves, that brings them to paſs? I would fain ask 'em theſe following Queſtions; O fooliſh Man, can a ſingle Hair of thy Head weigh up a ſunken Veſſel out of the Deep, or a grain of Sand balaſt a Ship of a thouſand Tun? Can the ſhort Thread of a Spiders-Web incircle the World, or a ſmall Wier prop up a Caſtle, when its Foundations are giving way? Or can a Child ſling a Mil-ſtone to the Sky with a ſlight of Hand, or a Babe deluge the World with a few of its falling Tears? Why, any or all of theſe things are more likely than that any Might, Puiſſance, or Efficacy of any Thing, either in Heaven, the Earth, or in the Sea, excepting God, can cauſe, produce or perform theſe wonderful Works, or even tell after what manner theſe vaſt Spheres are turn'd about: No, as none can perform this Work beſides the Almighty, ſo none but he the Creator knows after what manner it is perform'd: The experience of every Day makes it appear, and what we may ſee every Night does demonſtrate, that what we have mention'd is matter of Fact; but were the Queſtion put to us, What one of all his Attributes were moſt concern'd in this Work, and which of them moſt conſpicuous therein, *viz.* his Power, Wiſdom, Goodneſs, Juſtice, Righteouſneſs, Truth, *&c.* we muſt Anſwer, That all his glorious Excellencies are jointly Operative, and alſo clearly diſplay'd: O! my God, theſe

are

are high Thoughts of thee, and ſuch as I ſeldom thought of before: but now they ſhall be my Meditations, when I riſe and when I lye down; when I eat, and when I drink; when I dreſs, and when I undreſs; when I walk, and when I ſit; when I talk, and when I am ſilent; whiles I live, and when I dye; but in a more eſpecial manner, when ever any Atheiſtical Imagination begins to predominate over me. Ah Lord! ſhould I henceforth call thy Exiſtence, Perfections, and Attributes into queſtion, how ſhould I degrade my Nature, and degenerate from Reaſon, and even appear to my ſelf, and others, more fooliſh than a Natural, that knows nothing at all: And why, O my Jeſu? Becauſe ſuch a poor Innocent only acts according to his weakneſs, and non-apprehenſion of things: But I ought to think, ſpeak, and operate according to what I Know, See, and Underſtand; for comprehend I not, that ſome few Hours ago it was all Day round my dwellings; behold I not that it is now all Night about my Habitations? and believe I not that when the Wheels of the nimble Clock have run few times more about, and its ſounding Bell ſtrikes Eight, it will be ſo light, that I may ſee again to Riſe, Read, or Work? but, O my Soul, why art thou ſo heavy and dull, and ſtriveſt not to raiſe thy Mind to ſome higher thoughts of God, and deeper Conſiderations of his Perfection? for know'ſt thou not that his Power firſt

Fram'd

Fram'd as well as now Governs, and firſt Molded as well as now Rules, and his Fingers firſt Made as well as now Preſerves? And is it not plain to thee, O my Soul! that he knows all thy moſt ſecret Intentions, thy moſt retired Thoughts, and the moſt conceal'd and moſt politick Imaginations of thy heart, as perfectly as if the Room wherein now thy Body lyes, were all over in a flame of Light, and there hung a thouſand blazing Lamps within the Curtains of thy Bed, or as if all thy deeds were proclaim'd at the Market Croſs of every Town? Is it ſo that my Maker ſees, knows, and perceives all the moſt ſecret receſſes, and remote corners of my Soul, Mind, and Spirit? O then! what a Care and Circumſpection ought I at all times to have over the Thoughts, Words, and Actions of my Life, leſt I either through ignorance offend, or wilfully do amiſs! Am I unwilling that Man ſhould be a witneſs of my Crimes, and deſirous to appear upright in the Eyes of a Neighbour? How much more fervently ambitious ſhould I be to be innocent in the Eyes of my Judge, and how infinitely more averſe to be eſpy'd in the practice of wickedneſs by the Lord *Jeſus*? Or to permit the remains of iniquity to abide in my Boſom, and to rule in my will? But, O my God! how muſt this great Work be perform'd? Certainly no otherwiſe, than by ſtrenuouſly endeavouring inſtantly to put away all that is evil from before me, and moſt earneſtly ſtriving always to do

do that which is approved of thee, and emits a fragrant ſmell in thy Noſtrils: O then let me up and pray without the leaſt Excuſe; what tho' it dark and I cannot ſee, that matters not; I can Speak, God can Hear; I can ask, Chriſt can Anſwer; I can groan within my ſelf, the Spirit can aſſiſt me in utterance. Then riſe, kneel, and ſay, 'O Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, 'need have I to come to the Throne of Grace, 'at the ſecond Watch of this Night, ſince Eter-'nity is near, and for ought I know my next 'Advance may be to lanch into that boundleſs 'Ocean? The well or ill-ſpending of this hour 'may determine my everlaſting State, either of 'Joy or Grief; vouchſafe then, O bleſſed Tri-'nity, to open the Treaſury of thy Mercy to 'my Night-breathings, and let theſe my Peti-'ons be accepted, as a precious Sacrifice without 'blemiſh: O may my Thoughts never wander, 'or my Fancy rove, my Faith ſtagger, or my 'Spirits faint; my Heart fail, or my Tongue 'faulter, in wiſhing earneſtly not for the at-'tainment of any Riches, but the Treaſures of 'thy Righteouſneſs, and the Palms of Glory. 'May all my dependance be on that Fountain 'of Goodneſs, from whom all that is deſira-'ble does proceed, and by whom, and through 'whom I muſt be eternally ſav'd, or damn'd 'for ever; O may the umbrage of my Sins 'never ſhade me from the Glory of Bliſs, nor 'their weight preſs my Soul down to the A-'byſs of Pain. O one in three, and three in

'one,

'one! hear all my Sighs, and bottle up my 'Tears in the Vials of everlaſting Remembrance, 'that when I come to riſe at the Reſurrection, 'they may come to be as ſo many drops of 'precious Oyntment, ſmelling gratefully in the 'Noſtrils of my moſt Gracious God. Grant that 'then I may be ſet on the Right Hand of 'Glory, and enter a welcome Gueſt into the 'Bride-Chamber, where I ſhall watch no more, 'pine no more, nor awake any more in a li-'centious and baſe World, where Vice is made to 'appear with all imaginable Advantages, and Va-'nity painted out in nice Colours, in ſuch ſort 'as I am under a Neceſſity of watching more dili-'gently; redoubling my mournings, and inſtead of 'weeping a few Tears, of ſhowering them down 'in great plenty. For many there are, that, thought-'leſs of all Futurity, lean on the Bed of eaſe, with-'out ſo much as ever lifting up an Hand to Prayer, 'or moving a Lip to ſpeak of things Divine, 'but as ſo many *Turks*, lye in the Regions of 'Infidelity, and wanton in their Luſtings after 'each other; when, alas! not one of them 'can tell, but before the break of the next 'Morn, they may be made to appear at the 'private Bar of Juſtice, to anſwer for the laſt 'Night's Debauch: O, then, the infinite hazard 'that Offenders run, only by their abiding but 'a moment in Sin, or continuing an hour in 'Iniquity; for how wretched, ſurpriſing, and 'confounding a thing is it, to be on a ſudden at-'tack'd by the unavoidable Night-pains of Death,

'and hurry'd away to Judgment, from luxu-
'riating in the Lap of Folly, and lying in-
'circled within the Embraces of Lewdneſs.
'But why do I thus, O my God! laviſh away
'my beſt Thoughts, and loſe my precious time,
'in talking to ſuch that would not change
'their preſent beloved Courſe, nor rouſe up
'themſelves from their lethargick Sleep of ſin,
'though an Angel of Heaven ſhould deſcend
'from above, and privately whiſper in their
'Ears, that the ſpacious Regions of Glory are
'all ecchoing around with Hymns of Power,
'Might, and Adoration to him, that now guides
'the Fabrick of the World, by the good plea-
'ſure of his Will, and to him that has put on
'Human Nature to redeem the Elect, and to
'the third Perſon in the God-head, the Holy
'Spirit, the Sanctifier and Comforter of the
'Church: And to this Glorious Trinity be all
'Praiſes, World without End. Thus I conclude
my *Mid-night Thought*; and now I'll lay me
down to reſt, truſting that God the Father,
Chriſt the Son, and the Holy Paraclete, will
cauſe me to ſleep ſecure, and in ſafety.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

A Morning Thought before one enters upon the Buſineſs of the World.

UP my Body and beſt Deſires, the Day is breaking, and Light appearing, and time it is to pray, That the Father of Mercies, and the God of Love, would give me now and ever a Mind capable of all requiſite Knowledge of his Law, an Underſtanding illuminated with the ſaving Knowledge of his Commandments, and a Will pliable in all things to that of his Divine Majeſty; together alſo with a right Knowledge of my ſelf, without which that of all things elſe external is but a vain Amuſement, and of little or no avail towards my everlaſting Salvation. No, all my other Performances ſeparated from this Wiſdom, will no more avail towards the attainment of endleſs Joys, or the purchaſing of Eternal Bliſs, than a ſpark of Fire can cool a Fever, or a worthleſs Pebble purchaſe a Diadem: No, my precious Soul, nothing elſe will do, but a ſtedfaſt Faith and good Works link'd and join'd together; to which muſt be added, a dying to Sin, and living to Virtue; real Purpoſes of well-doing, and never-failing Performance; alſo an earneſt petitioning of the mighty Framer of the Univerſe, that he would be pleas'd of his abundant Goodneſs,

to pour down upon me the Riches of his Grace, and to aſſiſt me with the guidance of his Spirit, ſo that every one of my Deſigns may be raiſed above the mean verge of Senſe, and ſo firmly eſtabliſhed, as to be without any hazard of wandring, and then I may boldly venture out of my Chamber into the World, as a brave General into a Field of Battel againſt a Potent Enemy, and fearleſly encounter and overcome all vain Oppoſitions; ſaying to Tranſgreſſors, Be gone from me, I know you not, you fight under the Banner of Satan, and have your Station near his bloody Standard; continue I ſay, if you will, ye ſimple ones, to remain in his Camp, fighting under his Banner; I will not by any means learn that military Art, or connive with you his Agents; ſince, ſure I am, one Hour ſpent in the Royal Tents of *Jeſus*, is more raviſhing to my noble mind, than a thouſand Nights within the Devil's Lines, tho' at preſent his Party may ſeem to be victorious: And why? Becauſe I experimentally know, that a Chriſtian finds much more Peace, Pleaſure, and Tranquillity of Spirit in his Heavenly Warfare in this Life, than a vitious Perſon in all his Scenes of filthy Pleaſure; for the Sleep of the Righteous is ſweet, but the Reſt of the Wicked is troubled; the Wakings of the Juſt are ſerene, but the firſt Thoughts of the Licentious are confus'd; and is there not much more compoſure to be obſerv'd in the countenance of a Saint, than in the face of a Ruffian? if ſo, then

then true it is, that when a good Man wakes, he finds all right within, and can ſay, he opens his Eyes with a Conſcience clear of Guilt, and a Spirit void of Blame; a contented Mind, and an Heart at eaſe; a Temper compos'd, and a Will reſign'd; a Chaſt Body, and a ſanctify'd Soul; ſubdued Affections, and a deſire to Pray; nay, I had almoſt ſaid, that he might even cry out, that he is ſuch an one as God would have him to be, living an Angelical Life during his Exile from Glory, and walking in his Integrity, being a Perſon after his Creator's Heart, as the Royal Prophet *David* was. But, O my God! what makes me ſo dull, and why thus do I lower my uſual exalted Style, and not rather mount it higher than before, by pouring out all the Paſſions of my Soul and Body, and ſaying; O my Chriſt, Saviour, and Redeemer! illuminate me all o're with the bright Rays of thine own Shining, and the Glory of thine own Preſence, that my State may be Aſſurance here, having a certain Hope of enjoying thee in a better Region hereafter; and then, Lord, I ſhall never have any Reaſon to repine, when Ill men Proſper, and the Wicked Flouriſh like a green Bay Tree, nor be diſmay'd at the Sufferings of the Juſt, or when I ſeem withering, as it were, with regard to my temporal Eſtate: No; worldly Grandeur ſhall in no wiſe be any part of my Ambition, or in the leaſt be purſu'd by me, nor

indeed think I any thing I ſee worth ſo much as the looking after, or calling it with a Beck, could it thus eaſily be obtain'd; for tho' the Light is now Bright and Clear, and the Air ſerene in this fair Morning of the day, I can't have any Proſpect of, or meet with any thing before Night, that can be capable of giving me any Delight, or real Satisfaction, ſaving thee, O my loving Jeſus, whom I entirely affect, and in whom I center all my thoughts; for thou art an Object that can never cloy me with Satiety, nor can my Soul ever ſay of thee, I have enough, give me no more. Then farewel to all the gaudy Pageantries of Emperours Courts, Kings Crowns, Princes Palaces, Great Titles, Noble Births, Large Eſtates, Rich Robes, Fine Walks, and many Friends; for they are all Low, Senſual, and Baſe; Looſe, Sordid, and Vain; Tottering, Weak, and Unſteady; not capable of giving my nobler Part, I mean the Soul, any Enjoyments, yea or worthy of ſtooping to take them up, were they to be attain'd without any further labour: For, O my Lord Chriſt! thou knoweſt that the principal matter of which they are all compounded, is but Groſs, Empty, and Periſhing; and nothing of that nature can give Pleaſure, Reſt, or Peace to my Spirit; which is in it ſelf Durable, Immortal, and Immaterial; ſo that I ſhall account my ſelf ſufficiently happy, if I can but hold out War with the World to the end of my Race, and gain

thee

thee my Redeemer, as my Purchaſe at laſt, who art all Spirit, Infinite, and Tranſcendent; wherefore henceforth I'll fancy all that I ſee in this Life, like a Varniſh of Red and White Paint, laid upon a Tawny Complexion and an Old Face, ſo that the nearer any approaches are made in order to a propos'd Enjoyment, the more the Deſires flag, 'till at laſt all the Luſt is turn'd into a Chaſt Abhorrence, occaſion'd by a near enterview, and a true Idea of the Vanity and Deceit of the Perſon. If this is the true reſemblance, or likeneſs of all outward Appearances, what can become me more than to Laugh at all ſuch, Airy Phantoms, to raiſe my Contemplations higher than ever, by dwelling within my ſelf, and to be fond of nothing but of loving my God ſincerely, my Jeſus truly, my Religion really, and Praying fervently? ſince this will ſerve to buoy up my ſinking Spirits, keep my Affections in Order, and preſerve my Soul from ſuffering Ship-Wrack, while toſs'd upon the lower Waves of this tempeſtous World, and ſafely guide it, as it were, to the wiſh'd for Haven of endleſs Bliſs. But why ſo lofty, O my towring Thoughts! Becauſe the Lord Jeſus will receive nothing as a free Offering, or a real Sacrifice, that is dull, drowſy, or imperfect; but he'll accept whatever is Lively, Hearty, and Sincere: ſo that when ever I wait on my God in Prayer, my talk of him ſhall be in a florid ſtrain, but not Loud; Fine, but not Unſincere; Often

but not Tedious; Zealous, but not Hypocritical; Affectionate, but not Oſtentive; Relenting, but not Whining; in the view of Chriſt, but not in the Sight of Tranſgreſſors; in the hearing of Heaven, but not to be liſtned to by the wicked; in the Cloſet, but not on the Houſe top; in the Street, but not to be perceiv'd; in Publick, but not for vain Glory; in the Church, but not to accompliſh a by-end; in a Family, but not for Oſtentation; ſound, but not intricate; Plain, but not Vulgar; Smooth, but not Homely; Perfect, but not Formal; Divine, but not too Learned; Informing, but not Intricate; Kneeling, but not Ceremonious; in a Form, but not Offenſive. And now what remains but that I call God my Record, and Chriſt my Saviour, the Holy Spirit my Leader, Angels my Guard, Juſtice my Rule, Righteouſneſs my Staff, Heaven my Mark, Glory my Prize, and Happineſs my End. In fine, and to conclude, I'll ſtedfaſtly endeavour ſo to perform every following Act of my Life, as if it were to be my Laſt; to live every Hour as if I was ſure to dye the next, and to ſpend every day as if I were certain never to ſee any other, and then I ſhall have nothing to Check me, when my Breath becomes ſhort, my Pulſe beats low, and my Blood begins to chill and to ſtagnate in my moveleſs Veins: Nor ſhall I have any thing to tell me, that I have not done well, in that Minute when my Throat ruttles, my Spirits faint, and my

Soul

Soul and Body are juſt upon the point of being ſeparated, and this laſt to be Strip'd, Laid out, and Dreſt in the uſual Faſhion of the Dead.

CHAP. XXIV.

A Noon Thought on the Soul.

TIme wings away apace, for it is but as it were juſt now that I firſt awak'd, roſe, and dreſt, and behold the Morning of the Day is already gone: Noon is come, and Night is drawing near, when I muſt unrig, lye down and Sleep again; O then, Lord God! what is all my Life, but as it were a continual putting on, and a pulling off, or an acting the ſame part often over. What therefore can I better compare my ſelf unto, while abiding in this unſettled State, than to an Infant Sprawling about in the dark and narrow Receſſes of his Mother's Womb, but not knowing whither it goes; drawing near to its Birth it knows not when, and ſtaying there a while in order to be thrown naked into a Region it knows nothing of. Why, even thus it is with me, as to my Natural Man, I lye ſhifting about to and fro in this Cloudy and little World, doing I ſcarce know what, looking to be remov'd hence

hence I cannot tell on what Day, Hour, or Time, and waiting to be flung bare into a State, that I as yet know little of; but thanks be to Heaven, it is otherwiſe with my more noble and better part, the Spirit; for that Divine Ray has Liberty without Controul to fetch many a peep into the other World, and refreſh it ſelf in the Regions of Bliſs, by Holy Contemplations, notwithſtanding its Confinement in the Body: for indeed ſhould it be deny'd that freedom, it would be ſtiffled in the Womb of this ſuffocating Life long before its Delivery hence: O Lord God! what makes me talk of this World, ſince ten thouſand ſuch Material Worlds as this, would not be large enough to Contain or preſerve my Soul within their Bounds: for did it not ever and anon fetch a few Breathings in its own natural Air, and take ſome Turns on its native Soil, I mean the other World, it would ſoon Faint, and Dye.

But here I fancy, ſome will bid me ſtop, to Anſwer theſe three following Queſtions? Firſt, What the Soul is? Secondly, Where it inhabits, while in the Body? Thirdly, How I know it is of ſo vaſt a Proportion, as even the lower Worlds cannot contain it. I anſwer, As to the Firſt, my Soul is the infus'd Breath of the Almighty, a Spirit altogether of an immaterial Nature, in likeneſs unto God himſelf, whoſe Workmanſhip it only is. Indeed, ſome are ſo ignorant, as to think, that their groſs and foul Body of Fleſh, Blood, and Bones, bears the Mark and

Image

Image of their Maker: but it is a very palpable Error; for it is a more Curious and Finer part the Soul, that repreſents and diſcovers the Reſemblance of Infinity. My Reaſons for it are theſe; My Body is Corruptible, God is nothing ſo; my Spirit is Incorruptible, even ſo is the Almighty, for he never changes: My Body is Earthly, God is not; my Soul is Spiritual, and ſo is the Heavenly Framer of all the Powers here below: My Body is fading, God is not; my Spirit is altogether Deathleſs and Incorruptible, and ſo is alſo the Creator of the World: My Body is Viſible, God is not; my Soul is Inviſible, the Great *Jehovah* is the ſame: My Body is to be touch'd with the feeling of Hands, my God is not; my Spirit cannot be felt by the Touch, neither is the Judge of all things to be apprehended by the feeling of our Hands: to end, My Body dyes, but God does not; my Spirit lives for aye, even ſo doth he that turn'd into a Round the Globe of this habitable Earth with the Palm of his Hand; ſo that it is my Soul that is the Picture of the eternal Word of God, not my Body; it is my Spirit that reſembles the third and laſt Perſon in the ever-bleſſed Trinity, not this my Earthen Cottage of Clay; in fine, it is my Soul, Spirit, and Mind that repreſents and gives a true Idea of the God-head, not my Blood, Sinews, and Veins; not mine Arms, Legs, or Hands; not my Breaſt, Heart, or Inwards: No; all thoſe parts and Members are too mean and ſordid to

bear

bear a lively Reſemblance and Repreſentation unto either Father, Son, or Holy Ghoſt.

As to the ſecond Queſtion, *viz.* Where my Soul Inhabits whilſt in the Body? I Anſwer, This is a nice point to be reſolv'd, and does even puzzle all the Divines, Schoolmen, and Philoſophers to find it out. And this Head has been curiouſly diſputed in every Age of the World, with many diverſities of Opinions, and without any demonſtrative Certainty in the matter: for ſome think its abode is in the Heart, others in the Breaſt, ſome in the Brain, others in the Tongue: But I differ from them all, and am of the Opinion, that the place of its Reſidence is in the Mind, or rather believe that the Mind it ſelf is the Soul: But here ſome will ſay, What is the Mind? Why, my Mind is my Life, my Reaſon, my Will, my Affection, my Knowledge, my Underſtanding, my Apprehenſion, my Judgment, my Politicks, my Thoughts, my Imaginations, my Genius, my Memory, and my Contemplations. But ſay others again, Is this Mind any part of the Body? No, for take away this thing call'd my Mind, all and every part of my Body remains as perfect in all its Forms and Shapes as ever, tho' indeed deſtitute of all Motion, Pulſe, and Breath: for behold my Hands there, they are but ſtiff; view my Legs there, they are but benum'd; ſee my Lips there, they are but cold; behold my Face, there it is with all its Features, but wan; Diſſect my Skull, there is my Pan of Brains, but dead; Lance my

my Veins, there is my Blood, but congeal'd; open my Body, there is my Heart, Bowels, and Entrails, but ſenſeleſs of pain; ſo that my Mind, or Soul, or both together is diſperſt all over my Body, and not in one particular place more than in another: for does it not keep Life, Action, Order, and Diſcipline in one part of my Body, as well as of another? And are not all the parts of my Body living together, and performing their particular Works and Offices, as the Soul or Mind directs? for it is my Spirit and nothing elſe that cauſes my Feet to walk, my Fingers to work, my Tongue to ſpeak, my Head to bow, my Knees to kneel, and by Back to bend; and that life in every part of my Body is my Soul, my Spirit, and my Mind; or my Soul dwells in that Mind, which is not only in the Heart, Brain, or Breaſt, but in all in general, and in every part and particle of my Body in particular, at one and the ſame time. I hope this my Opinion will rather be the more credited by the wiſe and ingenious, becauſe it carries ſo much Reaſon and plainneſs along with it.

Which fairly brings me to the anſwering of the laſt Queſtion requir'd, and that is, How I know my Soul to be of ſo vaſt Extent, that many ſuch Worlds as theſe are not big enough to contain it within their large Boundaries? I anſwer, It is plain that my Soul is even bigger than my Tongue can expreſs it to be, and requires more room to move it ſelf in, than my Heart can conceive,

in

in this imperfect and narrow ſtate; for is not my Soul one hour within, demanding and asking it ſelf Queſtions; another abroad, in anſwering the Objections of others? One moment in this World, and another in the next; nay, in both Worlds together? For often at one and the ſame time my Soul, that is my Thoughts which are my Soul, is in this Land and the neighbouring Nations, as far as the riſing and going down of the Sun, in Heaven, Hell, and in Eternity; ſo that it is even every where at one and the ſame time. Having thus fairly anſwer'd, and made out all my foregoing Queſtions and Aſſertions, and I hope to the entire ſatisfaction of my Reader, I ſhall now take occaſion to break out even into a more rapturous flight than ever, and cry out.

O my Lord, and my God, when will the day break; and the time be, that this rich Jewel, my precious Soul, which I value at ſo dear a rate, and is of ſuch an ineſtimable worth, ſhall be ſafely delivered out of this ſtrait Body of Sin, and narrow World of Iniquity, into a Kingdom of Glory, where it may have compaſs enough to fetch a full reach in, let it reach it ſelf never ſo far, and where it will never again be limited and ſtifl'd up for want of room more, be confin'd to bounds more, ſuffocated with Senſe more, penn'd within an earthen Trunk of Corruption more, or be ever more endangered by the hazardous Attacks of Vice. O let not the time be long, for my Soul wants to be gone, and to be above in Heaven; and beyond all the bluſter-

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ing ſtorms of Calumny, Ignominy, and Reproach, and even out of the reach of the malice of every ſinner: for, Lord, what is all that I behold here, but ſnares, noiſe, and hurry! O make haſte, for my aſpiring Spirit takes no delight in thoughts of dwelling any longer in theſe empty earthly Habitations; neither can my enlightned Mind find any thing ſuited to its high Deſigns and Inclinations, in theſe dark Cabbins of folly here below; where there is even nothing elſe but falſe and deluding Sounds; repeated and diſtracting Alarums; the occaſions of groundleſs Fears; quarrellings about Shadows, and falſe appearances of Things, of no imaginable worth, price, or value at all; ſo that, O my God! during my continuance here, every Year ſeems to me an Age, every Day a Year, and every Hour a Day. My Soul is here a Captive in the Tents of Kedar, *and againſt its deſire conſtrain'd to dwell in this Land of* Meſech. *Nay, my Languiſhing Soul had fainted long e're now, if it had not been for this mighty ſupporting Conſideration, that The day is at hand, when all theſe powerful Bonds that tye my ſprightly Mind to this its earthen Habitation, ſhall be unloos'd by the Hands that impos'd them, and my delivered Soul ſhall be at Liberty to take its flight, mount up, and enter triumphantly into the heavenly Regions of uninterrupted Felicity, where it ſhall for ever behold that God who firſt imparted to it a Being. True it is, that Tyrant Kings may, for many Reaſons well known, offer to lay down their Crowns to live a while longer here on Earth; but that Divine Ray*

of

of my Soul had rather give the vaſteſt Empire, were it in its power, that it might be immediately conveyed ſafely into the new Jeruſalem: *Vainglorious Generals may throw away their lives to gain a blaſt of airy Honour, but my Spirit would rather chaffer away all that is moſt dear to it in this World, than to be any wiſe oblig'd to ſtay for any thing this life can preſent it withal: And why? O my Jeſu! Becauſe neither the Bags of Miſers, the Favour of Princes, or the moſt reſplendent earthly Beauty, ſhall ever be of any force to prevail with me to deſire to continue any time here, tho' it were only during the ſhort ſpace of ſome few Days or Hours; provided that I could but by any Righteous Means find a way to eſcape out of theſe cloſe Regions, into the open Plains of eternal Reſt: for ſure I am, O my Lord, that the diſmal howlings of this Wilderneſs are no very pleaſing Entertainment to my Soul; the frightful ſcreaks of this Deſart make no melodious noiſe to delight my Spirit; nor are the Trafficks of this World any wiſe tempting to my Mind, or in the leaſt available, to make me delay my progreſs to yonder Regions, where three Perſons, but one Eternal God, now Reigns. Revive then, O my wiſhing Soul, and chear up my longing Spirits! for when this Body of thine hath faſted, pray'd, and wept a little while longer, thou my Mind, my Soul, and my Spirit ſhalt bid me thy Body an ultimate Adieu, and ſay, that you are all in the ſame union one with the other, as is the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, and not in any wiſe to be*

divided

divided, or ſeparated in this Life, or the other, and that you are going to wing your ſelf up aloft, till you arrive amidſt the happy ones above, where you will be Singing, when I your Body am mouldring away to Duſt, and my remaining Aſhes lye ready waiting for that joyful Sound, which even at this time is ever and anon tinkling in my Ears, and which I ſhall one Day hear again, ſaying; Arouſe, and peep forth out of the Caverns of the Earth, for thy old Companions, the Soul, the Spirit, and the Mind, that is One in Three, and Three in one, Three by Name, but One in Subſtance, is now ready at the right Hand of Jeſus, expecting and attending your coming up in the Clouds of Glory, but New-built, and Beautifi'd after their, or its own Spiritual Shape, Dreſs, and Form. Theſe Conſiderations, O my Soul, Spirit, and Mind, may ſerve to animate us during our Abode together through the ſhort Viciſſitudes of Time, till this comes to be ſwallow'd up in Eternity.

CHAP. XXV.

An Evening Thought on Things Divine.

O My God! pure are my Thoughts, and rational are all my Conceptions of thee, and thy Handiworks; and in particular thoſe concerning my Soul, which ſo much reſem-

bles thy ſelf. And now I cannot but exult for Joy, to perceive that another Day of my Life is run out, and to find that I am by ſo many Hours nearer to a bleſt Change, than I was in the Morn when I firſt aroſe: O then ſwiftly poſt away my remaining Minutes, and be you not ſo nauſeouſly tedious in paſſing over; for I want to be at Eternal Reſt, that I may have a full view of the Tranſcendent Glories of my dear Jeſus; and ſtill wing it higher and higher in the Serene Air of Bliſs: for there I ſhall never be check'd in my Progreſs, what Advances ſo ever I make; nor ſhall I hear the Second Perſon in the Godhead calling to my ſoaring Soul, Proceed no further, for there your Father's Kingdom ends, and your Saviour's Dominions are bounded. No, my Jeſus, I know thy bliſsful Regions acknowledge no Limits, nor is there ever any ſtop to be put to the Courſe of thy Saints in their ſoaring Deſires after thee alone: for as Eternity is Everlaſting, and never to expire, ſo thy Regions are unmeaſurable, and thy Heighth not to be reach'd unto, go thy choſen ones never ſo far, or reach they never ſo high. Lord! theſe are noble Thoughts of thee, and raviſhing to my Mind, yet not ſo ſatisfactory, as if I was above: for in the midſt of all theſe delightful Contemplations, I weep even Rivers of Tears; And why? Becauſe I am not already entred into Heaven: yet am I not therefore utterly caſt down, for I Joy

that

that I am to be there ere long: indeed I groan, becauſe I remain in the Fleſh; but I am much comforted with the Aſſurance I have of a ſpeedy Releaſement from this mortal Body. I faint, becauſe I ſtill remain on Earth, Sleeping rather than Living: But I revive again, in conſideration that I am to awake to a long Eternity of Pleaſure: I ſorrow, becauſe I am burden'd with the heavy weight of Sin; but I rejoyce for that I ſhall be unloaded of all within a while: I can't but be in Perplexity, becauſe I am vail'd round with the darkneſs of the Night; but my Soul is peeping out for the Dawn of the Reſurrection-day: I ſhall lye down with Grief, but ſhall afterwards ariſe with everlaſting Joy: Many are my Fears now; but I ſhall ere long be deliver'd, and be chanting out ten thouſand Hallelujahs. I now pine for my Offences; but the time draws near, when God will ſay to me, All is well: I am altogether unclean; but the Crimſon Blood of the ſpotleſs Lamb of God, which was ſlain will make me thorowly pure: I am naked; but the Robe of the Righteouſneſs of Chriſt will cover me: I am poor: but he will make me Rich with his true and ſubſtantial Gold: I am Proud; but his meekneſs will learn me Humility: I am Fooliſh; but his Counſel will make me Wiſe: I am weak; but his Grace will Strengthen me; I lye under Condemnation; but he'll ſue out a Pardon for me: My Tears are few; but he re-

ceives them all: My Faith is wavering, but his Spirit will fix it; I am vile, but he'll own me as an *Iſraelite* indeed, and finiſh that great work for me, which ſtill lyes undone, and that is to waft my Spirit over to himſelf, having ſaid to my Soul, that it is too pure to abide any longer in a naughty World: O then come my Jeſus! come without delay, and inſtantly receive me into that Boſom of thine, where *Moſes*, *Aaron*, *Abraham*, and the Prophets, the Evangeliſts, Apoſtles, Diſciples, and Primitive Fathers, Saints, Martyrs, Holy Men, and Good Women, are now ſolacing themſelves without a Check from thee, or a thought that they take too much freedom in their Love, and near Intercourſe with thy ſelf: but if thou ſeeſt, that my Soul is not yet full ripe for Glory, ſoon make it ſo, and come down from thence, and ſay, that theſe my Evening Thoughts were ſo prevailing with thee, that thou doſt accept me as thy Servant, thy Son, and thine Heir; and that thou wilt, when ſome ſmall time is over, fetch me home to thy ſelf, and claſp me in thy folded Arms, where my Soul, Spirit, and Mind, ſhall have their fill of Joys, and freely bathe in thoſe running Streams of Pleaſures, that ſweetly glide along at thy right Hand for evermore. Lord! have I this day, or in any other part of my Life, had a mean Thought of thee, I call it back, and will think ſo no more: Have I ever been fond of Life, and not ſo

ſerious as to think of Death with a reverent Aw, before I let my Curtains drop, or clos'd my Eyes to reſt, I will repent of ſuch a ſad Miſtake, becauſe I knew not but the Taper of Life might have been extinguiſh'd before the Break of another Morn, and ere I could truly ſay, this Night was mine: Have I in my younger days, or the middle Age of Life, been ſo vain, as ever to caſt an idle glance on Woman-kind, with any deſire to offend, and have not repented thereof, I weep an Ocean of Tears, and ſay, I Bluſh, Hide, and am Aſham'd: O my meriting Redeemer, paſs ſuch vile Offences by; for amazing it is to think, that my Mind, which ſo nearly reſembles thee, and has ſo much of thy Father's Similitude, ſhould be ſo unwiſe, as to wander after Objects, whoſe very Appearance is Mean, Sordid, and Baſe, void of all real Beauty, and Charms, and uncapable of yielding any true Solace: for where did I ever yet eſpy a Face in all my Life, but it was either rufflʼd with Wrinkles, bedaubʼd with Paint, coverʼd with Patches, or freckl'd by Nature? But ſuppoſing, (my Soul!) thou hadſt never been tempted with a fair Skin, or drawn into a nooze of Luſt by the ſtately delicacy of a Shape; yet the very attempting to give a Gaze, a Glance, or a Wink, was a Crime in thee, and the very Thoughts thereof ought now to be deteſted, abhorr'd, loath'd, and re-

nounc'd with a Sigh, a Tear, and a real Contrition of Spirit: But why thus ſo mighty dull, O my flagging Affections! and why ſo exceedingly clouded all my Languid Deſires! ſince it never us'd to be ſo, but when Sin uſurp'd, and Iniquity led the Van: for ſhame then (my Soul!) be not ſo unactive, or thus ſeem to faint; conſider thou art juſt going to lay down thy ſelf to Reſt, and cannot tell but that this thy Bed may prove thy Body's Grave, before the Sun ariſes, and that thou may'ſt be made to appear in another World, ere the Clock ſtrikes Four, or the Lark begins to ſing its early Matins. Come then, arowſe my Soul! and ſee with what an elevated Strain thou canſt now talk of God, and diſcourſe of Heaven: what tho' high Thoughts are difficult to be attain'd, they are of a noble Extraction, and will ſerve to lift thee up above the common Level of formal Duties: Sure I am it is a brave thing, for a Mind to enter the very ſecret Receſſes of the Object it is at any time meditating upon; and if it is converſant about the Objects of Faith, it may then truly be ſaid, to ſee beyond the Limits of this World, thro' the clear Proſpective Glaſs of an unfeigned and ſtedfaſt Belief, and to diſcern further into the Regions of Glory, than they whoſe Mind is Wavering, and Underſtanding miſted over with Darkneſs, who have mean Notions, cold Deſires, and faint Wiſhes: for is

it

it not ſure, that when my Contemplations are Angelical, my Conceptions ſublime, and my Diſcourſes Divine, they as it were demand not only a private Interview with Jeſus, but a publick Audience of God himſelf, ſo as to hear his Voice, experience his Love, and know his Will; nay I had almoſt ſaid, that when my Spirit is in ſuch an Extaſy of Joy as this, it ſcarce knows whether it is in the Body, or out of the Body, on Earth, or in Heaven, whether its raptures are momentary or durable: for they are Efforts of Joy, that may be conceiv'd, but not expreſt; Delights, that are beyond the narrow Conceptions of formal Sinners, or the Knowledge of deſigning Hypocrites to comprehend.

CHAP. XXVI.

The Laſt Thought.

On the Diſſolution of all Things, and the laſt Period of Human Actions, Deſigns, and Intentions.

LOok up my Soul with Joy; the time is near at hand, when the Glorious material Sun, which now diſhevels its illuſtrious Rays, to enlighten thy footſteps here on Earth by Day, will begin to be obſcured with a

Vail of Darkneſs, and will never more enlihgten the Surface of the Waters, nor diſplay its comforting Light and chearing Influences upon Mankind. Be patient, but a while, and the pale-fac'd Moon, whoſe Silver Glimmerings now peep thro' the Branches of Trees, when the Great Luminary of Heaven hath hid his Head under a Night-Cloud, will exchange its Light for a bloody Darkneſs, and never more reſume its Native ſilent Splendor, whereby it was wont to light home the benighted Travellers: Be content, for it can't be long, ere all theſe little Sparkling Gems, wherewith the large outſpread Canopy of the Heavens, is all beſtudded over, and which with their twinkling Light, in the abſence of the two greater Lamps of Heaven, do more obſcurely illuminate the terreſtrial Globe, will drop and loſe their uſual Luſter, and never more ſerve to guide the wakeful Pilot, who floating in his Wooden Habitation upon the ſpacious Ocean, directs his Courſe towards ſome far diſtant Shore; nor will they ever more aſſiſt the wearied Traveller, wandring over the ſable Plains, after the Day has withdrawn her brighter Lamp, to gain the deſtined End of his toilſome Journey. Be ſtill, for ſure as God is God, Earth is Earth, and Man is Man, that ſpacious Roof, which thou my Mind ſo often admireſt for its vaſt Circumference, and great Height, conceiving that no other

other Hand, Cauſe, or Being could ſpread it out ſo far, or hang it up ſo high, but an Infinite, Omnipotent, and tranſcendent Creator, will melt away as Wax before the ſcorching Fire, and be ſhrivel'd up together, as a winding Scrol, ſo as never to be ſpread as an Umbrella over the Face of this Terreſtrial Globe; for as certain, as thou my Mind art now all Life and Motion, the hour is at hand, when the Northern and Southern Poles, on which as on Hinges the World is now turn'd, will take Fire, and be conſum'd to Aſhes, or diſſolv'd into Air, and never bear up this Earthly Fabrick, or any other World more. Be aſtoniſh'd then, O my Soul! and prepare to meet thy Chriſt; for every of theſe Revolutions, and Changes muſt and will come to paſs, whether the Prophane fancy ſo or not: for nothing is more certain, than that the Graſs in the Fields muſt wither, and the Leaves on the Trees muſt fall; the Flowers of the Garden muſt fade, and the Bloſſoms on the Boughs muſt be blaſted; the Swans in the Rivers will ſing their own Funerals, and dye, and the Fowls of the Air muſt clap their Wings together and expire; the higheſt Fabricks will bend, and the loftieſt Piles muſt totter; the ſtately Cathedrals will reel, and Abby Churches muſt tumble; Kings Palaces will bow, and Ancient Cities muſt fall; great Towns will be demoliſh'd, and little Villages muſt ſink; large Mountains will ſhake,

and ſteep Hills muſt remove; hard Rocks will Split, and lower Vallies muſt tremble; the deep Ocean will become dry, and the ſhallow Brooks muſt be drain'd. In like manner, the laſt Trumpet will blow, and the buried Dead muſt ariſe; the Righteous will Triumph, and the Wicked muſt Weep; and the Believers will be ſav'd, and the Atheiſts muſt be damn'd; ſhort Time will End, and long Eternity muſt begin. Surely then, it will be greatly uſeful, if I deſcribe, and as it were Paint out to the Life, all the laſt Deportment, whether as to Thoughts, Words, or Actions, of a frail, mortal, and corruptible Creature like my ſelf: and this I will endeavour to do in a Manner ſo affecting, that the vileſt Wretch now breathing, may be conſtrain'd paſſionately to cry out, and ſay; 'This piece of the laſt End of Man is ſo curi-'ouſly done, and drawn ſo much to the Life 'in all its natural Features, that it ſhall be 'hung within the Curtains of my Bed, that I 'may always take a full view thereof, when 'I lye down at Night, when I riſe up at Morn, 'and when I retire to entertain my ſelf with 'my Noon-Thoughts; but more eſpecially when 'I feel my Head begin to ake, my Spirit to 'flagg, and I find that I muſt dye, and remove 'into a World I as yet know little or nothing 'of. Thus therefore will I delineate the Exit of a Saint, that is any one that has liv'd ſo well throughout the whole Courſe of his Life, that he has nothing left to do, but juſt

to

to put off Mortality, and dreſs in Immortality, leave a Stye to poſſeſs a Kingdom, and forſake the Converſe of Ill men for the Communion of Angels: and that I may with the more eaſe prevail upon the Affections of thee (my Courteous Reader) I ſhall, as I have hitherto proceeded, ſpeak as to my ſelf in the Singular Number, that thou may'ſt hear; and I deſire that what is ſaid either here, or in all other places, whether in this or any of my other Works, may by thee be apply'd wholly to thy own particular Perſon, ſince it was ever my Intention that it ſhould thus be received and improved. But to begin.

I find all the Harbingers of Death are ſurrounding me at once on every ſide, and I ſee that I muſt dye: O ſuffer me to retreat into my laſt Lodge the Chamber, for thence I ſhall never return, till carry'd by the Bearers of the Dead to my long Home. View me well, all ye gazing Spectators; for I am the Man that formerly appear'd in Publick, as others now do: but behold I ſhall now be ſeen abroad no more, be gaz'd at in the Streets no more, be derided by the Ignorant no more, be ſpit upon by the Baſe no more, nor ever be made the By-word of Drunkards again: I am he that ſometimes Ate, Drank, and Laught in my Neighbour's Houſe, even as other Men may do; but now I ſhall never refreſh fainting Nature out of my own Dwelling any more, be invited to another Man's Table any more,

or

or ever talk away Sorrow out of my own Apartment again. I am the Party, that have often run into Crowds and Tumults, in like manner as many of my Acquaintance have alſo done: But now I ſhall never be ſeen in any ſuch Confluence of People again, be throng'd with Noiſy Multitudes, or born down with a running Rabble more, or ever be trod under the Feet of my Powerful Enemies again, unleſs it be as I lye forgotten in my mournful Tomb: Therefore, view me well, O ye my Friends, before I Faint and Dye: Behold ye my Feet, that were once ſo active as to march ſwiftly, skip, and run, will now never travel over Hills, Plains, or Fields again; walk in Woods, Groves, or Foreſts any more; or in an ill-natur'd Caprice, tread down any of my Neighbours Corn, Plants, or Herbs henceforth, but become Stiff and Cold for ever. View ye my Legs; they often mounted Horſes, Mules, and Camels, climb'd up Walls, Trees, and Ditches, leapt over Stiles, Gates, and Fences; but now they are going to take their laſt Step up to Bed, and after having ſhifted their place by ſome few uneaſy ſtretches, they ſhall become num'd and lifeleſs for ever. Look on theſe Hands, that formerly labour'd, and toyl'd, and wrought to maintain a neceſſitous Body, they will now hew down Wood no more, guide the Plough-ſhare no more, nor ever ſcat-

ter

ter any Seed into the Furrows again: for all that they are now able to do, is only to receive what ſhall be given me by my watchful Nurſe, either for Food, or elſe for a Remedy to my incurable Diſtemper; and having taken ſome few Farewel-Shakes with all you my old Acquaintance, and dear Companions, they'l open, and never henceforth engraſp any thing, but lye without Motion in the Duſt. Obſerve my Arms, that were never wanting to be ſtretch'd out to raiſe up the Weak, ſupport the Staggering, and relieve the Needy; they are now ready to give a final Embrace to my dear Conſort, to hugg my ſweet Babes, and to be claſped round my other preſent Relations, after which they are to drop down, and ceaſe Action for ever. Behold, ye my Fingers, that often pointed up at the Sun, Moon, and Stars, at Rainbows, Clouds, and Comets, at the flying Eagles, Partridges and Pheaſants, they have now no more to do, but to hold the Pen whilſt I ſubſcribe my Name to my Laſt Will, and after ſome few Tremblings, and unconſtant paralytick Motions, they ſhall ceaſe to be further ſerviceable for ever. Conſider my Eyes, that us'd to look abroad on the magnificent Operations of God with Wonder and Amazement, and with a ſilent and reverential Joy behold the ſtately Fabrick of this ſpacious Univerſe, raiſed by the Almighty out of Nothing, reading therein the inimitable Characters of the Divine Power, Wiſdom and Goodneſs; theſe Eyes of mine, I

ſay,

ſay, are now confin'd to Objects contain'd within the compaſs of a narrow Chamber, and have nothing elſe to gaze upon but a whited Cieling, a few pieces of ſorry Hangings, and a blazing Ruſh; inſtead of the outſpread Canopy of the Azure Heavens, the Earth adorn'd with wonderful Variety, and the greater and leſſer Luminaries of the Sky: after a few more Hours have poſted away, theſe Windows of my Soul ſhall be ſhut up for ever, by the Cold Hands of Death. See ye my Tongue, that delighted to talk of God, Chriſt, and Heaven; Joys, Eternity, and Pain; Death, Judgment, and Hell; it is now only juſt to tell what the Lord has done for my poor Soul, and then it will be covered o're with a dry Scurf, ty'd to the Roof of my Mouth, and ceaſe from ever ſpeaking more, or uttering any Syllable again.

True; the Soul is ſtill in my Body, and all the parts thereof are yet alive; but it can't be ſo long: for my Spirit will be gone, and then all this curious Workmanſhip of the Almighty, I mean my Body, which is ſo curiouſly elaborated by the divine Art, and finely jointed together will be altogether ſenſeleſs even of Burnings, Rackings, or Pains: for tho' Malice ſhould then wound it, it could not perceive; tho' Rage ſhould then dragg it up and down the Streets, it would not be diſturb'd; nay, tho' wild Beaſts ſhould then tear it to pieces, it would not cry out. Now I lye in a well-furniſh'd Room, and on a Bed of Feathers, ſurrounded

rounded with rational Men, and prudent Women; but e're a Month comes to a period, I ſhall be laid in the darkſome Repoſitory of Death, where there will be no other Wainſcotting about my thick Walls, but the Top, Sides, and Bottom of an Elm, or a Deal Coffin; no other Pillows to repoſe my Head upon, but a few Clods of hard Clay; no other Curtains, but a Woollen Shroud; no other Vallance but a Crape Muffler; no other Vail, but a Face Cloth, no other Covering, but a Cold Rugg of heavy Earth, no other Company but a Swarm of Worms, fighting with each other, which ſhall ſeize me firſt, or tear me to pieces ſooneſt.

I allow, that all my Nerves are in a kind of Convulſion, my Joints are trembling, and my Heart aking, which is ocaſion'd by the natural Fear and Abhorrence of Death, a Failing incident even to the beſt of Men. But be not affrighted at this, neither think it ſtrange; for notwithſtanding all this Diſturbance that you now perceive in my Body, my Soul, Spirit, and Mind is Free and Joyful: And why? becauſe it is aſſur'd that the Body will fall faſt aſleep by and by, and then my diſturbed Nerves will give over all their rude Commotions, my Joints ceaſe all their unneceſſary Quiverings, and my Heart all its unnatural Pantings and Throbbings, and remain huſh'd and ſtill for Ever. My Brow indeed now frowns, my Forehead ſweats, and my Teeth chatter,

chatter; but when a few days are over, I ſhall be ſtretch'd out to my full Length, and then this my wrinkled Brow ſhall be ſmooth'd, never to look angry any more: my lofty Forehead ſhall be dry'd, and bedew its Temples with cold drops of Water no more; my chattering Teeth ſhall ceaſe their Motion, and never grind with Anguiſh again: now I fetch my Breath, tho' ſhort; my Lips move, tho' ſlow; and I am in Anguiſh, tho' in Hopes: but when ſome few Nights more are ſpent, you'l ſee me ceaſe to groan, ſtir, or live: now you hear my Voice to Sound, perceive my breaſt to Pant, and feel my Pulſe to beat; but before the Moon has undergone another Change, my ſtammering Noiſe will be ſtill, my Breaſt will end its inward Beatings, and my Pulſes will have done with all their hard labourings: As yet my blood circulates, my Bowels work, and my Cheeks are warm; but when the Rivers have ebbed and flow'd ſome few times more, my Blood will congeal, my Bowels be at quiet, and my Face become as the frozen Ice, when all my Paſſions will be over, all my Cryings huſh'd, and all my Tears dri'd up. Do I ſeem to crave Relief from any of you, my ſtanders by? Alas! It is only the outward unvoluntary Motion of the Body, which is not directed by the Mind: for behold my Soul knows there is no poſſibility of obtaining it in this Life. Do I appear to beg for Eaſe, yet I am perſuaded I can have none

none till my arrival at Glory? Do I want to be rid of Miſery, it can't be whilſt I ſtay here? O then take Courage, my Mind, for in a while thou wilt be in Heaven, where thou ſhalt not ſtand in need of any Help, Mercy, or Compaſſion from Man; for thy God will be reconcil'd: thou ſhalt crave no Aid, for thy Jeſus will have receiv'd thee; nor ſeek to be deliver'd, for a Crown will be thy Portion: Then all the darkneſs of my Soul will be turn'd into a Clear light, all the Griefs of my Spirit will be chang'd into Ages of Pleaſure, and all the uneaſineſs of my Mind into an unalterable State of Bliſs; this my hard Bed into a Cradle of Happineſs, my rolling Pillow into *Abraham*'s Boſom; my weepings into Streams of everlaſting Delight, the toſſings of my Body into the ſweet Enjoyments of my Soul, the frettings of my Temper into a Peace paſt Underſtanding; the ravings of my Brain into a Tranquillity of Thought, my diſturbing Fears into a full fruition of that which is good; the diſtractions of my Houſe into a quiet poſſeſſion for ever, the complainings of my Family into *Hallelujahs* of Praiſes, the moans of my Wife into a Song of Holineſs, the ſhrieks of my Children into the loud Shoutings of the Quoir above, the melancholy Accents of my Friends into rapturous Hymns of Thankſgiving: For in the New-*Jeruſalem*, whereunto I am now going, there will be no Sorrows of Soul, no Anguiſh of Mind, or Grievings of Spirit, no Stingings of

Conſcience, no Fears of Offending the Lamb, or Doubts of being Eternally Bleſt, no Apprehenſions of ever loſing a Sparkling Diadem, no dread of e're being depriv'd by Rivals of a Scepter of Victory, or any fancying that I ſhall ever be pillag'd of my White Robe of Innocency; ſo that nothing now remains for me to do, but that I tell the World, and you my Friends, that I find it is not poſſible for me ſufficiently to expreſs, or to communicate to another an adequate Conception of the inward Peace of my Mind, the Tranſports of my Spirit, and the Exultings of my Soul, occaſion'd by the Conſideration that I am going to leave a vain Life, and licentious Sinners, and am ſpeedily to aſcend beyond all the reach of Evil: O bleſſed Proſpect indeed to me! to behold my Spirit hov'ring o're the brink of a long Eternity of Joys, and even now ready to make an Entry into the City of the great God, where there is ſo much ſhouting out of *Hallelujahs* and Praiſes at my coming in.

Where now does that Man Live, or is there any ſuch an one at this time Sneaking about my Bed, that can hear me expreſs my ſelf in ſuch an Angelical manner, at the ſame time when my Soul and Body are juſt a ſeparating, and not break out, and ſay, *A thouſand years are too little to endure Bonds, Scourges, and Impriſonments, only to dye in ſuch an Extaſy and Tranſport of Spirit as this, tho' even none of the Joys*

of

of the other World were ever to exceed theſe; for they are ſuch Raptures of Soul as I never knew any Mortal to have in my whole Life before; Pleaſures extatick and truly Divine, Elevations that ſeem more ſuitable to the Angels above, than to a Spirit that ſtill abides below.

But now as for my part I am even as it were overwhelm'd with unexpreſſible Delight, to think what I am going to be, and how happy I ſhall be made, when I have once bid an ultimate farewel to this Mortal State, and am ſafely arriv'd at Paradiſe; for I have hitherto even all my Life long been Wading, Fording, and Swimming over deep Brooks of Trouble, large Rivers of Miſery, and red Seas of blood, and can truly ſay, that I never met with any kind Entertainment at the Hands of the World, even from the day of Birth to this hour of my Death: but O the unſpeakable Satisfaction, I now feel at the near Proſpect I have of my Change; the Pleaſures of my Soul, and the Raptures of my Affections are ſo high, as not to admit of any Poſſibility of being ſufficiently, or ſatisfactorily explain'd to Man. Wherefore now, O my Friends, and thou, O vain and wicked World, I bid you Adieu; yea Adieu for Ever.

And now I go to take Poſſeſſion of an everlaſting Kingdom, prepared for me before the Foundation of the World, where there are Rivers of inexpreſſible and unconceivable Pleaſures for evermore; and to which I

ſhall be triumphantly welcomed, by numberleſs Millions of *Spirits of Juſt Men made Perfect*, endleſs Myriads of *Angels*, and by GOD the *Judge* of all. In the aſſured Confidence of this, I now throw my ſelf into the Arms of thee, O! *my Dear* LORD JESUS.

ERRATA.

PAg. 136. line 12. for *Hundred thouſand* read *ſeven hundred thouſand*. p. 206. l. 29. for *Weſtern Pole* r. *Weſtern Point*. p. 289. l. 4. for *advanced* r. *reſpected*. p. 482. l. 20. for *Impoſſible* r. *So difficult*.

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The Title of the Author's laſt Book.

MEditations of a Divine Soul: Or, the Chriſtian's Guide, amidſt the various Opinions of a vain World; where Religion is the Language of All, but is only practis'd by one Community. Alſo, Arguments to prove, There is no Material Fire in Hell; the irregular Practices of the Imperious Clergy detected, and the ſafeſt way to Happineſs made known: With an ingenious Recantation of a greater Proficient in the School of Atheiſm, than the late Earl of *Rocheſter*; and ſeveral other curious Subjects worthy of Note, particularly expreſs'd in the Table of Contents. To which is added an Eſſay of a Retired Solitary Life, with an After-Thought on King *William* III.

Note, *The whole Impreſſion of this Book being diſpoſed of, none are to be ſold till* Michaelmas *Day next*, A. D. 1704. *when it will be reprinted and publiſh'd with New Additions.*